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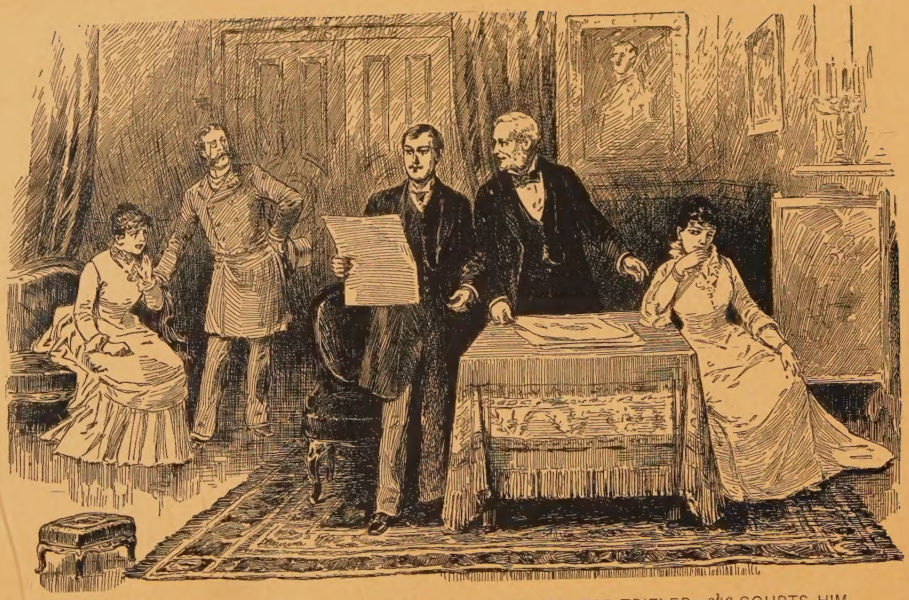

Eve. OH, IT WILL COME—WILL IT? GEORGINA, REFUSED THE TRIFLER—*she* COURTS HIM [*taking up a portrait*]. WHY, WHAT IS THIS?—MY OWN— —*Money, Act II., Sc.* 1

THE WORKS

OF

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

(LORD LYTTON)

THIRTY VOLUMES: ILLUSTRATED WITH
FORTY FULL-PAGE ENGRAVINGS

DRAMAS

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM

MONEY

WALPOLE

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

DARNLEY

NEW YORK
P. F. COLLIER AND SON, PUBLISHERS
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27533 OCT 23 1935

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM

OR MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER

DEDICATION.

TO

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, K.G.

My Lord Duke—

This play is respectfully dedicated to your Grace in token of the earnest gratitude, both of Author and Performers, for the genial and noble sympathy which has befriended their exertions in the cause of their brotherhood.

The debt that we can but feebly acknowledge may those who come after us seek to repay; and may each loftier Cultivator of Art and Letters, whom the Institution established under your auspices may shelter from care and penury, see on its corner-stone your princely name,—and perpetuate to distant times the affectionate homage it commands from ourselves.

It is this hope that can alone render worthy the tribute which, in my own name as Author, and in the names of my companions the Performers, of the Play first represented at Devonshire House, I now offer to your Grace, with every sentiment that can deepen and endear the respect and admiration

With which I have the honor to be,

My Lord Duke,

Your Grace's most obedient and faithful Servant,

E. BULWER LYTTON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

ORIGINAL CAST

THE DUKE OF MIDDLESEX,	*Peers attached to the son of James II., commonly called the First Pretender . . .*	MR. FRANK STONE.
THE EARL OF LOFTUS,		MR. DUDLEY COSTELLO.
LORD WILMOT, *a young man at the head of the Mode more than a century ago, son to Lord Loftus . . . . . .*		MR. CHARLES DICKENS.
MR. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD, *a young gentleman from the city, friend and double to Lord Wilmot . . . . . .*		MR. DOUGLAS JERROLD.
HARDMAN, *a rising Member of Parliament, and adherent to Sir Robert Walpole . .*		MR. JOHN FORSTER.
SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE, *a gentleman of good family and estate . . . . .*		MR. MARK LEMON.
MR. GOODENOUGH EASY, *in business, highly respectable, and a friend of Sir Geoffrey.*		MR. E. W. TOPHAM.
LORD LE TRIMMER . .	*Frequenters of Will's Coffee House . .*	MR. PETER CUNNINGHAM.
SIR THOMAS TIMID . .		MR. WESTLAND MARSTON.
COLONEL FLINT, *a Fire-eater*		MR. R. H. HORNE.
MR. JACOB TONSON, *a Bookseller . . .*		MR. CHARLES KNIGHT.
SMART, *Valet to Lord Wilmot . . .*		MR. WILKIE COLLINS.
HODGE, *Servant to Sir Geoffrey Thornside*		MR. JOHN TENNIEL.
PADDY O'SULLIVAN, *Mr. Fallen's Landlord*		MR. ROBERT BELL.
MR. DAVID FALLEN, *Grub Street Author and Pamphleteer . . . . . .*		MR. AUGUSTUS EGG, A.R.A.

Coffee-House Loungers, Drawers, Newsmen, Watchmen, etc., etc.

LUCY, *Daughter to Sir Geoffrey Thornside*	MRS. COMPTON.
BARBARA, *Daughter to Mr. Easy . . .*	MISS ELLEN CHAPLIN.
THE SILENT LADY OF DEADMAN'S LANE (LADY THORNSIDE)	

Date of Play—The Reign of George I. *Scene*—London.

Time supposed to be occupied, from the noon of the first day to the afternoon of the second.

First performed on Friday, the 16th of May, 1851, before the Queen and the Prince Consort, at Devonshire House, Piccadilly.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

The Duke of Middlesex . .	Mr. Stuart.
The Earl of Loftus . . .	Mr. Braid.
Lord Wilmot	Mr. Leigh Murray.
Mr. Shadowly Softhead . .	Mr. Keeley.
Hardman	Mr. Barry Sullivan.
Sir Geoffrey Thornside . .	Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Mr. Goodenough Easy . .	Mr. Buckstone.
Colonel Flint	Mr. Hastings.
Mr. Jacob Tonson	Mr. Rogers.
Smart	Mr. Clark.
Hodge	Mr. Coe.
Paddy O'Sullivan	Mr. H. Bedford.
Mr. David Fallen	Mr. Howe.
Lucy	Miss Rosa Bennett.
Barbara	Miss Amelia Vining.
The Silent Lady of Deadman's Lane	Mrs. Leigh Murray.

First performed on Saturday, the 12th of February, 1853, at the Haymarket Theatre.

NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM

Or MANY SIDES TO A CHARACTER

ACT I.—SCENE I.

LORD WILMOT'S *Apartment in* St. James's.

Smart [*showing in a* Masked Lady]. My Lord is dressing. As you say, madam, it is late. But though he never wants sleep more than once a week, yet when he does sleep, I am proud to say he sleeps better than any man in the three kingdoms.

Lady. I have heard much of Lord Wilmot's eccentricities —but also of his generosity and honor.

Smart. Yes, madam, nobody like him for speaking ill of himself and doing good to another.

Enter WILMOT.

Wil. "And sleepless lovers just at twelve awake." Any duels to-day, Smart? No—I see something more dangerous—a woman. [*To* SMART.] Vanish. [*Placing a chair for* Lady.] Madam, have I the honor to know you? Condescend to remove your vizard. [Lady *lifts her mask.*] Very fine woman, still—decidedly dangerous. Madam, allow me one precautionary observation—My affections are engaged.

Lady. So I conjectured; for I have noticed you from

the window of my house, walking in the garden of Sir Geoffrey Thornside with his fair daughter: and she seems worthy to fix the affections of the most fickle.

Wil. My dear madam, do you know Sir Geoffrey? Bind me to you for life, and say a kind word to him in my favor.

Lady. Can you need it?—young, high-born, accomplished——

Wil. Sir Geoffrey's very objections against me. He says I am a fine gentleman, and has a vehement aversion to that section of mortals, because he implies that a fine gentleman once did him a mortal injury. But you seem moved—dear lady, what is your interest in Sir Geoffrey or myself?

Lady. You shall know later. Tell me, did Lucy Thornside ever speak to you of her mother?

Wil. Only to regret, with tears in her eyes, that she had never known a mother—that lady died, I believe, while Lucy was but an infant.

Lady. When you next have occasion to speak to her, say that you have seen a friend of her mother, who has something to impart that may contribute to her father's happiness and her own.

Wil. I will do your bidding this day, and——

Soft. [*without*]. Oh, never mind announcing me, Smart.

Lady. [*starting up*]. I would not be seen here—I must be gone. Call on me at nine o'clock this evening; this is my address.

Enter SOFTHEAD, *as* LORD WILMOT *is protecting* Lady's *retreat, and stares aghast.*

Wil. [*aside*]. Do not fear him—best little fellow in the

world, ambitious to be thought good for nothing, and frightened out of his wits at the sight of a petticoat. [*Aloud, as he attends her out.*] Allow me to escort your Ladyship.

Soft. Ladyship!—lucky dog. But then he's such a villain!

Wil. [*returning and looking at the address*]. Very mysterious visitor—sign of Crown and Portcullis, Deadman's Lane—a very funereal residence. Ha, Softhead! my Pylades—my second self! *Animæ*——

Soft. Enemy!

Wil. Dimidium meæ.

Soft. Dimi! that's the oath last in fashion, I warrant. [*With a swagger and a slap on the back.*] *Dimidum meæ*, how d'ye do? But what is that lady?—masked too? Oh, Fred, Fred, you are a monster!

Wil. Monster! ay, horrible! That lady may well wear a mask. She has poisoned three husbands.

Soft. Dimidum meæ.

Wil. A mere harmless gallantry has no longer a charm for me.

Soft. Nor for me either! [*Aside.*] Never had.

Wil. Nothing could excite us true men of pleasure but some colossal atrocity, to bring our necks within an inch of the gallows!

Soft. He's a perfect demon! Alas, I shall never come up to *his* mark!

Enter SMART.

Smart. Mr. Hardman, my Lord!

Wil. Hush! Must not shock Mr. Hardman, the most friendly, obliging man, and so clever—will be a minister some day. But not one of *our* set.

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. And how fares my dear Lord?

Wil. Bravely—and you? Ah! you men who live for others have a hard life of it. Let me present you to my friend, Mr. Shadowly Softhead.

Hard. The son of the great clothier who has such weight in the Guild? I have heard of you from Mr. Easy and others, though never so fortunate as to meet you before, Mr. Softhead.

Soft. Shadowly Softhead:—my grandmother was one of the Shadowlys—a genteel family that move about Court. She married a Softhead——

Wil. A race much esteemed in the city.

Hard. A new picture, my Lord? I'm no very great judge—but it seems to me quite a masterpiece.

Wil. I've a passion for art. Sold off my stud to buy that picture. [*Aside.*] And please my poor father. 'Tis a Murillo.

Hard. A Murillo! you know that Walpole, too, has a passion for pictures.—In despair at this moment that he can't find a Murillo to hang up in his gallery. If ever you want to corrupt the Prime Minister's virtue, you have only to say, "I have got a Murillo."

Wil. Well, if, instead of the pictures, he'll just hang up the *men* he has bought, you may tell him he shall have my Murillo for nothing!

Hard. Bought! now really, my Lord, this is so vulgar a scandal against Sir Robert. Let me assure your Lordship——

Wil. Lordship! Plagues on these titles among friends. Why, if the Duke of Middlesex himself—commonly styled "The Proud Duke"—who said to his Duchess, when she

astonished his dignity one day with a kiss, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and *she* never took such a liberty";——[1]

Hard. Ha! ha! well, "if the Proud Duke——"

Wil. Could deign to come here, we would say, "How d'ye do, my dear Middlesex!"

Soft. So we would, Fred, Middlesex.—Shouldn't you like to know a Duke, Mr. Hardman?

Hard. I have known one or two—in opposition: and had rather too much of 'em.

Soft. Too much of a Duke! La! I could never have eno' of a Duke?

Hard. You may live to think otherwise.

Enter SMART.

Smart. His grace the Duke of Middlesex.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. My Lord Wilmot, your most obedient servant.

Wil. [*Aside.* Now then courage!] How d'ye do, my dear Middlesex?

Duke. "How d'ye do?" "Middlesex!" Gracious Heaven; what will this age come to?

---

[1] This well-known anecdote of the Proud Duke of Somerset, and some other recorded traits of the same eminent personage, have been freely applied to the character, intended to illustrate the humor of pride, in the comedy. None of our English memoirs afford, however, instances of that infirmity so extravagant as are to be found in the French. Tallamant has an anecdote of the celebrated *Duchesse de Longueville*, which enlivens the burlesque by a bull that no Irish imagination ever surpassed. A surgeon having probably saved her life by bleeding her too suddenly and without sufficient ceremonial—the *Duchesse* said, on recovering herself, that "he was an insolent fellow to have bled her—*in her presence.*"

Hard. [*to* SOFTHEAD]. Well, it *may* be the fashion,—yet I can *hardly* advise you to adopt it.

Soft. But if Fred——

Hard. Oh! certainly Fred is an excellent model——

Soft. Yet there's something very awful in a live Duke!

Hard. Tut! a mere mortal like ourselves, after all.

Soft. D'ye really think so!—upon your honor?

Hard. Sir, I'm sure of it,—upon my honor, a mortal!

Duke [*turning stiffly round, and half rising from his chair in majestic condescension*]. Your Lordship's friends? A good day to you, gentlemen!

Soft. And a good day to yourself. My Lord Du——I mean, my dear boy!—Middlesex, how d'ye do?

Duke. "Mid!"—"boy!"—"sex!"—"dear!" I must be in a dream.

Wil. [*to* SOFTHEAD]. Apologize to the Duke. [*To* HARDMAN.] Then hurry him off into the next room. Allow me to explain to your Grace.

Soft. But what shall I say?

Hard. Anything most civil and servile.

Soft. I—I—my Lord Duke, I really most humbly entreat your Grace's pardon, I——

Duke. Small man, your pardon is granted, for your existence is effaced. So far as my recognition is necessary to your sense of being, consider yourself henceforth annihilated!

Soft. I humbly thank your Grace! Annihilated: what's that?

Hard. Duke's English for excused. [SOFTHEAD *wants to get back to the* DUKE.] What! have not you had enough of the Duke?

Soft. No, now we've made it up. I never bear malice.

I should like to know more of him; one can't get at a Duke every day. If he did call me "small man" he *is* a Duke,—and such a remarkably fine one!

Hard. [*drawing him away*]. You deserve to be haunted by him! No—no! Come into the next room.

[*Exeunt through side-door.* SOFTHEAD *very reluctant to leave the* DUKE.

Duke. There's something portentous in that small man's audacity.—Quite an abberration of nature! But we are alone now, we two gentlemen. Your father is my friend, and his son must have courage and honor.

Wil. Faith, I had the courage to say I would call your Grace "Middlesex," and the honor to keep to my word. So I've given good proof that I've courage and honor enough for anything!

Duke [*affectionately*]. You're a wild boy. You have levities and follies. But alas! even rank does not exempt its possessor from the faults of humanity. Very strange! My own dead brother—[*with a look of disgust*].

Wil. Your brother, Lord Henry de Mowbray? My dear Duke, pray forgive me; but I hope there's no truth in what Tonson, the bookseller, told me at Will's,—that your brother had left behind certain Confessions or Memoirs, which are all that might be apprehended from a man of a temper so cynical, and whose success in the gay world was so—terrible. [*Aside.* Determined seducer and implacable cut-throat!]

Duke. Ha! then those Memoirs exist! My brother kept his profligate threat. I shall be ridiculed, lampooned. I, the head of the Mowbrays. Powers above, is nothing on earth, then, left sacred! Can you learn in whose hands is this scandalous record?

Wil. I will try. Leave it to me. I know Lord Henry bore you a grudge for renouncing his connection, on account of his faults—of humanity! I remember an anecdote how he fought with a husband, some poor devil named Morland, for a boast in a tavern, which—Oh, but we'll not speak of that. We *must* get the Memoir. We gentlemen have all common cause here.

Duke [*taking his hand*]. Worthy son of your father. You deserve, indeed, the trust that I come to confide to you. Listen. His Majesty, King James, having been deceived by vague promises in the Expedition of 'Fifteen, has very properly refused to imperil his rights again, unless upon the positive pledge of a sufficient number of persons of influence, to risk life and all in his service. Myself and some others, not wholly unknown to you, propose to join in a pledge which our king with such reason exacts. Your assistance, my Lord, would be valuable, for you are the idol of the young. Doubts were entertained of your loyalty. I have come to dispel them—a word will suffice. If we succeed, you restore the son of a Stuart; if we fail,—you will go to the scaffold by the side of John Duke of Middlesex! Can you hesitate? or is silence assent?

Wil. My dear Duke, forgive me that I dismiss with a jest a subject so fatal, if gravely entertained. I have so many other engagements at present that, just to recollect them, I must keep my head on my shoulders. Accept my humblest excuses.

Duke. Accept mine for mistaking the son of Lord Loftus.

[*Goes up to C. D.*

Wil. Lord Loftus again! Stay. Your grace spoke of persons not wholly unknown to me. I entreat you to explain.

Duke. My Lord, I have trusted you with my own life; but to compromise by a word the life of another!—permit me to remind your Lordship that I am John Duke of Middlesex.

Wil. Can my father have entangled himself in some Jacobite plot? How shall I find out?—Ha! Hardman, Hardman, I say! Here's a man who finds everything out.

Enter HARDMAN *and* SOFTHEAD.

Softhead, continue annihilated for the next five minutes or so. These books will help to the cessation of your existence, mental and bodily. Mr. Locke, on the Understanding, will show that you have not an innate idea; and the Essay of Bishop Berkely will prove you have not an atom of matter.

Soft. But——

Wil. No buts!—they're the fashion.

Soft. Oh, if they're the fashion——

[*Seats himsetf at the further end of the room; commences vigorously with Berkely and Locke, first one and then the other, and, after convincing himself that they are above his comprehension, gradually subsides from despair into dozing.*

Wil. [*to* HARDMAN]. My dear Hardman, you are the only one of my friends whom, in spite of your politics, my high Tory father condescends to approve of. Every one knows that his family were stout cavaliers attached to the Stuarts.

Hard. [*aside*]. Ah! I guess why the Jacobite Duke has been here. I must look up David Fallen; he is in all the schemes for the Stuarts. Well—and——

Wil. And the Jacobites are daring and numerous; and,—

in short, I should just like to know that my father views things with the eyes of our more wise generation.

Hard. Why not ask him yourself?

Wil. Alas! I'm in disgrace; he even begs me not to come to his house. You see he wants me to marry.

Hard. But your father bade me tell you, he would leave your choice to yourself;—would marriage then seem so dreadful a sacrifice?

Wil. Sacrifice! Leave my choice to myself? My dear father. [*Rings the hand-bell.*] Smart! [*Enter* SMART.] Order my coach.

Hard. This impatience looks very like love.

Wil. Pooh! what do you know about love?—you,—who love only ambition? Solemn old jilt, with whom one's never safe from a rival.

Hard. Yes;—always safe from a rival, both in love and ambition, if one will watch to detect, and then scheme to destroy him.

Wil. Destroy—ruthless exterminator! May we never be rivals? Pray keep to ambition.

Hard. [*aside*]. But ambition lures me to love. This fair Lucy Thornside, as rich as she's fair! woe indeed to the man who shall be my rival with her. I will call there to-day.

Wil. Then, you'll see my father, and sound him?

Hard. I will do so.

Wil. You are the best friend I have. If ever I can serve you in return——

Hard. Tut! in serving my friends, 'tis myself that I serve. [*Exit.*

Wil. [*after a moment's thought*]. Now to Lucy. Ha! Softhead.

Soft. [*waking up*]. Heh!

Wil. [*aside*]. I must put this suspicious Sir Geoffrey on a wrong scent. If Softhead were to make love to the girl—violently—desperately.

Soft. [*yawning*]. I would give the world to be tucked up in bed now.

Wil. I've a project—an intrigue—be all life and all fire! Why, you tremble——

Soft. With excitement. Proceed!

Wil. There's a certain snarling, suspicious Sir Geoffrey Thornside, with a beautiful daughter, to whom he is a sort of a one-sided bear of a father—all growl and no hug.

Soft. I know him!

Wil. You. How?

Soft. Why, his most intimate friend is Mr. Goodenough Easy.

Wil. Lucy presented me to a Mistress Barbara Easy. Pretty girl.

Soft. You are not courting her?

Wil. Not at present. Are you?

Soft. Why, my father wants me to marry her.

Wil. You refused?

Soft. No. I did not.

Wil. Had *she* that impertinence?

Soft. No; but her father had. He wished for it once; but since I've become *à la mode*, and made a sensation at St. James's, he says that his daughter shall be courted no more by a man of such fashion. Oh! he's low, Mr. Easy: very good-humored and hearty, but respectable, sober, and square-toed;—decidedly low!—City bred! So I can't go much to his house; but I see Barbara sometimes at Sir Geoffrey's.

Wil. Excellent! Listen: I am bent upon adding Lucy Thornside to the list of my conquests. But her churl of a father has already given me to understand that he hates a lord——

Soft. Hates a lord! Can such men be?

Wil. And despises a man *à la mode.*

Soft. I knew he was eccentric, but this is downright insanity.

Wil. Brief. I see very well that he'll soon shut his doors in my face, unless I make him believe that it is not his daughter who attracts me to his house; so I tell you what we will do;—you shall make love to Lucy—violent love, you rogue.

Soft. But Sir Geoffrey knows I'm in love with the other.

Wil. That's over. Father refused you—transfer of affection; natural pique and human inconstancy. And, in return, to oblige you, I'll make love just as violent to Mistress Barbara Easy.

Soft. Stop, stop; I don't see the necessity of that.

Wil. Pooh! nothing more clear. Having thus duped the two lookers on, we shall have ample opportunity to change partners, and hands across, then down the middle and up again.

Enter SMART.

Smart. Your coach waits, my Lord.

Wil. Come along. Fie! that's not the way to conduct a cane. Has not Mr. Pope, our great poet of fashion, given you the nicest instructions in that art?

"Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane."

The cane does not conduct you; you conduct the cane. Thus with a *debonnair* swing. Now, t'other hand on your haunch; easy, *dégagé*—impudently graceful; with the air of a gentleman, and the heart of a—monster! *Allons! Vive la joie.*

Soft. Vive la jaw, indeed. I feel as if I were going to be hanged. *Allons! Vive la jaw!* [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Library in the house of SIR GEOFFREY THORNSIDE—*At the back a large window opening nearly to the ground—Side-door to an adjoining room—Style of decoration, that introduced from the Dutch in the reign of William III. (old-fashioned, therefore, at the date assigned to the Play)—rich and heavy; oak panels, partly gilt; high-backed chairs, etc.*

Enter SIR GEOFFREY *and* HODGE.

Sir Geof. But I say the dog did howl last night, and it is a most suspicious circumstance.

Hodge. Fegs, my dear Measter, if you'se think that these Lunnon thieves have found out that your honor's rents were paid last woik, mayhap I'd best sleep here in the loibery.

Sir Geof. [*aside*]. How does he know I keep my moneys here?

Hodge. Zooks! I'se the old blunderbuss, and that will boite better than any dog, I'se warrant!

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* I begin to suspect him. For ten years have I nursed that viper at my hearth, and now he wants to sleep in my library, with a loaded blunderbuss, in case I should come in and detect him. I see murder in his very face. How blind I've been!] Hodge, you are very good—very; come closer. [*Aside.* What a felon step he has!] But I don't keep my rents here, they're all gone to the banker's.

Hodge. Mayhap I'd best go and lock up the plate; or will you send that to the banker's?

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* I wonder if he has got an accomplice at the banker's! It looks uncommonly like it.] No, I'll not send the plate to the bankers, I'll—consider. You've not detected the miscreant who has been flinging flowers into the library the last four days?—or observed any one watching your master when he walks in his garden, from the window of that ugly old house in Deadman's Lane?

Hodge. With the sign of the Crown and Poor Culley! Why, it maun be very leately. 'Tint a week ago 'sint it war empty.

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* How he evades the question!—just as they do at the Old Bailey.] Get along with you and feed the house-dog—*he's* honest!

Hodge. Yes, your honor. [*Exit.*

Sir Geof. I'm a very unhappy man, very. Never did harm to any one—done good to many. And ever since I was a babe in the cradle all the world have been conspiring and plotting against me. It certainly is an exceedingly wicked world; and what its attraction can be to the other worlds, that they should have kept it spinning through space for six thousand years, I can't possibly conceive—unless they are as bad as itself; I should not wonder. That new theory of attraction is a very suspicious circumstance against the planets—there's a gang of 'em! [*A bunch of flowers is thrown in at the window.*] Heaven defend me! There it is again! This is the fifth bunch of flowers that's been thrown at me through the window—what can it possibly mean?—the most alarming circumstance.

[*Cautiously poking at the flowers with his sword.*

Mr. Goodenough Easy [*without*]. Yes, Barbara, go

and find Mistress Lucy. [*Entering.*] How d'ye do, my hearty?

Sir Geof. Ugh! hearty, indeed!

Easy. Why, what's the matter? what are you poking at those flowers for?—is there a snake in them?

Sir Geof. Worse than that, I suspect! Hem! Good-enough Easy, I believe I may trust you——

Easy. You trusted me once with five thousand pounds.

Sir Geof. Dear, dear, I forgot that. But you paid me back, Easy?

Easy. Of course; but the loan saved my credit, and made my fortune: so the favor's the same.

Sir Geof. Ugh! Don't say that; favors and perfidy go together! a truth I learned early in life. What favors I heaped on my foster-brother. And did not he conspire with my cousin to set my own father against me; and trick me out of my heritage?

Easy. But you've heaped favors as great on the son of that scamp of a foster-brother; and he——

Sir Geof. Ay! but he don't know of them. And then there was my——that girl's mother——

Easy. Ah! that was an affliction which might well turn a man, pre-inclined to suspicion, into a thorough self-tormentor for the rest of his life. But she loved you dearly once, old friend; and were she yet alive, and could be proved guiltless after all——

Sir Geof. Guiltless! Sir?

Easy. Well—well! we agreed never to talk upon that subject. Come, come, what of the nosegay?

Sir Geof. Yes, yes, the nosegay! Hark! I suspect some design on my life. The dog howled last night. When I walk in the garden, somebody or something (can't see what

it is) seems at the watch in a window in Deadman's Lane —pleasant name for a street at the back of one's premises! And what looks blacker than all, for five days running, has been thrown in at me, yonder, surreptitiously and anonymously, what you call—a nosegay!

Easy. Ha! ha! you lucky dog!—you are still not bad-looking! Depend on it the flowers come from a woman.

Sir Geof. A woman!—my worst fears are confirmed? In the small city of Placentia, in one year, there were no less than seven hundred cases of slow poisoning, and all by women. Flowers were among the instruments they employed, steeped in laurel water and other mephitic preparations. Those flowers are poisoned. Not a doubt of it! —how very awful!

Easy. But why should any one take the trouble to poison you, Geoffrey?

Sir Geof. I don't know. But I don't know why seven hundred people in one year were poisoned in Placentia. Hodge! Hodge!

Enter HODGE.

Sweep away those flowers!—lock 'em up with the rest in the coal-hole. I'll examine them all chemically, by and by, with precaution. [*Exit* HODGE.] Don't smell at 'em; and, above all, don't let the house-dog smell at 'em.

Easy. Ha! ha!

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* Ugh!—that brute's laughing!—no more feeling than a brick-bat!] Goodenough Easy, you are a very happy man.

Easy. Happy, yes. I could be happy on bread and water.

Sir Geof. And would toast your bread at a conflagration, and fill your jug from a deluge! Ugh! I've a trouble you

are more likely to feel for, as you've a girl of your own to keep out of mischief. A man named Wilmot, and styled "my Lord," has called here a great many times; he pretends he saved my——ahem!—that is, Lucy, from footpads, when she was coming home from your house in a sedan chair. And I suspect that man means to make love to her!——

Easy. Egad! that's the only likely suspicion you've hit on this many a day. I've heard of Lord Wilmot. Softhead professes to copy him. Softhead, the son of a trader! *he* be a lounger at White's and Will's, and dine with wits and fine gentlemen! *He* lives with Lords!—*he* mimic fashion! No! I've respect for even the faults of a man; but I've none for the tricks of a monkey.

Sir Geof. Ugh! you're so savage on Softhead, I suspect 'tis from envy. Man and monkey, indeed! If a ribbon is tied to the tail of a monkey, it is not the man it enrages; it is some other monkey whose tail has no ribbon!

Easy [*angrily*]. I disdain your insinuations. Do you mean to imply that I am a monkey? I will not praise myself; but at least a more steady, respectable, sober——

Sir Geof. Ugh! sober!—I suspect you'd get as drunk as a lord, if a lord passed the bottle.

Easy. Now, now, now. Take care; you'll put me in a passion.

Sir Geof. There—there—beg pardon. But I fear you've a sneaking respect for a lord.

Easy. Sir, I respect the British Constitution and the House of Peers as a part of it; but as for a lord in himself, with a mere handle to his name, a paltry title! *That* can have no effect on a Briton of independence and sense. And that's just the difference between Softhead and me.

But as you don't like for a son-in-law the real fine gentleman, perhaps you've a mind to the copy. I am sure you are welcome to Softhead.

Sir Geof. Ugh! I've other designs for the girl.

Easy. Have you? What? Perhaps your favorite, young Hardman?—by the way, I've not met him here lately.

Enter LUCY *and* BARBARA.

Lucy. O, my dear father, forgive me if I disturb you; but I did so long to see you!

Sir Geof. Why?

Lucy. Ah, father, is it so strange that your child——

Sir Geof. [*interrupting her*]. Why?

Lucy. Because Hodge told me you'd been alarmed last night,—the dog howled! But it was full moon last night, and he will howl at the moon!

Sir Geof. [*aside*]. How did she know it was full moon? I suspect she was looking out of the window——

[*Enter* HODGE, *announcing* LORD WILMOT *and* MR. SHADOWLY SOFTHEAD].—Wilmot! my suspicions are confirmed; she *was* looking out of the window! This comes of Shakespeare having written that infernal incendiary trash about Romeo and Juliet!

Enter WILMOT *and* SOFTHEAD.

Wil. Your servant, ladies;—Sir Geoffrey, your servant. I could not refuse Mr. Softhead's request to inquire after your health.

Sir Geof. I thank your lordship; but when my health wants inquiring after I send for the doctor.

Wil. Is it possible you can do anything so dangerous and rash?

Sir Geof. How?—how?

Wil. Send for the very man who has an interest in your being ill!

Sir Geof. [*aside*]. That's very true. I did not think he had so much sense in him!

[SIR GEOFFREY *and* EASY *retire up the stage.*

Wil. I need not inquire how you are, ladies. When Hebe retired from the world, she divided her bloom between you. Mistress Barbara, vouchsafe me the honor a queen accords to the meanest of her gentlemen.

[*Kisses* BARBARA'S *hand, and leads her aside, conversing in dumb show.*

Soft. Ah, Mistress Lucy, vouchsafe me the honor which—[*Aside.* But she don't hold her hand in the same position].

Easy. Bravo!—bravo! Master Softhead!—*Encore!*

Soft. Bravo!—*Encore!* I don't understand you, Mr. Easy.

Easy. That bow of yours! Perfect. Plain to see you have not forgotten the old Dancing Master in Crooked Lane.

Soft. [*Aside.* I'm not an inconstant man; but I'll show that City fellow there are other ladies in town besides his daughter.]—*Dimidum meæ*, how pretty you are, Mistress Lucy! [*Walks aside with her.*

Sir Geof. That popinjay of a lord is more attentive to Barbara than ever he was to the other.

Easy. Hey! hey! D'ye think so?

Sir Geof. I suspect he has heard how rich you are.

WILMOT *and* BARBARA *approaching.*

Bar. Papa, Lord Wilmot begs to be presented to you.

[*Bows interchanged.* WILMOT *offers snuff-box.* EASY *at first declines, then accepts—sneezes violently; unused to snuff.*

Sir Geof. He! he! quite clear!—titled fortune-hunter. Over head and ears in debt, I dare say. [*Takes* WILMOT *aside.*] Pretty girl, Mistress Barbara! Eh?

Wil. Pretty! Say beautiful!

Sir Geof. He! he! Her father will give her fifty thousand pounds down on the wedding-day.

Wil. I venerate the British merchant who can give his daughter fifty thousand pounds! What a smile she has! [*Hooking his arm into* SIR GEOFFREY'S.] I say, Sir Geoffrey, you see I'm very shy—bashful, indeed—and Mr. Easy is watching every word I say to his daughter: so embarrassing! Couldn't you get him out of the room?

Sir Geof. Mighty bashful, indeed! Turn the oldest friend I have out of my room, in order that you may make love to his daughter! [*Turns away.*

Wil. [*to* EASY]. I say, Mr. Easy. My double, there, Softhead, is so shy—bashful, indeed—and that suspicious Sir Geoffrey is watching every word he says to Mistress Lucy: so embarrassing! Do get your friend out of the room, will you!

Easy. Ha! ha! Certainly, my lord. [*Aside.* I see he wants to be alone with my Barbara. What will they say in Lombard Street, when she's my lady? Shouldn't wonder if they returned me M.P. for the City.] Come into the next room, Geoffrey; and tell me your designs for Lucy.

Sir Geof. Oh, very well! You wish to encourage that pampered young—Satrap! How he does love a lord, and how a lord does love fifty thousand pounds! He! he!

[*Exeunt* SIR GEOFFREY *and* EASY.

Wil. [*running to* LUCY *and pushing aside* SOFTHEAD]. Return to your native allegiance. Truce with the enemy and exchange of prisoners.

[*Leads* LUCY *aside—she rather grave and reluctant.*

Bar. So, you'll not speak to me, Mr. Softhead; words are too rare with you fine gentlemen to throw away upon old friends.

Soft. Ahem!

Bar. You don't remember the winter evenings you used to pass at our fireside? nor the mistletoe bough at Christmas? nor the pleasant games at Blind-man's Buff and Hunt the Slipper? nor the strong tea I made you when you had the migraine? Nor how I prevented your eating Banbury cake at supper, when you know it always disagrees with you? —But I suppose you are so hardened that you can eat Banbury cake every night now!—I'm sure 'tis nothing to me!

Soft. Those recollections of one's early innocence are very melting! One renounces a great deal of happiness for renown and ambition.—Barbara!

Bar. Shadowly!

Soft. However one may rise in life—however the fashion may compel one to be a monster——

Bar. A monster!

Soft. Yes, Fred and I are both monsters! Still—still—still—'Ecod, I do love you with all my heart, and that's the truth of it.

WILMOT *and* LUCY *advancing.*

Lucy. A friend of my lost mother's. Oh! yes, dear Lord Wilmot, do see her again—learn what she has to say. There are times when I so long to speak of that—my mother; but my father shuns even to mention her name. Ah, he must have loved her well!

Wil. What genuine susceptibility! I have found what I have sought all my life, the union of womanly feeling and childlike innocence.

[*Attempts to take her hand:* LUCY *withdraws it coyly.*

Nay, nay, if the renunciation of all youthful levities and follies, if the most steadfast adherence to your side—despite all the chances of life, all temptations, all dangers——

[HARDMAN'S *voice without.*

Bar. Hist! some one coming.

Wil. Change partners; hands across. My angel Barbara!

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. Lord Wilmot here!

Wil. What! does *he* know Sir Geoffrey?

Bar. Oh, yes. Sir Geoffrey thinks there's nobody like him.

Wil. Well met, my dear Hardman. So you are intimate here?

Hard. Ay; and you?

Wil. An acquaintance in its cradle. Droll man, Sir Geoffrey; I delight in odd characters. Besides, here are other attractions. [*Returning to* BARBARA.

Hard. [*aside*]. If he be my rival! Hum! I hear from David Fallen that his father's on the brink of high treason! That secret gives a hold on the son.

[*Joins* LUCY.

Wil. [*to* BARBARA]. You understand; 'tis a compact. You will favor my stratagem?

Bar. Yes; and you'll engage to cure Softhead of his taste for the fashion, and send him back to——the City.

Wil. Since you live in the City, and condescend to regard such a monster!

Bar. Why, we were brought up together. His health is so delicate; I should like to take care of him. Heigho! I am afraid 'tis too late, and papa will never forgive his past follies.

Wil. Yet papa seems very good-natured. Perhaps there's another side to his character?

Bar. Oh, yes! He is such a very independent man, my papa! and has *such* a contempt for people who go out of their own rank, and make fools of themselves for the sake of example.

Wil. Never fear; I'll ask him to dine, and open his heart with a cheerful glass.

Bar. Cheerful glass! You don't know papa—the soberest man! If there's anything on which he's severe, 'tis a cheerful glass.

Wil. So, so! does not he *ever*—get a little excited?

Bar. Excited! Don't think of it! Besides, he is so in awe of Sir Geoffrey, who would tease him out of his life, if he could but hear that papa was so inconsistent as to—as to——

Wil. As to get—a little excited? [*Aside.* These hints should suffice me! 'Gad, if I could make him tipsy for once in a way!—I'll try.] Adieu, my sweet Barbara, and rely on the zeal of your faithful ally. Stay; tell Mr. Easy that he must lounge into Will's. I will look out for him there in about a couple of hours. He'll meet many friends from the City, and all the wits and fine gentlemen. *Allons! Vive la joie!* Softhead, we'll have a night of it!

Soft. Ah! those were pleasant nights when one went to bed at half after ten. Heigho!

[*As* HARDMAN *kisses* LUCY'S *hand*, WILMOT *gayly kisses* BARBARA'S—HARDMAN *observes him with a little suspicion*—WILMOT *returns his look lightly and carelessly*—LUCY *and* BARBARA *conscious.*

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Will's Coffee-house; occupying the depth of the stage. Various groups; some seated in boxes, some standing. In a box at the side, DAVID FALLEN *seated writing.*

Enter EASY, *speaking to various acquaintances as he passes to the background.*

How d'ye do?—Have you seen my Lord Wilmot?—Good day.—Yes; I seldom come here; but I've promised to meet an intimate friend of mine—Lord Wilmot.—Servant, sir!—looking for my friend Wilmot:—Oh! not come yet!—hum—ha!—charming young man, Wilmot: head of the mode; generous, but prudent. I know all his affairs.

Enter Newsman.

Great news! great news! Suspected Jacobite Plot! Fears of ministers!—Army to be increased!—Great news!

[*Coffee-house frequenters gather round* Newsman—*take papers—form themselves into fresh groups.*

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. I have sent off my letter to Sir Robert Walpole. This place, he must give it; the first favor I have asked. Hope smiles; I am at peace with all men. Now to save Wilmot's father. [*Approaches the box at which* DAVID FALLEN *is writing, and stoops down, as if arranging his buckle.*] [*To* FALLEN. Hist! Whatever the secret, remember, not a

word save to me.] [*Passes down the stage, and is eagerly greeted by various frequenters of the Coffee-house.*

Enter LORD LOFTUS.

Lord Lof. Drawer, I engage this box; give me the newspaper. So—"Rumored Jacobite plot—"

Enter the DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

Duke. My dear Lord, I obey your appointment. But is not the place you select rather strange?

Lof. Be seated, I pray you. No place so fit for our purpose. First, because its very publicity prevents all suspicion. We come to a coffee-house, where all ranks and all parties assemble, to hear the news, like the rest. And, secondly, we could scarcely meet our agent anywhere else. He is a Tory pamphleteer: was imprisoned for our sake in the time of William and Mary. If we, so well known to be Tories, are seen to confer with him here, 'twill only be thought that we are suggesting some points in a pamphlet. May I beckon our agent?

Duke. Certainly. He risks his life for us; he shall be duly rewarded. Let him sit by our side——[LORD LOFTUS *motions to* DAVID FALLEN, *who takes up his pamphlet and approaches openly.*]—I have certainly seen somewhere before that very thin man. Be seated, sir. Honorable danger makes all men equal.

Fal. No, my Lord Duke. I know not you. It is the Earl I confer with. [*Aside.* I never stood in *his* hall, with lackeys and porters.]

Duke. Powers above! That scarecrow rejects my acquaintance! Portentous! [*Stunned and astonished.*

Lof. Observe, Duke, we speak in a sort of jargon. Pam-

phlet means messenger. [*To* FALLEN *aloud.*] Well, Mr. Fallen, when will the pamphlet be ready?

Fal. [*aloud*]. To-morrow, my Lord, exactly at one o'clock.

Duke [*still bewildered*]. I don't understand—

Lof. Hush! Walpole laughs at pamphlets, but would hang messengers. [*Aloud.*] To-morrow, not to-day! Well, more time for——

Fal. Subscribers. Thank you, my Lord. [*Whispering.*] Where shall the messenger meet you?

Lof. At the back of the Duke's new house, there a quiet, lone place——

Fal. [*whispering*]. By the old mill near the Thames? I know it. The messenger shall be there. The signal word, "Marston Moor." No conversation should pass. But who brings the packet? That's the first step of danger.

Duke [*suddenly rousing himself, and with dignity*]. Then 'tis mine, sir, in right of my birth.

Fal. [*aloud*]. I'll attend to all your Lordship's suggestions; they're excellent, and will startle this vile administration. Many thanks to your Lordship.

[*Returns to his table and resumes his writing. Groups point and murmur.* JACOB TONSON *advances.*

Easy. That pestilent scribbler, David Fallen! Another libellous pamphlet as bitter as the last, I'll swear.

Ton. Bitter as gall, sir, I am proud to say. Your servant; Jacob Tonson, the bookseller,—at your service. I advanced a pound upon it.

Duke. I will meet you in the Mall to-morrow, a quarter after one precisely. We may go now? Powers above!—his mind's distracted—he walks out before me!

Lof. [*drawing back at the door*]. I follow you, Duke.

Duke. My dear friend—if you really insist on it?

[*Exeunt bowing.*

Hard. [*as the* Drawer *places the wine, etc., on the table.*] Let me offer you a glass of wine, Mr. Fallen—[*Aside.* Well?—] [FALLEN, *who has been writing, pushes the paper toward him.*

Hard. [*reading*]. "At one to-morrow—by the old mill near the Thames—Marston Moor—the Duke in person"—So! We must save these men.—I will call on you in the morning, and concert the means.

Fal. Yes, save, not destroy, these enthusiasts. I'm resigned to the name of a hireling—not to that of a butcher!

Hard. You serve both Whig and Jacobite; do you care then for either?

Fal. Sneering politician! what has either cared for me? I entered the world, devoted heart and soul to two causes—the throne of the Stuart, the glory of Letters. I saw them both as a poet. My father left me no heritage, but loyalty and learning. Charles the Second praised my verse, and I starved; James the Second praised my prose, and I starved; the reign of King William—I passed *that* in prison!

Hard. But the Ministers of Anne were gracious to writers.

Fal. And offered me a pension to belie my past life, and write Odes on the Queen who had dethroned her own father. I was not then disenchanted— I refused. That's years ago. If I starved, I had fame. Now came my worst foes, my own fellow-writers. What is fame but a fashion? A jest upon Grub Street, a rhyme from young Pope, could jeer a score of gray laborers like me out of their last con-

solation. Time and hunger tame all. I could still starve myself; I have six children at home—they must live.

Hard. [*Aside.* This man has genius—he might have been a grace to his age.] I'm perplexed; Sir Robert——

Fal. Disdains letters—I've renounced them. He pays services like these. Well—I serve him. Leave me; go.

Hard. [*rising*]. Not so bad as he seems—another side to the character.

Enter Drawer *with a letter to* HARDMAN.

Hard. [*aside*]. From Walpole! Now then! my fate—my love—my fortunes!

Easy [*peeping over* HARDMAN'S *shoulder*]. He has got a letter from the Prime Minister, marked "private and confidential." [*Great agitation.*] After all, he *is* a very clever fellow.

[*Coffee-house frequenters evince the readiest assent, and the liveliest admiration.*

Hard. [*advancing and reading the letter*]. "My dear Hardman,—Extremely sorry. Place in question absolutely wanted to conciliate some noble family otherwise dangerous.[1] Another time, more fortunate. Fully sensible of your valuable service.—ROBERT WALPOLE."—Refused! Let him look to himself! I will—I will—Alas! he is needed by my country; and I am powerless against him. [*Seats himself.*

Enter WILMOT *and* SOFTHEAD.

Wil. Drawer! a private room—covers for six—dinner in

[1] As Walpole was little inclined to make it a part of his policy to conciliate those whose opposition might be dangerous, while he was so fond of power as to be jealous of talent not wholly subservient to him, the reluctance to promote Mr. Hardman, implied to the insincerity of his excuse, may be supposed to arise from his knowledge of that gentleman's restless ambition and determined self-will.

an hour!' And—Drawer! Tell Mr. Tonson not to go yet. —Softhead, we'll have an orgy to-night, worthy the days of King Charles the Second.

Softhead, let me present you to our boon companions;—my friend, Lord Strongbow (hardest drinker in England); Sir John Bruin, best boxer in England—thrashed Figg; quarrelsome but pleasant: Colonel Flint—finest gentleman in England, and, out and out, the best fencer; mild as a lamb, but can't bear contradiction, and, on the point of honor, inexorable. Now, for the sixth. Ha, Mr. Easy! (I ask him to serve you.) Easy, your hand! So charmed that you've come. You'll dine with us—give up five invitations on purpose. Do—*sans cérémonie.*

Easy. Why, really, my Lord, a plain sober man like me would be out of place——

Wil. If that's all, never fear. Live with us, and we'll make another man of you, Easy?

Easy. What captivating familiarity! Well, I cannot resist your Lordship. [*Strutting down the room, and speaking to his acquaintances.*] Yes, my friend Wilmot—Lord Wilmot—will make me dine with him. Pleasant man, my friend Wilmot. We dine together to-day.

[SOFTHEAD *retires to the background with the other invited guests; but trying hard to escape* SIR JOHN BRUIN, *the boxer, and* COL. FLINT, *the fencer, fastens himself on* EASY *with an air of patronage.*

Wil. [*Aside.* Now to serve the dear Duke.] You have not yet bought the memoir of a late Man of Quality.

Ton. Not yet, my Lord; just been trying; hard work.

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[1] It was not the custom at Will's to serve dinners; and the exception in favor of my Lord Wilmot proves his influence as a man *a la mode.*

[*Wipes his forehead.*] But the person who has it is luckily very poor! one of my own authors.

Wil. [*Aside.* His eye turns to that forlorn-looking spectre I saw him tormenting.] That must be one of your authors: he looks so lean, Mr. Tonson?

Ton. Hush; that's the man! made a noise in his day; David Fallen.

Wil. David Fallen, whose books, when I was but a schoolboy, made me first take to reading,—not as task-work, but pleasure. How much I do owe him!

[*Bows very low to* MR. FALLEN.

Ton. My Lord bows very low! Oh, if your Lordship knows Mr. Fallen, pray tell him not to stand in his own light. I would give him a vast sum for the memoir,—two hundred guineas; on my honor I would! [*Whispering.*] Scandal, my Lord; sell like wild-fire.—I say, Mr. Hardman, I observed you speak to poor David. Can't you help me here? [*Whispering.*] Lord Henry de Mowbray's Private Memoirs! Fallen has them, and refuses to sell. Love Adventures; nuts for the public. Only just got a peep myself. But *such* a confession about the beautiful Lady Morland.

Hard. Hang Lady Morland!

Ton. Besides—shows up his own brother! Jacobite family secrets. Such a card for the Whigs!

Hard. Confound the Whigs! What do I care?

Wil. I'll see to it, Tonson. Give me Mr. Fallen's private address.

Ton. But pray be discreet, my Lord. If that knave Curll should get wind of the scent, he'd try to spoil my market with my own author. The villain!

Wil. [*Aside.* Curll? Why, I have mimick'd Curll so exactly that Pope himself was deceived, and, stifling with

rage, ordered me out of the room. I have it! Mr. Curll shall call upon Fallen the first thing in the morning and outbid Mr. Tonson. Thank you, sir. [*Taking the address.*] Moody, my Hardman? some problem in political ethics? You turn away,—you have a grief you'll not tell me—why, this morning I asked you a favor; from that moment I had a right to your confidence, for a favor degrades when it does not come from a friend.

Hard. You charm, you subdue me, and I feel for once how necessary to a man is the sympathy of another. Your hand, Wilmot. This is secret—I, too, then presume to love. One above me in fortune; it may be in birth. But a free state lifts those it employs to a par with its nobles. A post in the Treasury of such nature is vacant; I have served the Minister, men say, with some credit; and I asked for the gift without shame—'twas my due. Walpole needs the office, not for reward to the zealous, but for bribe to the doubtful. See [*giving letter*], "Noble family to conciliate." Ah, the drones have the honey!

Wil. [*reading and returning the letter*]. And had you this post, you think you could gain the lady you love?

Hard. At least it would have given me courage to ask. Well, well, well,—a truce with my egotism,—you at least, my fair Wilmot, fair in form, fair in fortune, you need fear no rebuff where you place your affections.

Wil. Why, the lady's father sees only demerits in what you think my advantages.

Hard. You mistake, I know the man much better than you do; and look, even now he is gazing upon you as fondly as if on the coronet that shall blazon the coach of my lady, his daughter.

Wil. Gazing on me?—where?

Hard. Yonder—Ha! is it not Mr. Easy, whose——

Wil. Mr. Easy! you too taken in! Hark, secret for secret—'tis Lucy Thornside I love.

Hard. You—stun me!

Wil. But what a despot love is, allows no thought, not its slave! They told me below that my father had been here; have you seen him?

Hard. Ay.

Wil. And sounded?

Hard. No—better than that—I have taken precautions. I must leave you now; you shall know the result to-morrow afternoon. [*Aside.* Your father's life in these hands—his ransom what I please to demand.—Ah, joy! I am myself once again. Fool to think man could be my friend! Ah, joy! born but for the strife and the struggle, it is only 'mid foes that my invention is quickened! Halfway to my triumph, now that I know the rival to vanquish!] [*To* FALLEN. Engage the messenger at once, forget not. Nothing else till I see you.] [*To* WILMOT.] Your hand once again. To-day I'm your envoy; [*Aside:* to-morrow your master.] [FALLEN *folds up papers and exit.*

Wil. The friendliest man that ever lived since the days of Damon and Pythias: I'm a brute if I don't serve him in return. To lose the woman he loves for want of this pitiful place. Saint Cupid forbid! Let me consider! Many sides to a character—I think I could here hit the right one better than the Hardman. Ha! ha! Excellent! My Murillo! I'll not sell myself, but I'll buy the Prime Minister! Excuse me, my friends; urgent business; I shall be back ere the dinner hour; the room is prepared. Drawer, show in these gentlemen: Hardman shall have his place and his wife, and I'll bribe the arch-briber! Ho! my lackies, my

coach, there! Ha, ha! bribe the Prime Minister! There never was such a fellow as I am for crime and audacity.

[*Exit* WILMOT.

Colonel Flint. Your arm, Mr. Softhead.

Soft. And Fred leaves me in the very paws of this tiger!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Library in SIR GEOFFREY'S *House.*

Enter SIR GEOFFREY.

I'm followed! I'm dogged! I go out for a walk unsuspiciously; and behind creeps a step, pit, pat; feline and stealthy; I turn, not a soul to be seen—I walk on; pit, pat, stealthy and feline! turn again; and lo! a dark form like a phantom, muffled and masked—just seen and just gone. Ouf! The plot thickens around me—I can struggle no more. [*Sinks into a seat.*

Enter LUCY.

Who is there?

Lucy. But your child, my dear father.

Sir Geof. Child, ugh! what do you want?

Lucy. Ah, speak to me gently. It is your heart that I want!

Sir Geof. Heart—I suspect I'm to be coaxed out of something!—Eh; eh! Why she's weeping. What ails thee, poor darling?

Lucy. So kind. Now I have courage to tell you. I was sitting alone, and I thought to myself—"my father often doubts of me—doubts of all"—

Sir Geof. Ugh—what now?

Lucy. "Yet his true nature is generous—it could not always have been so. Perhaps in old times he has been deceived where he loved. Ah, his Lucy, at least, shall never deceive him." So I rose and listened for your footstep—I heard it—and I am here, on your bosom, my own father!

Sir Geof. You'll never deceive me—right, right—go on, pretty one, go on. [*Aside.* If she should be my child after all?]

Lucy. There is one who has come here lately—one who appears to displease you—one whom you've been led to believe comes not on my account, but my friend's. It is not so, my father; it is for me that he comes. Let him come no more—let me see him no more—for—I feel that his presence might make me too happy—and that would grieve you, O my father!

[Mask *appears at the window watching.*

Sir Geof. [*Aside.* She must be my child! Bless her!] I'll never doubt you again. I'll bite out my tongue if it says a harsh word to you. I'm not so bad as I seem. Grieve me?—yes, it would break my heart. You don't know these gay courtiers—I do!—tut—tut—tut—don't cry. How can I console her?

Lucy. Shall I say?—let me speak to you of my mother.

Sir Geof. [*recoiling*]. Ah!

Lucy. Would it not soothe you to hear that a friend of hers was in London, who——

Sir Geof. [*rising, and a change in his whole deportment*]. I forbid you to speak to me of your mother,—she dishonored me—

Mask [*in a low voice of emotion*]. It is false!

[Mask *disappears.*

Sir Geof. [*starting*]. Did you say "false" ?

Lucy [*sobbing*]. No—no—but my heart said it!

Sir Geof. Strange; or was it but my own fancy?

Lucy. Oh, father, father!—How I shall pity you if you discover that your suspicions erred. And again I say—I feel—feel in my heart of woman—that the mother of the child who so loves and honors you, was innocent.

Hardman's voice without. Is Sir Geoffrey at home?

[LUCY *starts up, and exit.—Twilight.—During the preceding dialogue in the scene, the stage has gradually darkened.*

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. Sir Geoffrey, you were deceived; Lord Wilmot has no thought of Mr. Easy's daughter.

Sir Geof. I know that—Lucy has told me all, and begged me not to let him come here again.

Hard. [*joyfully*]. She has! Then she does not love this Lord Wilmot?—But still be on your guard against him. Remember the arts of corruption—the emissary—the letter—the go-between—the spy!

Sir Geof. Arts! Spy! Ha! if Easy was right after all. If those flowers thrown in at the window; the watch from that house in the lane; the masked figure that followed me; all bode designs but on Lucy——

Hard. Flowers have been thrown in at the window? You've been watched? A masked figure has followed you? One question more. All this since Lord Wilmot knew Lucy?

Sir Geof. Yes, to be sure; how blind I have been!

[*Masked figure appears.*

Hard. Ha! look yonder! Let me track this mystery

[*Figure disappears*]: and if it conceal a scheme of Lord Wilmot's against your daughter's honor, it shall need not your sword to protect her. [*Leaps from the window.*

Sir Geof. What does he mean? Not *my* sword? Zounds! he don't think of his own! If he does, I'd discard him. I'm not a coward, to let other men risk their lives in my quarrel. Served as a volunteer under Marlbro', at Blenheim; and marched on a cannon! Whatever my faults, no one can say I'm not brave. [*Starting.*] Ha! bless my life! What is that? I thought I heard something—I'm all on a tremble! Who the deuce *can* be brave when he's surrounded by poisoners—followed by phantoms; with an ugly black face peering in at his window?—Hodge, come and bar up the shutters—lock the door—let out the house-dog! Hodge! Hodge! Where on earth is that scoundrel?

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

The Streets—in perspective, an Alley inscribed Deadman's Lane—a large, old-fashioned, gloomy House in the Corner, with the door on the stage, above which is impanelled a sign of the Crown and Portcullis. Enter a Female Figure, masked—looks round, pauses, and enters the door.—Dark—Lights down.

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. Ha! enters that house. I have my hand on the clew! some pretext to call on the morrow, and I shall quickly unravel the skein. [*Exit.*

Goodenough Easy [*singing without*].—

"Old King Cole
Was a jolly old soul,
And a jolly old soul was he——

[*Entering, with* LORD WILMOT *and* SOFTHEAD, EASY, *his dress disordered, a pipe in his mouth, in a state of intoxication, hilarious, musical, and oratorical.*—SOFTHEAD *in a state of intoxication, abject, remorseful, and lachrymose*—WILMOT *sober, but affecting inebriety.*

"He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three."

Wil. Ha! ha! I imagine myself like Bacchus between Silenus and his—ass!

Easy. Wilmot, you're a jolly old soul, and I'll give you my Barbara.

Soft. [*blubbering*]. Hegh! hegh! hegh! Betrayed in my tenderest affections.

Wil. My dear Mr. Easy, I've told you already that I'm pre-engaged.

Easy. Pre-engaged! that's devilish unhandsome! But now I look at you, you do seem double: and if you're double, you're not single; and if you're not single, why you can't marry Barbara, for that would be bigamy! But I don't care; you're a jolly old soul!

Wil. Not a bit of it. Quite mistaken, Mr. Easy. But if you want, for a son-in-law, a jolly old soul—there he is!

Soft. [*bursting out afresh*]. Hegh! hegh! hegh!

Easy. Hang a lord! What's a lord? I'm a respectable, independent family Briton!—Softhead, give us your fist: you're a jolly old soul, and you shall have Barbara!

Soft. Hegh! hegh! I'm not a jolly old soul. I'm a sinful, wicked, miserable monster! Hegh! hegh!

Easy. What's a monster? I like a monster? My girl shan't go a-begging any further. You're a precious good

fellow, and your father's an alderman, and has got a great many votes, and I'll stand for the City: and you shall have my Barbara.

Soft. I don't deserve her, Mr. Easy; I don't deserve such an angel! I'm not precious good. Lords and tigers have corrupted my innocence. Hegh! hegh! I'm going to be hanged.

Watch. [*without*]. Half-past eight o'clock!

Wil. Come along, gentlemen; we shall have the watch on us!

Easy.

"And the bands that guard the City,
Cried—'Rebels, yield or die!' "

Enter Watchman.

Watch. Half-past eight o'clock!—move on! move on!

Easy. Order, order! Mr. Vice and gentlemen, here's a stranger disturbing the harmony of the evening. I knock him down for a song. [*Seizes the* Watchman's *rattle.*] Half-past Eight, Esq., on his legs! Sing, sir; I knock you down for a song.

Watch. Help! help! Watch! watch!

[*Cries within* "Watch!"

Soft. Hark! the officers of justice! My wicked career is approaching its close!

Easy [*who has got astride on the* Watchman's *head, and persuades himself that the rest of the* Watchman *is the table*]. Mr. Vice and gentleman, the toast of the evening——what's the matter with the table? 'Tis bobbing up and down. The table's drunk! Order for the chair—you table, you! [*Thumps the* Watchman *with the rattle.*] Fill your glasses—a bumper toast. Prosperity to the City of London—nine

times nine—Hip, hip, hurrah! [*Waves the rattle over his head; the rattle springs, and makes all the noise of which rattles are capable.*] [*Amazed.*] Why, the Chairman's hammer is as drunk as the table!

Enter Watchmen *with staves, springing their rattles.*

Wil. [*drawing* SOFTHEAD *off into a corner*]. Hold your tongue—they'll not see us here!

Watch. [*escaping*]. Murder!—murder!—this is the fellow! —most desperate ruffian.

[EASY *is upset by the escape of the* Watchman, *and, after some effort to remove him otherwise, the Guardians of the Night hoist him on their shoulders.*

Easy. I'm being chaired member for the City! Freemen and Electors! For this elevation to the post of member for your metropolis, I return you my heartfelt thanks! Steady there, steady! The proudest day of my life.—'Tis the boast of the British Constitution that a plain, sober man like me may rise to honors the most exalted! Long live the British Constitution. Hip—hip—hurrah!

[*Is carried off waving the rattle.* SOFTHEAD *continues to weep in speechless sorrow.*

Wil. [*coming forth*]. Ha! ha! ha!—My family Briton being chaired for the City! "So severe on a cheerful glass." Well, he has chosen a son-in-law drunk; and, egad! he shall keep to him sober! Stand up: how do you feel?

Soft. Feel! I'm a ruin!

Wil. Faith, I never saw a more mournful one! It must be near Sir Geoffrey's!—Led them here—on my way to this sepulchral appointment, Deadman's Lane. Where the plague can it be? Ha! the very place. Looks like it!

How get rid of Softhead.—Ha, ha! I have it. Softhead, awake! the night has begun—the time for monsters and their prey. Now will I lift the dark veil from the mysteries of London. Behold that house, Deadman's Lane!

Soft. Deadman's Lane! I'm in a cold perspiration!

Wil. In that house—under the antique sign of Crown and Portcullis—are such delightful horrors at work as would make the wigs of holy men stand on end! The adventure is dangerous, but deliriously exciting. Into that abode which woman were lost did she enter, which man is oft hanged when he leaves—into that abode will we plunge, and gaze, like Macbeth, "on deeds without a name."

[*Enter Masked Figure from the door in Deadman's Lane, and approaches* WILMOT, *who has, till now, hold of* SOFTHEAD.

Soft. Hegh? hegh! hegh! I won't gaze on deeds without a name! I won't plunge into Deadman's abodes! [*Perceiving the figure.*] Ha! Look there! Dark veil, indeed! Mysteries of London! Horrible apparition, avaunt! [*Breaks from* WILMOT, *who releases him here, and not till now, as he sees the figure.*] Hegh! hegh! I'll go home to my mother.

[*Exit.*

[Mask *motions to* WILMOT, *who follows her into the house.*

[*Exeunt* Mask *and* WILMOT *within the house.*

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Library in SIR GEOFFREY'S *house.*

HARDMAN *and* SIR GEOFFREY.

Sir Geof. Yes! I've seen that you're not indifferent to Lucy. But before I approve or discourage, just tell me more of yourself,—your birth, your fortune, past life. Of course, you are the son of a gentleman? [*Aside.*] Now as he speaks truly or falsely I will discard him as a liar, or reward him with Lucy's hand.—He turns aside. He will lie!

Hard. Sir, at the risk of my hopes, I will speak the hard truth. "The son of a gentleman!" I think not. My infancy passed in the house of a farmer; the children with whom I played told me I was an orphan. I was next dropped, how I know not, in the midst of that rough world called school. "You have talent," said the master, "but you're idle; you have no right to holidays; you must force your way through life; you are sent here by charity!"

Sir Geof. Charity! *There*, the old fool was wrong!

Hard. My idleness vanished—I became the head of the school. Then I resolved no longer to be the pupil of—Charity. At the age of sixteen I escaped, and took for my motto—the words of the master—"You must force your

way through life." Hope and pride whispered—"You'll force it!"

Sir Geof. Poor fellow! What then?

Hard. Eight years of wandering, adventure, hardship and trial. I often wanted bread—never courage. At the end of those years I had risen—to what? A desk at a lawyer's office in Norfolk.——

Sir Geof. [*aside*]. My own lawyer? where I first caught trace of him again.

Hard. Party spirit ran high in town. Politics began to bewitch me. There was a Speaking Club, and I spoke. My ambition rose higher—took the flight of an author. I came up to London with ten pounds in my pocket, and a work on the "State of the Nation." It sold well; the publisher brought me four hundred pounds. "Vast fortunes," said he, "are made in the South Sea Scheme. Venture your hundreds,—I'll send you a broker."——

Sir Geof. He! he! I hope he was clever, that broker!

Hard. Clever indeed; in a fortnight he said to me, "Your hundreds have swelled into thousands. For this money I can get you an Annuity on land, just enough for a parliamentary qualification." The last hint fired me—I bought the Annuity. You now know my fortune, and how it was made.

Sir Geof. [*aside*]. He! he! I must tell this to Easy: how he'll enjoy it.

Hard. Not long after, at a political coffee-house, a man took me aside. "Sir," said he, "you are Mr. Hardman who wrote the famous work on 'The State of the Nation.' Will you come into Parliament! We want a man like you for our borough; we'll return you free of expense; not a shilling of bribery."

Sir Geof. He! he! Wonderful! not a shilling of bribery.

Hard. The man kept his word, and I came into Parliament—inexperienced and friendless. I spoke, and was laughed at; spoke again, and was listened to; failed often; succeeded at last. Here, yesterday, in ending my tale I must have said, looking down, "Can you give your child to a man of birth more than doubtful; and of fortunes so humble?" Yet aspiring even then to the hand of your heiress, I wrote to Sir Robert for a place just vacated by a man of high rank, who is raised to the peerage. He refused.

Sir Geof. Of course. [*Aside.*] I suspect he's very rash and presuming.

Hard. To-day the refusal is retracted — the office is mine.

Sir Geof. [*astonished and aside*]. Ha! I had no hand in that!

Hard. I am now one—if not of the highest—yet still *one* of that Government through which the Majesty of England administers her laws. And, with front erect, I say to you —as I would to the first peer of the realm—"I have no charts of broad lands, and no roll of proud fathers. But alone and unfriended, I have fought my way against Fortune. Did your ancestors more? My country has trusted the new man in her councils, and the man whom she honors is the equal of all."

Sir Geof. Brave fellow, your hand. Win Lucy's consent, and you have mine. Hush! no thanks! Now listen; I have told you my dark story—these flowers cannot come from Wilmot. I have examined them again—they are made up in the very form of the posies I had the folly to send,

in the days of our courtship, to the wife who afterward betrayed me——

Hard. Be not so sure that she betrayed. No proof but the boast of a profligate.

Sir Geof. Who had been my intimate friend for years—so that, O torture! I am haunted with the doubt whether my heiress be my own child! and to whom (by the confession of a servant) she sent a letter in secret the very day on which I struck the mocking boast from the villain's lips, in a public tavern. Ah, he was always a wit and a scoffer—perhaps it is from him that these flowers are sent, in token of gibe and insult. He has discovered the man he dishonored, in spite of the change of name——

Hard. You changed your name for an inheritance. You have not told me that which you formerly bore.

Sir Geof. Morland?

Hard. Morland—Ha—and the seducer's——

Sir Geof. Lord Henry de Mowbray——

Hard. The reprobate brother of the Duke of Middlesex! He died a few months since.

Sir Geof. [*sinking down*]. Died too! Both dead!

Hard. [*aside*]. Tonson spoke of Lord Henry's Memoir—Confession about Lady Morland in Fallen's hands.—I will go to Fallen at once. [*Aloud.*] You have given me a new clew. I will follow it up.—When can I see you again?

Sir Geof. I'm going to Easy's—you'll find me there all the morning. But don't forget Lucy,—we must save her from Wilmot.

Hard. Fear Wilmot no more.—This day he shall abandon his suit. [*Exit* HARDMAN.

Sir Geof. Hodge!—Well—well——

Enter HODGE.

—Hodge, take your hat and your bludgeon—attend me to the City. [*Aside.*] She'll be happy with Hardman. Ah! if she were my own child after all!

[*Exeunt* SIR GEOFFREY *and* HODGE.

SCENE II.

DAVID FALLEN'S *Garret. The scene resembling that of Hogarth's "Distressed Poet."*

Fal. [*opening the casement*]. So, the morning air breathes fresh! One moment's respite from drudgery. Another line to this poem, my grand bequest to my country! Ah! this description; unfinished; good, good.

"Methinks we walk in dreams on fairyland
Where—golden ore—lies mix'd with——" [1]

Enter PADDY.

Paddy. Please, sir, the milkwoman's score!

Fal. Stay, stay;—

"Lies mixed with—common sand!"

Eh? Milkwoman? She must be paid, or the children—I—I—[*Fumbling in his pocket, and looking about the table*]. There's another blanket on the bed; pawn it.

Paddy. Agh, now! don't be so ungrateful to your ould friend, the blanket. When Mr. Tonson, the great book-

[1] As it would be obviously presumptuous to assign to an author so eminent as Mr. David Fallen any verses composed by a living writer, the two lines in the text are taken from Mr. Dryden's "Indian Emperor."

shiller, tould me, says he, "Paddy, I'd giv you two hunder gould guineas for the papursh Mr. Fallen has in his disk!"

Fal. Go, go! [*Knock.*

Paddy. Agh, murther! Who can that be distarbin' the door at the top of the mornin'? [*Exit.*

Fal. Oh! that fatal Memoir! My own labors scarce keep me from starving, and this wretched scrawl of a profligate worth what to me were Golconda! Heaven sustain me! I'm tempted.

Enter PADDY, *and* WILMOT *disguised as* EDMUND CURLL.

Paddy. Stoop your head, sir. 'Tis not a dun, sir; 'tis Mr. Curll; says he's come to outbid Mr. Tonson, sir.

Fal. Go quick; pawn the blanket. Let me think my children are fed. [*Exit* PADDY.] Now, sir, what do you want?

Wil. [*taking out his handkerchief and whimpering*]. My dear good Mr. Fallen—no offence—I do so feel for the distress of genius. I *am* a bookseller, but I have a heart—and I'm come to buy——

Fal. Have you? this poem? it is nearly finished—twelve books—twenty years' labor—twenty-four thousand lines!—ten pounds, Mr. Curll, ten pounds?

Wil. Price of "Paradise Lost!" Can't expect such prices for poetry nowadays, my dear Mr. Fallen. Nothing takes that is not sharp and spicy. Hum! I hear you have some most interesting papers; private Memoirs and Confessions of a Man of Quality recently deceased. Nay, nay, Mr. Fallen! don't shrink back; I'm not like that shabby dog, Tonson. Three hundred guineas for the Memoir of Lord Henry de Mowbray.

Fal. Three hundred guineas for that garbage!—not ten

for the Poem!—and—the children! Well! [*Takes out the Memoir in a portfolio, splendidly bound, with the arms and supporters of the Mowbrays blazoned on the sides.*] Ah!—but the honor of a woman—the secrets of a family—the——

Wil. [*grasping at the portfolio which* FALLEN *still detains*]. Nothing sells better, my dear, dear Mr. Fallen! But how, how did you come by these treasures, my excellent friend?

Fal. How? Lord Henry gave them to me himself on his death-bed.

Wil. Nay; what could he give them for, but to publish, my sweet Mr. Fallen; no doubt to immortalize all the ladies who loved him.

Fal. No, sir; profligate as he was, and vile as may be much in this Memoir, that was not his dying intention, though it might be his first. There was a lady he had once foully injured—the sole woman he had ever loved eno' for remorse. This Memoir contains a confession that might serve to clear the name he himself had aspersed; and in the sudden repentance of his last moments he bade me seek the lady, and place the whole in her hands, to use as best might serve to establish her innocence.

Wil. How could you know the lady, my benevolent friend?

Fal. I did not; but she was supposed to be abroad with her father,—a Jacobite exile,—and I, then a Jacobite agent, had the best chance to trace her.

Wil. And you did?

Fal. But to hear she had died somewhere in France.

Wil. Then, of course you may *now* gratify our intelligent Public for your own personal profit. Clear as day, my magnanimous friend! Three hundred guineas! I have 'em here in a bag!

Fal. Begone! I will not sell man's hearth to the public.

Wil. [*Aside.* Noble fellow!] Gently, gently, my too warm, but high-spirited friend! To say the truth, I don't come on my own account. To whom, my dear sir, since the lady is dead, *should* be given these papers, if unfit for a virtuous, but inquisitive public? Why, surely to Lord Henry's nearest relation. I am employed by the rich Duke of Middlesex. Name your terms.

Fal. Ha! ha! Then at last he comes crawling to me, your proud Duke? Sir, years ago, when a kind word from his Grace, a nod of his head, a touch of his hand, would have turned my foes into flatterers, I had the meanness to name him my patron—inscribed to him a work, took it to his house, and waited in his hall among porters and lackeys—till, sweeping by to his carriage, he said, "Oh! you are the poet? take this,"—and extending his alms, as if to a beggar. "You look very thin, sir; stay and dine with my people." People—his servants!

Wil. Calm yourself, my good Mr. Fallen! 'tis his Grace's innocent way with us all.

Fal. Go! let him know what these Memoirs contain! They would make the proud Duke the butt of the town—the jeer of the lackeys, who jeered at my rags; expose his frailties, his follies, his personal secrets. Tell him this; and then say that my poverty shall not be the tool of his brother's revenge: but my pride shall not stoop from its pedestal to take money from him. Now, sir, am I right? Reply, not as tempter to pauper; but if one spark of manhood be in you, as man speaks to man.

Wil. [*resuming his own manner*]. I reply, sir, as man to man, and gentleman to gentleman. I am Frederick, Lord Wilmot. Pardon this imposture. The Duke is my father's

friend. I am here to obtain, what is clear that he alone should possess. Mr. Fallen, your works first raised me from the world of the senses, and taught me to believe in such nobleness as I now hope for in you. Give me this record to take to the Duke—no price, sir; for such things are priceless—and let me go hence with the sight of this poverty before my eyes, and on my soul the grand picture of the man who has spurned the bribe to his honor, and can humble by a gift the great prince who insulted him by alms.

Fal. Take it—take it! [*Gives the portfolio.*] I am saved from temptation. God bless you, young man!

Wil. Now you indeed make me twofold your debtor—in your books, the rich thought; in yourself the heroic example. Accept from my superfluities, in small part of such debt, a yearly sum equal to that which your poverty refused as a bribe from Mr. Tonson.

Fal. My Lord—my Lord—— [*Bursts into tears.*

Wil. Oh, trust me the day shall come when men will feel that it is not charity we owe to the ennoblers of life—it is tribute! When your Order shall rise with the civilization it called into being; and shall refer its claim to just rank among freemen, to some Queen whom even Milton might have sung, and even a Hampden have died for.

Fal. O dream of my youth! My heart swells and chokes me!

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. What's this? Fallen weeping?—Ah! is not that the tyrannical sneak, Edmund Curll?——

Wil. [*changing his tone to* FALLEN *into one of imperiousness*]. Can't hear of the poem, Mr. Fallen. Don't tell me.

Ah! Mr. Hardman [*concealing the portfolio*], your most humble! Sir—sir—if you want to publish something smart and spicy—Secret Anecdotes of Cabinets—Sir Robert Walpole's Adventures with the Ladies—I'll come down as handsomely as any man in the Row—smart and spicy——

Hard. Offer to bribe *me*, you insolent rascal!

Wil. Oh, my dear good Mr. Hardman, I've bribed the Premier himself. Ha! ha! Servant, sir; servant. [*Exit.*

Hard. Loathsome vagabond! My dear Mr. Fallen, you have the manuscript Memoir of Lord Henry de Mowbray. I know its great value. Name your own price to permit me just to inspect it.

Fal. It is gone; and to the hands of his brother, the Duke.

Hard. The Duke! This is a thunder-stroke! Say, sir: you have read this Memoir—does it contain aught respecting a certain Lady Morland?

Fal. It does. It confesses that Lord Henry slandered her reputation as woman in order to sustain his own as a seducer. That part of the Memoir was writ on his deathbed.

Hard. His boast, then——

Fal. Was caused by the scorn of her letter rejecting his suit.

Hard. What joy for Sir Geoffrey! And that letter?

Fal. Is one of the documents that make up the Memoir.

Hard. And these documents are now in the hands of the Duke.

Fal. They are. For, since Lady Morland is dead——

Hard. Are you sure she is dead?

Fal. I only go by report—

Hard. Report often lies. [*Aside.* Who *but* Lady Mor-

land can this mask be? I will go at once to the house and clear up that doubt myself. But the Duke's appointment! Ah! that must not be forgotten; my rival must be removed ere Lucy can be won. And what hold on the Duke himself to produce the Memoir, if I get the Despatch.] Well, Mr. Fallen, there is no more to be said as to the Memoir. Your Messenger will meet his Grace, as we settled. I shall be close at hand; and mark! the messenger must give me the despatch which is meant for the Pretender.

[*Exit* HARDMAN.

Enter PADDY.

Paddy. Plase, sur, an' I've paid the milk-score——

Fal. [*interrupting him*]. I'm to be rich—so rich! 'Tis my turn now. I've shared your pittance, you shall share my plenty! [*Scene closes.*

SCENE III.

The Mall.

Enter SOFTHEAD, *his arms folded, and in deep thought. He is forming a virtuous resolution.*

Soft. Little did I foresee, in the days of my innocence, when Mr. Lillo read to me his affecting tragedy of George Barnwell,[1] how I myself was to be led on, step by step, to the brink of deeds without a name. Deadman's Lane! —the funeral apparition in black!—a warning to startle the most obdurate conscience!

[1] We have only, I fear, Mr. Softhead's authority for supposing "George Barnwell" to be then written: it was not acted till some years afterward.

Enter EASY, *recently dismissed from the Watch-house; slovenly, skulking, and crestfallen.*

Easy. Not a coach on the stand! A pretty pickle I'm in if any one sees me! A sober, respectable man like me, to wake in the watch-house, be kept there till noon among thieves and pickpockets, and at last to be fined five shillings for drunkenness and disorderly conduct; all from dining with a Lord who had no thoughts of making Barbara my Lady after all!—Deuce take him!

Easy [*discovering* SOFTHEAD]. Softhead! how shall I escape him?

Soft. [*discovering* EASY]. Easy! WHAT A FALL! I'll appear not to remember. Barbara's father should not feel degraded in the eyes of a wretch like myself! How d'ye do, Mr. Easy? You're out early to-day.

Easy. [*Aside.* Ha! He was so drunk himself he has forgotten all about it.] Yes, a headache. You were so pleasant at dinner. I wanted the air of the park.

Soft. Why, you look rather poorly, Mr. Easy!

Easy. Indeed, I feel so. A man in business can't afford to be laid up—so I thought, before I went home to the City, that I'd just look into—Ha, ha, a seasoned toper like you will laugh when I tell you—I thought I'd just look into the 'pothecary's!

Soft. Just been there myself, Mr. Easy.

[*Showing a phial.*

Easy [*regarding it with mournful disgust*]. Not taken physic since I was a boy! It looks very nasty!

Soft. 'Tis worse than it looks! And this is called *Pleasure!* Ah! Mr. Easy, don't give way to Fred's fascination; you don't know how it ends.

Easy. Indeed I do. [*Aside.* It ends in the watch-house.]

And I'm shocked to think what will become of yourself, if you are thus every night led away by a Lord, who——

Soft. Hush! talk of the devil—look! he's coming up the Mall!

Easy. He is? then I'm off; I see a sedan-chair. Chair! chair! stop!—chair! chair! [*Exit.*

Enter WILMOT *and* DUKE.

Duke [*looking at portfolio*]. Infamous indeed! His own base lie against that poor lady, whose husband he wounded. Her very letter attached to it. Ha!—what is this?—Such ribaldry on me! Gracious Heaven! My name thus dragged through the dirt, and by a son of my house! Oh, my Lord, how shall I thank you?

Wil. Thank not me; but the poet, whom your Grace left in the hall.

Duke. Name it not—I'll beg his pardon myself! Adieu; I must go home and lock up this scandal till I've leisure to read and destroy it; never again shall it come to the day! And then, sure that no blot shall be seen in my 'scutcheon, I can peril my life without fear in the cause of my king.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Wil. [*chanting*].

"Gather you rosebuds while you may,
For time is still a-flying."

Since my visit last night to Deadman's Lane, and my hope to give Lucy such happiness, I feel as if I trod upon air. Ah, Softhead! why, you stand there as languid and lifeless as if you were capable of—fishing!

Soft. I've been thinking——

Wil. Thinking! you *do* look fatigued! What a horrid exertion it must have been to you!

Soft. Ah! Fred, Fred, don't be so hardened. What atrocity did you perpetrate last night?

Wil. Last night? Oh, at Deadman's Lane: monstrous, indeed. And this morning, too, another! Never had so many atrocities on my hands as within the last twenty-four hours. But they are all nothing to that which I perpetrated yesterday, just before dinner. Hark! I bribed the Prime Minister.

Soft. Saints in Heaven!

Wil. Ha! ha! Hit him plump on the jolly blunt side of his character! I must tell you about it. Drove home from Will's; put my Murillo in the carriage, and off to Sir Robert's—shown into his office,—"Ah! my Lord Wilmot," says he, with that merry roll of his eye; "this *is* an honor, what can I do for you?"—"Sir Robert," says I, "we men of the world soon come to the point; 'tis a maxim of yours that all have their price."—"Not quite that," says Sir Robert, "but let us suppose that it is." Another roll of his eye, as much as to say, "I shall get this rogue a bargain!" "So, Sir Robert," quoth I, with a bow, "I've come to buy the Prime Minister."—"Buy me," cried Sir Robert, and he laughed till I thought he'd have choked; "my price is rather high, I'm afraid." Then I go to the door, bid my lackeys bring in the Murillo. "Look at that, if you please; about the mark, is it not?"—Sir Robert runs to the picture, his breast heaves, his eyes sparkle: "A Murillo!" cries he, name your price!"—"I have named it." Then he looks at me *so*, and I look at him *so*!—turn out the lackeys, place pen, ink, and paper before him; "That place in the Treasury just vacant, and the Murillo is yours."—"For yourself?—I am charmed," cried Sir Robert.—"No, 'tis for a friend of your own, who's in want of it."—"Oh, that

alters the case: I've so many troubled with the same sort of want."—"Yes, but the Murillo is *genuine*,—pray what are the friends?" Out laughed Sir Robert, "There's no resisting you and the Murillo together! There's the appointment. And now, since your Lordship has bought me, I must insist upon buying your Lordship. Fair play is a jewel." Then I take my grand holiday air: "Sir Robert," said I, "you've bought me long ago! you've given us peace where we feared civil war; and a Constitutional King instead of a despot. And if that's not enough to buy the vote of an Englishman, believe me, Sir Robert, he's not worth the buying." Then he stretched out his bluff hearty hand, and I gave it a bluff hearty shake. He got the Murillo—Hardman the place. And here stand I, the only man in all England who can boast that he bought the Prime Minister! Faith, you may well call me hardened: I don't feel the least bit of remorse.

Soft. Hardman! you got Hardman the place?

Wil. I did not say Hardman——

Soft. You did say Hardman. But as 'tis a secret that might get you into trouble, I'll keep it.—Yet, *Dimidum meæ*, that's not behaving much like a monster?

Wil. Why, it does seem betraying the Good Old Cause;—but if there's honor among thieves, there is among monsters; and Hardman is in the same scrape as ourselves—in love;—this place may secure him the hand of the lady. But mind—he's not to know I've been meddling with his affairs. Hang it! no one likes that. Not a word then——

Soft. Not a word. My dear Fred, I'm so glad you're not so bad as you seem. I'd half a mind to desert you; but I have not the heart; and I'll stick by you as long as I live!

Wil. [*aside*]. Whew? This will never do! Poor dear little fellow! I'm sorry to lose him; but my word's passed to Barbara; and 'tis all for his good. [*Aloud.*] As long as you live? Alas! that reimnds me of your little affair. I'm to be your second, you know.

Soft. Second!—affair!

Wil. With that fierce Colonel Flint. I warned you against him; but you have such a deuce of a spirit. Don't you remember?

Soft. No; why, what was it all about?

Wil. Let me see—oh, Flint said something insolent about Mistress Barbara.

Soft. He did?—Ruffian!

Wil. So—you called him out! But if you'll empower me in your name to retract and apologize——

Soft. Not a bit of it. Insolent to Barbara! *Dimidum mecæ.* I'd fight him if he were the first swordsman in England.

Wil. Why, that's just what he is!

Soft. Don't care; I'm his man—though a dead one.

Wil. [*Aside.* Hang it—he's as brave as myself, on that side of his character. I must turn to another.] No, Softhead, that was not the cause of the quarrel—said it to rouse you, as you seemed rather low. The fact is that it was a jest on yourself, that you took up rather warmly.

Soft. Was that all—only myself?

Wil. No larger subject; and Flint is *such* a good fencer!

Soft. My dear Fred; I retract, I apologize; I despise duelling—absurd and unchristianlike.

Wil. Leave all to me. Dismiss the subject. I'll settle it; only, Softhead, you see our set has very stiff rules on such matters. And if you apologize to a bravo like Flint;

nay, if you don't actually, cheerfully, rapturously fight him —though sure to be killed—I fear you must resign all ideas of high life!

Sol. *Dimidium mav*, but low life is better than no life at all!

Wil. There's no denying that proposition. It will console you to think that Mr. Easy's kind side is Cheapside. And you may get upon one, if you return to the other.

Sol. I was thinking so, when you found me—*thinking* [*hesitatingly*]—But to leave you——

Wil. Oh, not yet! Retire at least with *éclat*. Share with me one grand, crowning, last, daring, and desperate adventure.

Sol. Deadman's Lane again, I suppose? I thank you for nothing. Fred. I have long been your faithful follower. [*With emotion.*] Now, my Lord, I'm your humble servant.[1] [*Aside.* Barbara will comfort me. She's perhaps at Sir Geoffrey's.] [*Exit.*

Wil. Well! his love will repay him, and the City of London will present me with her freedom in a gold box, for restoring her prodigal son to her Metropolitan bosom. Deadman's Lane—that was an adventure, indeed. Lucy's mother still living—implores me to get her the sight of her child. Will Lucy believe me? Will——

Enter SMART.

—Ha, Smart! Well—Well?—You—baffled Sir Geoffrey?

Smart. He was out.

Wil. And you gave the young lady my letter?

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[1] A play upon words pugnacious from Farquhar. The reader must regret that the author had not the courage to pugnacize more from Farquhar.

Smart. Hist! my Lord, it so affected her—that—here she comes. [*Exit* SMART.

Enter LUCY.

Lucy. Oh, my Lord, is this true? Can it be? A mother lives! Do you wonder that I forget all else?—that I am here—and with but one prayer, lead me to that mother! She says, too, she has been slandered—bless me—that my heart defended her,—but—but—this is no snare—you do not deceive me!

Wil. Deceive you! Oh, Lucy—I have a sister myself at the hearth of my father.

Lucy. Forgive me—lead on—quick, quick—oh, mother, mother! [*Exeunt* LUCY *and* WILMOT.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Old Mill near the Thames.

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. The Despatch to the Pretender [*opening it*]. Ho! Wilmot is in my power; here ends his rivalry. The Duke's life, too, in exchange for the Memoir? No! Fear is not his weak point; but how can this haughtiest of men ever yield such memorials? Even admit the base lie of his brother? Still her story has that which may touch him. Since I have seen her, I feel sure of her innocence. The Duke comes; now all depends on my chance to hit the right side of a character.

Enter DUKE OF MIDDLESEX.

Duke. Lord Loftus not here yet! Strange!

Hard. My Lord Duke—forgive this intrusion!

Duke. T'other man I met at Lord Wilmot's. Sir, your servant; I'm somewhat in haste.

Hard. Still I presume to delay your Grace; for it is on a question of honor!

Duke. Honor! that goes before all! Sir, my time is your own.

Hard. Your Grace is the head of a house whose fame is a part of our history; it is therefore that I speak to you

boldly, since it may be that wrongs were inflicted by one of its members——

Duke. How, sir!

Hard. Assured that if so (and should it be still in your power), your Grace will frankly repair them, as a duty you took with the ermine and coronet.

Duke. You speak well, sir.—[*Aside.* Very much like a gentleman!]

Hard. Your Grace had a brother, Lord Henry de Mowbray.

Duke. Ah! Sir, to the point.

Hard. At once, my Lord Duke. Many years ago a duel took place between Lord Henry and Sir Geoffrey Morland —your Grace knows the cause.

Duke. Hem! yes; a lady—who—who——

Hard. Was banished her husband's home, and her infant's cradle, on account of suspicions based, my Lord Duke, on—what your Grace cannot wonder that the husband believed—the word of a Mowbray!

Duke. [*Aside.* Villain!] But what became of the husband, never since heard of? He——

Hard. Fled abroad from men's tongues, and dishonor. He did not return to his native land till he had changed for another the name that a Mowbray had blighted. Unhappy man! he lives still.

Duke. And the lady—the lady——

Hard. Before the duel, had gone to the house of her father, who was forced that very day to fly the country. His life was in danger.

Duke. How?

Hard. He was loyal to the Stuarts,—and—a Plot was discovered.

Duke. Brave, noble gentleman! Go on, sir.

Hard. Her other ties wrenched from her, his daughter went with him into exile—his stay, his hope, his all. His lands were confiscated. She was high-born: she worked for a father's bread. Conceive yourself, my Lord Duke, in the place of that father—loyal and penniless; noble; proscribed; dependent on the toils of a daughter; and that daughter's name sullied by——

Duke. A word?——

Hard. From the son of that house to which all the chivalry of England looked for example.

Duke. [*Aside.* Oh, Heaven; can my glory thus be turned to my shame?] But they said she had died, sir.

Hard. When her father had gone to the grave, she herself spread or sanctioned that rumor—for she resolved to die to the world. She entered a convent, prepared to take the novitiate—when she suddenly learned that a person had been inquiring for her at Paris, who stated that Lord Henry de Mowbray had left behind him a Memoir——

Duke. Ah!

Hard. Which acquits her. She learned, too, the clew to her husband—resolved to come hither—arrived six days since. No proof of her innocence save those for which I now appeal to your Grace!

Duke. O pride, be my succor! [*Haughtily.*] Appeal to me, sir, and wherefore?

Hard. The sole evidence alleged against this lady are the fact of a letter sent from herself to Lord Henry, and the boast of a man now no more. She asserts that that letter would establish her innocence. She believes that, on his deathbed, your brother retracted his boast: and that the Memoir he left will attest to its falsehood.

Duke. Asserts—believes—go on—go on.

Hard. No, my Lord Duke, I have done. I know that that letter, that Memoir exist: that they are now in your hands. If her assertion be false—if they prove not her innocence—a word, nay, a sign, from the chief of a house so renowned for its honor, suffices. I take my leave, and condemn her. But if her story be true, you have heard the last chance of a wife and a mother to be restored to the husband she loves and forgives, to the child who has grown into womanhood remote from her care; and these blessings I pledged her my faith to obtain, if that letter, that Memoir, should prove that the boast was——

Duke. A lie, sir, a lie, a black lie!—the coward's worst crime—a lie on the fair name of a woman! Sir, this heat, perhaps, is unseemly; thus to brand my own brother! But if we, the peers of England, and the representatives of her gentlemen, can hear, can think of vile things done, whoever the doer, with calm pulse and cold heart—perish our titles; where would be the use of a Duke?

Hard. [*aside*]. A very bright side of his character.

Duke. Sir, you are right. The Memoir you speak of is in my hands; and with it, Lady Morland's own letter. Much in that Memoir relates to myself; and so galls all the pride I am said to possess, that not ten minutes since methought I had rather my duchy were forfeit than have exposed its contents to the pity or laugh of a stranger. I think no more of myself! A woman has appealed for her name to mine honor as a man. Now, sir, your commands?

Hard. No passage is needed, save that which acquits Lady Morland. Let the Memoir still rest in your hands. Condescend but to bring it forthwith to my house; and may I hope that my Lord Loftus may accompany you—

there is an affair of moment on which I would speak to you both.

Duke. Your address, sir; I will but return home for the documents, and proceed at once to your house. Hurry not; I will wait. Allow me to take your hand, sir. You know how to speak to the heart of a gentleman. [*Exit.*

Hard. [*aside*]. Yet how ignorant we are of men's hearts till we see them lit up by a passion! This noble has made what is honor so clear to my eyes. Let me pause—let me think—let me choose! I feel as if I stood at the crisis of life.

Enter SOFTHEAD.

Soft. What have I seen!—Where go?—Whom consult? Oh, Mr. Hardman! You're a friend of Lord Wilmot's, of Sir Geoffrey's, of Lucy's?

Hard. Speak—quick—to the purpose.

Soft. On my way to Sir Geoffrey's, I passed by a house of the most villanous character. I dare not say how Wilmot himself has described it. [*Earnestly.*] Oh, sir, you know Wilmot! you know his sentiments on marriage. I saw Wilmot and Lucy Thornside enter that infamous house!—Deadman's Lane!

Hard. [*aside*]. Deadman's Lane? He takes her to the arms of her mother! forestalls my own plan, will reap my reward. Have I schemed, then, for him! No, by yon heavens!

Soft. I ran on to Sir Geoffrey's—he was out.

Hard. [*who has been writing in his tablets, tears out a page*]. Take this to Justice Kite's, hard by; he will send two special officers, placed at the door, Deadman's Lane, to wait my instructions. They must go instantly—arrive as soon as myself. Then hasten to Mr. Easy's; Sir Geof-

frey is there. Break your news with precaution, and bring him straight to that house. Leave the rest to my care. Away with you; quick.

Soft. I know he will kill me! But I'm right. And when I'm right,—*Dimidum meæ!* [*Exit.*

Hard. Ho! ho! It is war! My choice is made. I am armed at all points, and strike for the victory. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Apartment in the house, Deadman's Lane, Crown and Portcullis, very old-fashioned and sombre, faded tapestry on the walls, high mantelpiece, with deep ingles; furniture rude and simple; general air of the room not mean, but forlorn, as of that in some house neglected and little inhabited since the days of Elizabeth; the tapestry, drawn aside at the back, shows a door into an inner room—LUCY *and her mother.*—WILMOT *seated.*

Lady Thorn. And you believe me. Dear child—this indeed is happiness.—Ah! if your cruel father—

Lucy. Hush—he will believe you, too.

Lady Thorn. No; I could not venture into his presence, without the proof that he had wronged me.

Wil. Oh, that I had known before what interest you had in this Memoir!—how can I recover it from the Duke!—

Lucy. You will—you must—dear—dear Lord Wilmot—you have restored me to my mother; restore my mother to her home.

Wil. Ah—and this hand—would you withdraw it then?

Lucy. Never from him who reunites my parents.

Lady Thorn. Ha!—a voice without—steps!

Wil. If it should be Sir Geoffrey—in some rash violence he might—retire—quick—quick!

[*Exeunt* LADY THORNSIDE *and* LUCY *in the inner room.*

Enter HARDMAN.

Hard. Alone! Where is Lucy, my Lord?

Wil. In the next room with——

Hard. Her mother?

Wil. What! you know?

Hard. I know that between us two there is a strife, and I am come to decide it; you love Lucy Thornside.

Wil. Well! I told you so.

Hard. You told it, my Lord, to a rival. Ay, smile. You have wealth, rank, fashion, and wit; I have none of these, and I need them not. But I say to you—that ere the hand on this dial moves to that near point in time, your love will be hopeless and your suit be withdrawn.

Wil. The man's mad. Unless, sir, you wish me to believe that my life hangs on your sword, I cannot quite comprehend why my love should go by your watch.

Hard. I command you, Lord Wilmot, to change this tone of levity: I command it in the name of a life which, I think, you prize more than your own; a life that is now in my hands. You told me to sound your father. I have not done so—I have detected——

Wil. Detected! Hold, sir! that word implies crime.

Hard. Ay, the crime of the great. History calls it ZEAL. Law styles it HIGH TREASON.

Wil. What do I hear? Heavens!—my father! Sir, your word is no proof?

Hard. But *this* is! [*Producing the Requisition to the Pre-*

tender.] 'Tis high treason, conspiring to levy arms against the King on the throne—here called the Usurper. High treason to promise to greet with banner and trump a pretender—here called James the Third. Such is the purport of the paper I hold—and here is the name of your father.

Wil. [*aside*]. Both are armed and alone.

[*Locks the outer door by which he is standing.*

Hard. [*aside*]. So, I guess his intention. [*Opens the window.*] Good, the officers are come.

Wil. What the law calls high treason I know not; what the honest call treason I know. Traitor, thou who hast used the confidence of a son against the life of a father, thou shalt not quit these walls with that life in thy grasp—yield the proof thou hast plundered or forged. [*Seizes him.*

Hard. 'St! the officers of justice are below; loose thine hold, or the life thou demandest falls from these hands into theirs!

Wil. [*recoiling*]. Foiled! Foiled! How act! what do? And thy son set yon bloodhound on thy track, O my father! Sir, you say you are my rival; I guess the terms you now come to impose!

Hard. I impose no terms. What needs the demand? Have you an option? I think better of you. We both love the same woman; I have loved her a year, you a week; you have her father's dislike, I his consent. One must yield—why should I? Rude son of the people though I be, why must I be thrust from the sunshine because you cross my path as the fair and the high-born? What have I owed to your order or you?

Wil. To me, sir? Well, if to me you owed some slight favor I should scorn at this moment to speak it.

Hard. I owe favor the slightest to no man; 'tis my boast.

Listen still; I schemed to save your father, not to injure. Had you rather this scroll had fallen into the hands of a spy? And now, if I place it in yours—save your name from attainder, your fortunes from confiscation, your father from the axe of the headsman—why should I ask terms? Would it be possible for you to say, "Sir, I thank you; and in return I would do my best to rob your life of the woman you love, and whom I have just known a week?" Could you, peer's son, and gentleman, thus reply,—when, if I know aught of this grand people of England, not a mechanic who walks thro' yon streets, from the loom to the hovel, but what would cry "Shame!" on such answer?

Wil. Sir, I cannot argue with, I cannot rival the man who has my father's life at his will, whether to offer it as a barter, or to yield it as a boon. Either way, rivalry between us is henceforth impossible. Fear mine no more! Give me the scroll—I depart.

Hard. [*Aside.* His manliness moves me!] Nay, let me pray your permission to give it myself to your father, and with such words as will save him, and others whose names are hereto attached, from such perilous hazards in future.

Wil. In this too I fear that you leave me no choice; I must trust as I may to your honor! but heed well if——

Hard. Menace not; you doubt, then, my honor?

Wil. [*with suppressed passion*]. Plainly, I do; our characters differ. I had held myself dishonored forever if our positions had been reversed,—if I had taken such confidence as was placed in you,—concealed the rivalry,—prepared the scheme,—timed the moment,—forced the condition in the guise of benefit. No, sir, no; that may be talent, it is not honor.

Hard. [*Aside.* This stings! scornful fool that he is, not

to see that I was half relenting. And now I feel but the foe! How sting again? I will summon him back to witness himself my triumph.] Stay, my Lord! [*Writing at the table.*] You doubt that I should yield up the document to your father? Bring him hither at once! He is now at my house with the Duke of Middlesex; pray them both to come here, and give this note to the Duke. [*With a smile.*] You will do it, my Lord.

Wil. Ay, indeed,—and when my father is safe, I will try to think that I wronged you. [*Aside.* And not one parting word to—to—S'death—I am unmanned. Show such emotion to him—No, no!—And if I cannot watch over that gentle life, why the angels will!] I—I go, sir,—fulfil the compact; I have paid the price. [*Exit.*

Hard. He loves her more than I thought for. But she? Does she love him? [*Goes to the door.*] Mistress Lucy!

[*Leads forth* LUCY.

Lucy. Lord Wilmot gone!

Hard. Nay, speak not of him. If ever he hoped that your father could have overcome a repugnance to his suit, he is now compelled to resign that hope, and forever. [LUCY *turns aside, and weeps quietly.*] Let us speak of your parents—your mother——

Lucy. Oh, yes—my dear mother—I so love her already.

Hard. You have heard her tale! Would you restore her, no blot on her name, to the hearth of your father?

Lucy. Speak!—speak!—can it be so?

Hard. If it cost you some sacrifice?

Lucy. Life has none for an object thus holy.

Hard. Hear, and decide. It is the wish of your father that I should ask for this hand——

Lucy. No!—no!

Hard. Is the sacrifice so hard? Wait and hear the atonement. You come from the stolen embrace of a mother; I will make that mother the pride of your home. You have yearned for the love of a father; I will break down the wall between yourself and his heart—I will dispel all the clouds that have darkened his life.

Lucy. You will—you will! O blessings upon you!

Hard. Those blessings this hand can confer!

Lucy. But—but—the heart—the heart—*that* does *not* go with the hand.

Hard. Later, it will. I only pray for a trial. I ask but to conquer that heart, not to break it. Your father will soon be here—every moment I expect him. He comes in the full force of suspicion—deeming you lured here by Wilmot—fearing (pardon the vile word) your dishonor. How explain? You cannot speak of your mother till I first prove her guiltless. Could they meet till I do, words would pass that would make even union hereafter too bitter to her pride as a woman. Give me the power at once to destroy suspicion, remove fear, delay other explanations. Let me speak—let me act as your betrothed, your accepted. Hark! voices below—your father comes! —I have no time to plead; excuse what is harsh—seems ungenerous——

Sir Geof. [*without*]. Out of my way!—loose my sword!

Lucy. Oh, save my mother!—Let him not see my mother.

Hard. Grant me this trial—pledge this hand now—retract hereafter if you will. Your mother's name—your parents' reunion! Ay or no!—will you pledge it?

Lucy. Can you doubt their child's answer? I pledge it!

Enter SIR GEOFFREY, *struggling from* EASY, SOFTHEAD, BARBARA.

Sir Geof. Where is he? where is this villain? let me get at him! What, what, gone? [*Falling on* HARDMAN'S *breast.*] Oh, Hardman! You came, you came! I dare not look at her yet. *Is* she saved?

Hard. Your daughter is innocent in thought as in deed —I speak in the name of the rights she has given me; you permitted me to ask for her hand; and here she has pledged it!

Sir Geof. O my child! my child! I never called you that name before. Did I? Hush! I know now that thou art my child; know it by my anguish; know it by my joy. Who could wring from me tears like these, but a child!

Easy. But how is it all, Mr. Hardman? you know everything! That fool Softhead, with his cock-and-bull story, frightened us out of our wits.

Soft. That's the thanks I get! How is it all, Mr. Hardman?

Sir Geof. Ugh, what so clear? He came here—he saved her! My child was grateful. Approach, Hardman, near, near. Forgive me, if your childhood was lonely; forgive me, if you seemed so unfriended. Your father made me promise that you should not know the temptations that he thought had corrupted himself,—should not know of my favors, to be galled by what he called my suspicions, —should not feel the yoke of dependence;—should believe that you forced your own way through the world—till it was made. Now it is so. Ah, not in vain did I pardon him his wrongs against me; not in vain fulfil that sad promise which gave a smile to his lips in dying; not

in vain have I bestowed benefits on you. You have saved—I know it—I feel it; saved from infamy—my child.

Lucy. Hush, sir, hush!

[*Throws herself into* BARBARA'S *arms.*

Hard. My father? Benefits? You smile, Mr. Easy. What means he? No man on this earth ever bestowed benefits on me!

Easy. Ha! ha! ha! Nay, excuse me; but when I think that that's said by a clever fellow like you—ha! ha!—the jest is too good; as if any one ever drove a coach through this world but what some other one built the carriage, or harnessed the horses! Why, who gave you the education that helped to make you what you are? Who slyly paid Tonson, the publisher, to bring out the work that first raised you into notice? Who sent you the broker with the tale of the South Sea Scheme? From whose purse came the sum that bought your annuity? Whose land does the annuity burthen? Who told Fleece'em, the boroughmonger, to offer you a seat in Parliament? Who paid for the election that did not cost you a shilling?—who, but my suspicious, ill-tempered, good-hearted friend there? And you are the son of his foster-brother, the man who first wronged and betrayed him!

Soft. And this is the gentleman who knows everybody and everything? Did not even know his own father! Ha! why he's been quite a taken-in! Ha! ha!

Easy. Ha! ha! ha!

Hard. And all the while I thought I was standing apart from others,—needing none; served by none; mastering men; molding them,—the men whom my father had wronged went before me with noiseless beneficence, and

opened my path through the mountain I fancied this right hand had hewn!

Sir Geof. Tut! I did but level the ground, till you were strong eno' to rise of yourself; *I* did not give you the post that you named with so manly a pride; *I* did not raise you to the councils of your country as the "Equal of All!"

Soft. No! for that you'll thank Fred. He bribed the Prime Minister with his favorite Murillo. He said you wanted the post to win the lady you loved. *Dimidum mei*,—I think you might have told him what lady it was.

Hard. So! Wilmot!—It needed but this!

Easy. Pooh, Mr. Softhead! Sir Geoffrey would never consent to a lord. Quite right. Practical, steady fellow is Mr. Hardman; and as to his father, a disreputable connection—quite right not to know him! All you want, Geoffrey, is to secure Lucy's happiness.

Sir Geof. All! That, now, is his charge.

Hard. I accept it. But first I secure yours, O my benefactor! This house, in which you feared to meet infamy, is the home of sorrow and virtue; the home of a woman unsullied, but slandered,—of her who, loving you still, followed your footsteps; watched you night and day from yon windows; sent you those flowers, the tokens of innocence and youth; in romance, it is true—the romance only known to woman—the romance only known to the pure! Lord Wilmot is guiltless! He led your child to the arms of a mother!

Sir Geof. Silence him!—silence him!—'tis a snare! I retract! He shall not have this girl! *Her* house? Do I breathe the same air as the woman so loved and so faithless?

Lucy. Pity, for my mother!—No, no; justice for her! Pity for yourself and for me!

Sir Geof. Come away, or you shall not be my child, I'll disown you. That man speaks——

Enter WILMOT, DUKE, *and* LORD LOFTUS.

Hard. I speak, and I prove—[*To the* DUKE]—The Memoirs—[*Glancing over them.*] Here is the very letter that the menial informed you your wife sent to Lord Henry. Read it; and judge if such scorn would not goad such a man to revenge. What revenge could he wield? Why, a boast!

Sir Geof. [*reading*]. The date of the very day that he boasted. Ha! brave words! proud heart! I suspect! I suspect!

Hard. Lord Henry's confession! It was writ on his deathbed.

Lord Lof. 'Tis his hand. I attest it.

Duke. I, too, John, Duke of Middlesex.

Sir Geof. [*who has been reading the confession*]. Heaven forgive me! Can *she?* The flowers; the figure; the—— How blind I've been! Where is she? where is she? You said she was here! [LADY THORNSIDE *appears at the door.*] Ellinor! Ellinor! to my arms—to my heart—O my wife! Pardon! Pardon!

Lady Thorn. Nay, all was forgiven when I once more embraced our child.

Hard. [*to* LOFTUS *and* DUKE]. My Lords, destroy this Requisition! When you signed it, you doubtless believed that the Prince you would serve was of the Church of your Protestant fathers? You are safe evermore; for your honor

is freed. The Prince has retired to Rome, and abjured your faith. I will convince you of this later.

[DUKE *and* SOFTHEAD *continue to shun each other with mutual apprehension.*

Easy [*to* WILMOT]. Glad to find you are not so bad as you seemed, my Lord; and now that Lucy is engaged to Mr. Hardman——

Wil. Engaged already! [*Aside.* So! he asked me here to insult me with his triumph!] Well!

Hard. Lucy, your parents are united—my promise fulfilled; permit me—[*Takes her hand.*] Sir Geoffrey, the son of him who so wronged you, and whose wrongs you pardoned, now reminds you, that he is intrusted with the charge to insure the happiness of your child! Behold the man of her choice, and take from his presence your own cure of distrust. With his faults on the surface, and with no fault that is worse than that of concealing his virtues;—Here she loves and is loved! And thus I discharge the trust, and insure the happiness!

[*Placing her hand in* WILMOT'S.

Sir Geof. How?

Lady Thorn. It is true—do you not read in her blush the secret of her heart?

Wil. How can I accept at the price of——

Hard. Hush! For the third time to-day, you have but one option. You cannot affect to be generous to me at the cost of a heart all your own. Take your right. Come, my Lord, lest I tell all the world how you bribed the Prime Minister.

Soft. [*who has taken* EASY *aside*]. But, indeed, Mr. Easy, I reform; I repent. Mr. Hardman will have a bride in the

country—let me have a bride in the City. After all, I was not such a very bad monster.

Easy. Pooh! Won't hear of it! Want to marry only just to mimic my Lord.

Bar. Dear Lord Wilmot; *do* say a good word for us.

Easy. No, sir; no! Your head's been turned by a lord.

Wil. Not the first man whose head has been turned by a lord, with the help of the Duke of Burgundy—eh, Mr. Easy? I'll just appeal to Sir Geoffrey.

Easy. No—no—hold your tongue, my Lord.

Wil. And you insisted upon giving your daughter to Mr. Softhead; forced her upon him.

Easy. I never—!—When?

Wil. Last night, when you were chaired member for the City of London. I'll just explain the case to Sir Geoffrey——

Easy. Confound it—hold—hold!—You like this young reprobate, Barbara?

Bar. Dear papa, his health is so delicate! I should like to take care of him.

Easy. There, go, and take care of each other. Ha! ha! I suppose it is all for the best.

[DUKE *takes forth, and puts on, his spectacles; examines* SOFTHEAD *curiously—is convinced that he is human, approaches, and offers his hand, which* SOFTHEAD, *emboldened by* BARBARA, *though not without misgivings, accepts.*

A great deal of dry stuff, called philosophy, is written about life. But the grand thing is to take it coolly, and have a good-humored indulgence——

Wil. For the force of example, Mr. Easy!

Soft. Ha! ha! ha!

Wil. For the follies of fashion, and the crimes of monsters like myself, and that terrible Softhead!

Sir Geof. Ha! ha!

Hard. You see, my dear Wilmot, many sides to a character!

Wil. Plague on it, yes! But get at them all, and we're not so bad as we seem——

Soft. No, Fred, not quite so bad!

Wil. Taking us as we stand—ALTOGETHER!

"DAVID FALLEN IS DEAD!"

OR A KEY TO THE PLAY

(AN AFTER-SCENE, BY WAY OF AN EPILOGUE)

(Intended to have been spoken by the Original Amateur Performers)

SCENE.

WILMOT'S *Apartment.*—WILMOT, SIR GEOFFREY, SOFTHEAD, EASY, *and* HARDMAN, *seated at a Table. Wine, Fruits, etc.*

Wil. Pass the wine—what's the news?
Easy. Funds have risen to-day.
Sir Geof. I suspect it will rain.
Easy. Well, I've got in my hay.
Hard. DAVID FALLEN IS DEAD!
Omnes. DAVID FALLEN!
Wil. Poor fellow!
Sir Geof. I should like to have seen him!
Soft. *I* saw him! *So* yellow!
Hard. Your annuity killed him!
Wil. How—how? to the point.
Hard. By the shock on his nerves—at the sight of a joint. A very great genius——
Easy. I own—now he's dead,
That a writer more charming——
Wil. Was never worse fed!

Hard. His country was grateful——

Soft. [*surprised*]. He looked very shabby!

Hard. His bones——

Soft. You might count them!——

Hard. Repose in the Abbey!

Soft. [*after a stare of astonishment*]. So THAT is the way that a country is grateful!

Ere his nerves grew so weak,—if she'd sent him a plateful.

Easy [*hastily producing a long paper*]. MY TAXES!

Your notions are perfectly hateful!

[*Pause.—Evident feeling that there's no getting over* MR. EASY'S *paper.*

Wil. Pope's epigram stung him.

Hard. Yes, Pope has a sting.

Wil. But who writes the epitaph?

Hard. Pope: a sweet thing!

Wil. 'Gad, if I were an author, I'd rather, instead,

Have the epitaph living—the epigram dead.

If Pope had but just considered that matter,

Poor David——

Soft. Had gone to the Abbey much fatter!

Easy. He was rather a scamp!

Wil. Put yourself in his place.

Easy [*horror-struck*]. Heaven forbid!

Hard. Let us deem him the Last of a Race!

Sir Geof. But the race that succeeds may have little more pelf.

Hard. Ay; and trials as sharp. I'm an author myself.

But the remedy? Wherefore should authors not build——

Easy. An almshouse?

Hard. No, merchant, their own noble Guild!

Some fortress for youth in the battle for fame;

Some shelter that Age is not humbled to claim;
Some roof from the storm for the Pilgrim of Knowledge;—
Wil. Not unlike what our ancestors meant by—a College;
Where teacher and student alike the subscriber,
Untaxing the Patron,——
Easy. The State,——
Hard. Or the briber,——
Wil. The son of proud Learning shall knock at the door
And cry *This*[1] is rich, and not whine *That*[2] is poor.
Hard. Oh right! For these men govern earth from their graves—
Shall the dead be as kings, and the living as slaves!
Easy. It is all their own fault—they so slave one another;
Not a son of proud Learning but knocks—down his brother!
Wil. Yes! other vocations, from Thames to the Border,
Have some *esprit de corps*, and some pride in their order;
Lawyers, soldiers, and doctors, if quarrels do pass,
Still soften their spite from respect to their class;
Why should authors be spitting and scratching like tabbies,
To leave but dry bones——
Soft. For those grateful cold Abbeys!
Hard. Worst side of their character!
Wil. True to the letter.
Are their sides, then, so fat, we can't hit on a better?
Hard. Why—the sticks in the fable!—our Guild be the tether.
Wil. Ay: the thorns are rubbed off when the sticks cling together.
Soft. [*musingly*]. I could *be*—yes—I *could* be a Pilgrim of Knowledge,
If you'd change Deadman's Lane to a snug little College.

[1] The head. [2] The pocket.

Sir Geof. Ugh! stuff!—it takes money a College to found.
Easy. I will head the subscription myself—with a pound.
Hard. Quite enough from a friend: for we authors should feel
We must put our own shoulders like men to the wheel.
Be thrifty when thriving—take heed of the morrow,——
Easy. And not get in debt——
Sir Geof. Where the deuce could they borrow?
Hard. Let us think of a scheme.
Easy. He is always so knowing.
Wil. A scheme! I have got one; the wheels set are going!
A play from one author.
Hard. With authors for actors.—
Wil. And some benefit nights,——
Both. For the world's benefactors.
Sir Geof. Who'll give you the play? it will not be worth giving,
Authors now are so bad; always are while they're living!
Easy. Ah! if David Fallen, great genius, were here——
Omnes. Great genius!
Hard. A man whom all time shall revere!
Soft. [*impatiently*]. But he's dead.
Omnes [*lugubriously*]. He is dead!
Easy. The true Classical School, sir!
Ah! could he come back!
Wil. He'll not be such a fool, sir.
[*Taking* HARDMAN *aside, whispers.*
We know of an author.
Hard. [*doubtfully*]. Ye—s—s, David was brighter.
Omnes. But he's dead.
Hard. This might do—as a live sort of writer.

Easy. Alive! that looks bad.

Soft. Must we take a live man?

Wil. To oblige us he'll be, sir,—as dead as he can!

Soft. Alive; and *will* write, sir?

Hard. With pleasure, sir.

Soft. PLEASURE!

Hard. With less than your wit, he has more than your leisure.

Coquets with the Muse——

Sir Geof. Lucky dog to afford her!

Wil. Can we get his good side?

Hard. Yes, he's proud of his order.

Wil. Then he'll do!

Sir Geof. As for wit—he has books on his shelves.

Hard. Now the actors?

Wil. By Jove, we will act it ourselves.

[Omnes, *at first surprised into enthusiasm, succeeded by great consternation.*

Sir Geof. Ugh, not I!

Soft. Lord ha' mercy!

Easy. A plain, sober, steady—

Wil. I'll appeal to Sir Geoffrey. There's one caught already!

This suspicious old knight; to his blind side, direct us.

Hard. Your part is to act——

Wil. True; and his to suspect us.

I rely upon you.

Hard. [*looking at his watch*]. Me! I have not a minute!

Wil. If the Play has a plot, he is sure to be in it.

Come, Softhead!

Soft. I won't. I'll go home to my mother.

Wil. Pooh! monsters like us always help one another.

Sir Geof. I suspect you will act.

Soft. Well, I've this consolation—
Still to imitate one——

Hard. Who defies imitation.

Wil. Let the public but favor the plan we have hit on,
And we'll chair through all London,—our Family Briton.

Sir Geof. What?—what? Look at Easy! He's drunk, or I dream——

Easy [*rising*]. The toast of the evening—SUCCESS TO THE SCHEME!

MONEY

" 'Tis a very good world we live in,
To lend, or to spend, or to give in:
But to beg or to borrow, or get a man's own,
'Tis the very worst world that ever was known."

—*Old Truism*

"*Und, es herrscht der Erde Gott, das Geld.*"—SCHILLER

DEDICATED TO

JOHN FORSTER, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES OF STATESMEN OF THE COMMONWEALTH."

A SLIGHT MEMORIAL

OF SINCERE RESPECT AND CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP,

ALTHOUGH

(FOR WE ARE ALL HUMAN!)

HE HAS, IN ONE INSTANCE, AND BUT ONE,

SUFFERED HIS JUDGMENT TO BE MISLED BY TOO GREAT

A REGARD FOR

"MONEY!"

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Lord Glossmore	Mr. F. Vining.
Sir John Vesey, Bart., Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A.	Mr. Stickland.
Sir Frederick Blount . . .	Mr. Walter Lacy.
Stout	Mr. David Rees.
Graves	Mr. Benjamin Webster.
Evelyn	Mr. Macready.
Captain Dudley Smooth . .	Mr. Wrench.
Sharp	Mr. Waldron.
Toke	Mr. Oxberry.
Frantz, *Tailor*	Mr. O. Smith.
Tabouret, *Upholsterer* . . .	Mr. Howe.
MacFinch, *Jeweller and Silversmith*	Mr. Gough.
MacStucco, *Architect*	Mr. Morgue.
Kite, *Horsedealer*	Mr. Santer.
Crimson, *Portrait Painter* . .	Mr. Gallot.
Grab, *Publisher*	Mr. Caulfield.

*Members of the * * * Club, Servants, etc.*

Lady Franklin, *half-sister to Sir John Vesey*	Mrs. Glover.
Georgina, *daughter to Sir John*	Miss P. Horton.
Clara, *companion to Lady Franklin, cousin to Evelyn* .	Miss Helen Faucit.

Scene—London, 1840.

First performed on Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1840, at the Haymarket Theatre.

MONEY

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A drawing-room in Sir John Vesey's *house; folding-doors at the back, which open on another drawing-room. To the right, a table, with newspapers, books, etc.; to the left, a sofa, writing-table.*

Sir John, Georgina.

Sir John [*reading a letter edged with black*]. Yes, he says at two precisely. "Dear Sir John, as since the death of my sainted Maria,"—Hum!—that's his wife; she made him a martyr, and now he makes her a saint!

Geor. Well, as since her death?—

Sir John [*reading*]. "I have been living in chambers, where I cannot so well invite ladies, you will allow me to bring Mr. Sharp, the lawyer, to read the will of the late Mr. Mordaunt (to which I am appointed executor) at your house—your daughter being the nearest relation. I shall be with you at two precisely.—Henry Graves."

Geor. And you really feel sure that poor Mr. Mordaunt has made me his heiress?

Sir John. Ay, the richest heiress in England. Can you doubt it? Are you not his nearest relation? Niece by your poor mother, his own sister. All the time he was mak-

ing this enormous fortune in India did we ever miss sending him little reminiscences of our disinterested affection? When he was last in England, and you only so high, was not my house his home? Didn't I get a surfeit out of complaisance to his execrable curries and pillaws? Didn't he smoke his hookah—nasty old—that is, poor dear man—in my best drawing-room? And didn't you make a point of calling him your "handsome uncle"?—for the excellent creature was as vain as a peacock,—

Geor. And so ugly!—

Sir John. The dear deceased! Alas, he *was*, indeed;—like a kangaroo in a jaundice! And *if* after all these marks of attachment you are *not* his heiress, why then the finest feelings of our nature—the ties of blood—the principles of justice—are implanted in us in vain.

Geor. Beautiful, sir. Was not that in your last speech at the Freemasons' Tavern upon the great Chimney-sweep Question?

Sir John. Clever girl!—what a memory she has! Sit down, Georgy. Upon this most happy—I mean melancholy—occasion, I feel that I may trust you with a secret. You see this fine house—our fine servants—our fine plate—our fine dinners: every one thinks Sir John Vesey a rich man.

Geor. And are you not, papa?

Sir John. Not a bit of it—all humbug, child—all humbug, upon my soul! As you hazard a minnow to hook in a trout, so one guinea thrown out with address is often the best bait for a hundred. There are two rules in life—FIRST, Men are valued not for what they *are*, but what they *seem* to be. SECONDLY, If you have no merit or money of your own, you must trade on the merits and money of other

people. My father got the title by services in the army, and died penniless. On the strength of his services I got a pension of £400 a year; on the strength of £400 a year I took credit for £800; on the strength of £800 a year I married your mother with £10,000; on the strength of £10,000 I took credit for £40,000 and paid Dicky Gossip three guineas a week to go about everywhere calling me "Stingy Jack!"

Geor. Ha! ha! A disagreeable nickname.

Sir John. But a valuable reputation. When a man is called stingy, it is as much as calling him rich; and when a man's called rich, why he's a man universally respected. On the strength of my respectability I wheeled a constituency, changed my politics, resigned my seat to a Minister, who, to a man of such stake in the country, could offer nothing less in return than a patent office of £2,000 a year. That's the way to succeed in life. Humbug, my dear!—all humbug, upon my soul.

Geor. I must say that you——

Sir John. Know the world, to be sure. Now, for your fortune,—as I spend more than my income, I can have nothing to leave you; yet, even without counting your uncle, you have always passed for an heiress on the credit of your expectations from the savings of "Stingy Jack." The same with your education. I never grudged anything to make a show—never stuffed your head with histories and homilies; but you draw, you sing, you dance, you walk well into a room; and that's the way young ladies are educated nowadays, in order to become a pride to their parents, and a blessing to their husband—that is, when they have caught him. Apropos of a husband: you know we thought of Sir Frederick Blount.

Geor. Ah, papa, he is charming.

Sir John. He *was so*, my dear, before we knew your poor uncle was dead; but an heiress such as you will be should look out for a duke.—Where the deuce is Evelyn this morning?

Geor. I've not seen him, papa. What a strange character he is!—so sarcastic; and yet he can be agreeable.

Sir John. A humorist—a cynic? one never knows how to take him. My private secretary,—a poor cousin, has not got a shilling, and yet, hang me, if he does not keep us all at a sort of a distance.

Geor. But why do you take him to live with us, papa, since there's no good to be got by it?

Sir John. There you are wrong; he has a great deal of talent: prepares my speeches, writes my pamphlets, looks up my calculations. My Report on the last Commission has got me a great deal of fame, and has put me at the head of the new one. Besides he *is* our cousin—he has no salary: kindness to a poor relation always tells well in the world; and Benevolence is a useful virtue,—particularly when you can have it for nothing! With our other cousin, Clara, it was different: her father thought fit to leave me her guardian, though she had not a penny—mere useless encumbrance: so, you see, I got my half-sister, Lady Franklin, to take her off my hands.

Geor. How much longer is Lady Franklin's visit to be?

Sir John. I don't know, my dear; the longer the better,—for her husband left her a good deal of money at her own disposal. Ah, here she comes!

SCENE II.

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

Sir John. My dear sister, we were just loud in your praises. But how's this?—not in mourning?

Lady Frank. Why should I go into mourning for a man I never saw?

Sir John. Still, there may be a legacy.

Lady Frank. Then there'll be less cause for affliction! Ha! ha! my dear Sir John, I'm one of those who think feelings a kind of property, and never take credit for them upon false pretences.

Sir John [*aside*]. Very silly woman! But, Clara, I see you are more attentive to the proper decorum: yet you are very, *very*, VERY distantly connected with the deceased—a third cousin, I think?

Clara. Mr. Mordaunt once assisted my father, and these poor robes are all the gratitude I can show him.

Sir John. Gratitude! humph! I am afraid the minx has got expectations.

Lady Frank. So, Mr. Graves is the executor—the will is addressed to him? The same Mr. Graves who is always in black—always lamenting his ill-fortune and his sainted Maria, who led him the life of a dog?

Sir John. The very same. His liveries are black—his carriage is black—he always rides a black galloway—and,

faith, if he ever marry again, I think he will show his respect to the sainted Maria by marrying a black woman.

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! we shall see.—[*Aside.*] Poor Graves, I always liked him: he made an excellent husband.

Enter EVELYN [*seats himself, and takes up a book unobserved*].

Sir John. What a crowd of relations this Will brings to light! Mr. Stout, the Political Economist—Lord Glossmore—

Lady Frank. Whose grandfather kept a pawnbroker's shop, and who, accordingly, entertains the profoundest contempt for everything popular, *parvenu*, and plebeian.

Sir John. Sir Frederick Blount—

Lady Frank. Sir Fwedewick Blount, who objects to the letter R as being too *w*ough, and therefore d*w*ops its acquaintance: one of the new class of prudent young gentlemen, who, not having spirits and constitution for the hearty excesses of their predecessors, intrench themselves in the dignity of a lady-like languor. A man of fashion in the last century was riotous and thoughtless—in this he is tranquil and egotistical. He never does anything that is silly, or says anything that is wise. I beg your pardon, my dear; I believe Sir Frederick is an admirer of yours, provided, on reflection, he does not see "what harm it could do him" to fall in love with your beauty and expectations. Then, too, our poor cousin the scholar—Oh, Mr. Evelyn, there you are!

Sir John. Evelyn—the very person I wanted: where have you been all day? Have you seen to those papers?—have you written my epitaph on poor Mordaunt?—Latin, you

know!—have you reported my speech at Exeter Hall?—have you looked out the debates on the Customs?—and, oh, have you mended up all the old pens in the study?

Geor. And have you brought me the black floss silk?—have you been to Storr's for my ring?—and, as we cannot go out on this melancholy occasion, did you call at Hookham's for the last HB. and the Comic Annual?

Lady Frank. And did you see what was really the matter with my bay horse?—did you get me the Opera-box?—did you buy my little Charley his peg-top?

Eve. [*always reading*]. Certainly, Paley is right upon that point; for, put the syllogism thus——[*looking up*] Ma'am—Sir—Miss Vesey—you want something of me?——Paley observes, that to assist even the undeserving tends to the better regulation of our charitable feelings—No apologies—I am quite at your service.

Sir John. Now he's in one of his humors!

Lady Frank. You allow him strange liberties, Sir John.

Eve. You will be less surprised at that, madam, when I inform you that Sir John allows me nothing else.—I am now about to draw on his benevolence.

Lady Frank. I beg your pardon, sir, and like your spirit. Sir John, I'm in the way, I see; for I know your benevolence is so delicate that you never allow any one to detect it!

[*Walks aside.*

Eve. I could not do your commissions to-day—I have been to visit a poor woman, who was my nurse and my mother's last friend. She is very poor, *very*—sick—dying—and she owes six months' rent!

Sir John. You know I should be most happy to do anything for yourself. But the nurse—[*Aside.* Some people's nurses are always ill!]—there are so many impostors about?

—We'll talk of it to-morrow. This most mournful occasion takes up all my attention. [*Looking at his watch.*] Bless me! so late! I've letters to write, and—none of the pens are mended. [*Exit.*

Geor. [*taking out her purse*]. I think I will give it to him —and yet, if I don't get the fortune, after all!—Papa allows me so little!—then I *must* have those earrings [*puts up the purse*] Mr. Evelyn, what is the address of your nurse?

Eve. [*writes and gives it*]. She has a good heart with all her foibles!—Ah! Miss Vesey, if that poor woman had not closed the eyes of my lost mother, Alfred Evelyn would not have been this beggar to your father.

[CLARA *looks over the address.*

Geor. I will certainly attend to it—[*aside*] if I get the fortune.

Sir John [*calling without*]. Georgy, I say!

Geor. Yes, papa. [*Exit.*

[EVELYN *has seated himself again at the table* (*to the right*), *and leans his face on his hands.*

Clara. His noble spirit bowed to this!—Ah, at least here I may give him comfort—[*sits down to write*]. But he will recognize my hand.

Lady Frank. What bill are you paying, Clara?—putting up a banknote?

Clara. Hush!—Oh, Lady Franklin, you are the kindest of human beings. This is for a poor person—I would not have her know whence it came, or she would refuse it. Would you?—No,—he knows *her* handwriting also!

Lady Frank. Will I—what?—give the money myself? with pleasure! Poor Clara. Why this covers all your savings—and I am so rich!

Clara. Nay, I would wish to do all myself!—it is a pride

—a duty—it is a joy; and I have so few joys! But, hush!—this way.

[*They retire into the inner room and converse in dumb show.*

Eve. And thus must I grind out my life forever!—I am ambitious, and Poverty drags me down; I have learning, and Poverty makes me the drudge of fools!—I love, and Poverty stands like a spectre before the altar! But no, no—if, as I believe, I am but loved again, I will—will—what?—turn opium-eater, and dream of the Eden I may never enter.

Lady Frank. [*to* CLARA]. Yes, I will get my maid to copy and direct this—she writes well, and *her* hand will never be discovered. I will have it done and sent instantly. [*Exit.*

[CLARA *advances to the front of the stage, and seats herself*—EVELYN *reading.*—*Enter* SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

SCENE III.

CLARA, EVELYN, SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

Blount. No one in the woom!—Oh, Miss Douglas!—Pway don't let me disturb you. Where is Miss Vesey—Georgina?

[*Taking* CLARA'S *chair as she rises.*

Eve. [*looking up, gives* CLARA *a chair and re-seats himself*]. [*Aside.*] Insolent puppy!

Clara. Shall I tell her you are here, Sir Frederick?

Blount. Not for the world. Vewy pwetty girl this companion!

Clara. What did you think of the Panorama the other day, Cousin Evelyn?

Eve. [*reading*].—

"I cannot talk with civet in the room,
A fine puss gentleman that's all perfume!"

Rather good lines these.

Blount. Sir!

Eve. [*offering the book*]. Don't you think so?—Cowper.

Blount [*declining the book*]. Cowper!

Eve. Cowper.

Blount [*shrugging his shoulders, to* CLARA]. Strange person, Mr. Evelyn!—quite a chawacter!—Indeed the Panowama gives you no idea of Naples—a delightful place. I make it a wule to go there evewy second year—I am vewy fond of twavelling. You'd like Wome (Rome)—bad inns, but very fine wuins; gives you quite a taste for that sort of thing!

Eve. [*reading*].—

"How much a dunce that has been sent to roam
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home!"

Blount [*aside*]. That fellow Cowper says vewy odd things! —Humph!—it is beneath me to quawwell.—[*Aloud.*] It will not take long to wead the will, I suppose. Poor old Mordaunt!—I am his nearest male welation. He was vewy eccentwic. By the way, Miss Douglas, did you wemark my cuwicle? It is bwinging cuwicles into fashion. I should be most happy if you will allow me to dwive you out. Nay—nay—I should upon my word.

[*Trying to take her hand.*

Eve. [*starting up*]. A wasp!—a wasp!—just going to settle. Take care of the wasp, Miss Douglas!

Blount. A wasp!—where!—don't bwing it this way,—

some people don't mind them! I've a particular dislike to wasps; they sting damnably!

Eve. I beg pardon—it's only a gadfly.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir John will be happy to see you in his study, Sir Frederick. [*Exit* Servant.

Blount. Vewy well. Upon my word, there is something vewy nice about this girl. To be sure, I love Georgina —but if this one would take a fancy to me [*thoughtfully*]—Well, I don't see what harm it could do me!—*Au plaisir!* [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

EVELYN *and* CLARA.

Eve. Clara!

Clara. Cousin!

Eve. And you too are a dependant!

Clara. But on Lady Franklin, who seeks to make me forget it.

Eve. Ay, but can the world forget it? This insolent condescension—this coxcombry of admiration—more galling than the arrogance of contempt! Look you now—Robe Beauty in silk and cashmere—hand Virtue into her chariot—lackey their caprices—wrap them from the winds —fence them round with a golden circle—and Virtue and Beauty are as goddesses both to peasant and to prince. Strip them of the adjuncts—see Beauty and Virtue poor—dependent—solitary—walking the world defenceless! oh, *then* the devotion changes its character—the same crowd

gather eagerly around—fools—fops—libertines—not to worship at the shrine, but to sacrifice the victim!

Clara. My cousin, you are cruel!

Eve. Forgive me! There is a something when a man's heart is better than his fortunes, that makes even affection bitter. Mortification for myself—it has ceased to chafe me. I can mock where I once resented. But *you*—YOU, so delicately framed and nurtured—one slight to you—one careless look—one disdainful tone—makes me feel the true curse of the poor man. His pride gives armor to *his own* breast, but it has no shield to protect another.

Clara. But I, too, have pride of my own—I, too, can smile at the pointless insolence——

Eve. Smile—and he took your hand! Oh, Clara, you know not the tortures that I suffer hourly! When others approach you—young—fair—rich—the sleek darlings of the world—I accuse you of your very beauty—I writhe beneath every smile that you bestow. No—speak not!—my heart has broken in silence, and you shall hear the rest. For you I have endured the weary bondage of this house—the fool's gibe—the hireling's sneer—the bread purchased by toils that should have led me to loftier ends: yes, to see you—hear you—breathe the same air—be ever at hand—that if others slighted, from one at least you might receive the luxury of respect:—for this—for this I have lingered, suffered, and forborne. Oh! Clara, we are orphans both—friendless both: you are all in the world to me: turn not away—my very soul speaks in these words—I LOVE YOU!

Clara. No—Evelyn—Alfred—No! say it not; think it not! it were madness.

Eve. Madness!—nay, hear me yet. I am poor, penniless—a beggar for bread to a dying servant. True!—But I have

a heart of iron! I have knowledge—patience—health,—and my love for you gives me at last ambition! I have trifled with my own energies till now, for I despised all things till I loved you. With you to toil for—your step to support —your path to smooth—and I—I poor Alfred Evelyn—promise at last to win for you even fame and fortune! Do not withdraw your hand—*this* hand—shall it not be mine?

Clara. Ah, Evelyn! Never—never!

Eve. Never.

Clara. Forget this folly; our union is impossible, and to talk of love were to deceive both!

Eve. [*bitterly*]. Because I am poor!

Clara. And *I too!* A marriage of privation—of penury —of days that dread the morrow! I have seen such a lot! —Never return to this again.

Eve. Enough—you are obeyed. I deceived myself—ha! —ha!—I fancied that I too was loved. I, whose youth is already half gone with care and toil!—whose mind is soured —whom nobody *can* love—who ought to have loved no one!

Clara [*aside*]. And if it were only *I* to suffer, or perhaps to starve?—Oh, what shall I say? [*Aloud.*] Evelyn —Cousin?

Eve. Madam.

Clara. Alfred—I—I—

Eve. Reject me!

Clara. Yes! It is past! [*Exit.*

Eve. Let me think. It was yesterday her hand trembled when mine touched it. And the rose I gave her—yes, she pressed her lips to it once when she seemed as if she saw me not. But it was a trap—a trick—for I was as poor then as now. This will be a jest for them all! Well, courage!

it is but a poor heart that a coquette's contempt can break! And now, that I care for no one, the world is but a great chess-board, and I will sit down in earnest and play with Fortune!

Enter LORD GLOSSMORE, *preceded by* Servant.

Ser. I will tell Sir John, my Lord!

[EVELYN *takes up the newspaper.*

Gloss. The secretary—hum! Fine day, sir; any news from the East?

Eve. Yes!—all the wise men have gone back there!

Gloss. Ha, ha!—not all, for here comes Mr. Stout, the great political economist.

SCENE V.

STOUT, GLOSSMORE, EVELYN.

Stout. Good-morning, Glossmore.

Gloss. *Glossmore!*—the parvenu!

Stout. Afraid I might be late—been detained at the Vestry—Astonishing how ignorant the English poor are! Took me an hour and a half to beat it into the head of a stupid old widow, with nine children, that to allow her three shillings a week was against all the rules of public morality.

Eve. Excellent!—admirable!—your hand, sir!

Gloss. What! you approve such doctrines, Mr. Evelyn? Are old women only fit to be starved?

Eve. Starved! popular delusion! Observe, my Lord—to squander money upon those who starve is only to afford encouragement to starvation.

Stout. A very superior person that!

Gloss. Atrocious principles! Give me the good old times, when it was the duty of the rich to succor the distressed.

Eve. On second thoughts, *you* are right, my Lord.—I, too, know a poor woman—ill—dying—in want. Shall *she*, too, perish?

Gloss. Perish! horrible!—in a Christian country! Perish! Heaven forbid!

Eve. [*holding out his hand*]. What, then, will you give her?

Gloss. Ahem! Sir—the parish ought to give.

Stout. No!—no!—no! Certainly not! [*with great vehemence*].

Gloss. No! no! But I say, yes! yes! And if the parish refuse to maintain the poor, the only way left to a man of firmness and resolution, holding the principles that I do, and adhering to the constitution of our fathers, is to force the poor *on* the parish by never giving them a farthing one's self.

SCENE VI.

SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, LADY FRANKLIN, GEORGINA, GLOSSMORE, STOUT, EVELYN.

Sir John. How d'ye do?—Ah! How d'ye do, gentlemen? This is a most melancholy meeting. The poor deceased! what a man he was!

Blount. I was chwistened Fwedewick after him! He was my first cousin.

Sir John. And Georgina his own niece—next of kin!—an excellent man, though odd—a kind heart, but no liver! I

sent him twice a year thirty dozen of the Cheltenham waters. It's a comfort to reflect on these little attentions at such a time.

Stout. And I, too, sent him the Parliamentary debates regularly, bound in calf. He was my second cousin—sensible man—and a follower of Malthus: never married to increase the surplus population, and fritter away his money on his own children. And now——

Eve. He reaps the benefit of celibacy in the prospective gratitude of every cousin he had in the world!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Hush! Hush! decency, Lady Franklin; decency!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Graves—Mr. Sharp.

Sir John. Oh, here's Mr. Graves; that's Sharp the lawyer, who brought the will from Calcutta.

SCENE VII.

GRAVES, SHARP, SIR JOHN, *etc.*

Chorus of SIR JOHN, GLOSSMORE, BLOUNT, STOUT.

Ah, Sir,—Ah, Mr. Graves!

[GEORGINA *holds her handkerchief to her eyes.*

Sir John. A sad occasion!

Graves. But everything in life is sad. Be comforted, Miss Vesey. True, you have lost an uncle; but I—I have lost a wife—such a wife!—the first of her sex—and the sec-

ond cousin of the defunct! Excuse me, Sir John; at the sight of your mourning my wounds bleed afresh.

[Servants *hand round wine and sandwiches.*

Sir John. Take some refreshment—a glass of wine.

Graves. Thank you!—(very fine sherry!)—Ah! my poor sainted Maria! Sherry was *her* wine: everything reminds me of Maria! Ah, Lady Franklin! *you* knew her. Nothing in life can charm me now.—[*Aside.*] A monstrous fine woman that!

Sir John. And now to business. Evelyn, you may retire.

Sharp. [*looking at his notes*]. Evelyn—Any relation to Alfred Evelyn?

Eve. The same.

Sharp. Cousin to the deceased, seven times removed. Be seated, sir; there may be some legacy, though trifling: all the relations, however distant, should be present.

Lady Frank. Then Clara is related—I will go for her.

[*Exit.*

Geor. Ah, Mr. Evelyn; I hope you will come in for something—a few hundreds, or even more.

Sir John. Silence! Hush! Whugh! ugh! Attention!

[*While the Lawyer opens the will, re-enter* LADY FRANKLIN *and* CLARA.

Sharp. The will is very short—being all personal property. He was a man that always came to the point.

Sir John. I wish there were more like him!—[*Groans and shakes his head.*] [*Chorus groan and shake their heads.*

Sharp. [*reading*]. "I, Frederick James Mordaunt, of Calcutta, being at present date of sound mind, though infirm body, do hereby give, will and bequeath—Imprimis, To my second cousin, Benjamin Stout, Esq., of Pall Mall, London—— [*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

Being the value of the Parliamentary Debates with which he has been pleased to trouble me for some time past—deducting the carriage thereof, which he always forgot to pay—the sum of £14 2*s.* 4*d.*

[*Chorus breathe more freely.*

Stout. Eh, what?—£14? Oh, hang the old miser!

Sir John. Decency—decency! Proceed, sir.

Sharp. "Item.—To Sir Frederick Blount, Baronet, my nearest male relative——" [*Chorus exhibit lively emotion.*

Blount. Poor old boy!

[GEORGINA *puts her arm over* BLOUNT'S *chair.*

Sharp. "Being, as I am informed, the best-dressed young gentleman in London, and in testimony to the only merit I ever heard he possessed, the sum of £500 to buy a dressing-case."

[*Chorus breathe more freely;* GEORGINA *catches her father's eye, and removes her arm.*

Blount [*laughing confusedly*]. Ha! ha! ha! Vewy poor wit—low!—vewy—vewy low!

Sir John. Silence, now, will you?

Sharp. "Item.—To Charles Lord Glossmore—who asserts that he is my relation—my collection of dried butterflies, and the pedigree of the Mordaunts from the reign of King John." [*Chorus as before.*

Gloss. Butterflies!—Pedigree!—I disown the plebeian!

Sir John [*angrily*]. Upon my word, this is too revolting! Decency! Go on.

Sharp. "Item.—To Sir John Vesey, Baronet, Knight of the Guelph, F.R.S., F.S.A., etc." [*Chorus as before.*

Sir John. Hush! *Now* it is really interesting!

Sharp. "Who married my sister, and who sends me

every year the Cheltenham waters, which nearly gave me my death—I bequeath—the empty bottles."

Sir John. Why, the ungrateful, rascally, old——

Chorus. Decency, Sir John—decency.

Sharp. "Item.—To Henry Graves, Esq., of the Albany——" [*Chorus as before.*

Graves. Pooh! Gentlemen—my usual luck—not even a ring I dare swear!

Sharp. "The sum of £5,000 in the Three Per Cents."

Lady Frank. I wish you joy!

Graves. Joy—pooh! Three per Cents!—Funds sure to go! Had it been *land*, now—though only an acre!—just like my luck.

Sharp. "Item.—To my niece Georgina Vesey——" [*Chorus as before.*

Sir John. Ah, now it comes!

Sharp. "The sum of £10,000 India Stock, being, with her father's reputed savings, as much as a single woman ought to possess."

Sir John. And what the devil, then, does the old fool do with all his money?

Chorus. Really, Sir John, this is too revolting. Decency! Hush!

Sharp. "And, with the aforesaid legacies and exceptions, I do will and bequeath the whole of my fortune, in India Stock, Bonds, Exchequer Bills, Three per Cent Consols, and in the Bank of Calcutta (constituting him hereby sole residuary legatee and joint executor with the aforesaid Henry Graves, Esq.), to Alfred Evelyn, now, or formerly of Trinity College, Cambridge— [*Universal excitement.* Being, I am told, an oddity, like myself—the only one of my relations who never fawned on me; and who, having

known privation, may the better employ wealth."—And now, sir, I have only to wish you joy, and give you this letter from the deceased—I believe it is important.

Eve. [*crossing over to* CLARA]. Ah, Clara, if you had but loved me!

Clara [*turning away*]. And his wealth, even more than poverty, separates us forever!

[*Omnes crowd round to congratulate* EVELYN.

Sir John [*to* GEORGINA]. Go, child—put a good face on it—he's an immense match!—My dear fellow, I wish you joy: you are a great man now—a very great man!

Eve. [*aside*]. And *her* voice alone is silent!

Lord Gloss. If I can be of any use to you——

Stout. Or I, sir——

Blount. Or I! Shall I put you up at the clubs?

Sharp. You will want a man of business. I transacted all Mr. Mordaunt's affairs.

Sir John. Tush, tush! Mr. Evelyn is at home *here*—always looked on him as a son! Nothing in the world we would not do for him! Nothing!

Eve. Lend me £10 for my old nurse!

[*Chorus put their hands into their pockets.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

An anteroom in EVELYN'S *new house; at one corner, behind a large screen,* MR. SHARP, *writing at a desk, books and parchments before him.*—MR. CRIMSON, *the portrait painter;* MR. GRAB, *the publisher;* MR. MACSTUCCO, *the architect;* MR. TABOURET, *the upholsterer;* MR. MACFINCH, *the silversmith;* MR. PATENT, *the coachmaker;* MR. KITE, *the horsedealer; and* MR. FRANTZ, *the tailor.*—(Servants *cross to and fro the stage.*)

Patent [*to* FRANTZ, *showing a drawing*]. Yes, sir; this is the Evelyn vis-à-vis! No one more the fashion than Mr. Evelyn. Money makes the man, sir.

Frantz. But de tailor, de schneider, make de gentleman! It is Mr. Frantz, of St. James's, who take his measure and his cloth, and who make de fine handsome noblemen and gentry, where the faders and de mutters make only de ugly little naked boys!

MacStuc. He's a mon o' teeste, Mr. Evelyn. He taulks o' buying a veela (villa), just to pool down and build oop again.—Ah, Mr. MacFinch! a design for a piece of pleete, eh?

MacFinch [*showing the drawing*]. Yees, sir; the shield o' Alexander the Great, to hold ices and lemonade! It will cost two thousand poon'!

MacStuc. And it's dirt cheap—ye're Scotch, arn't ye?

MacFinch. Arberdounshire!—scraitch me, and I'll scraitch you! [*Door at the back thrown open.—Enter* EVELYN.

Eve. A levee, as usual. Good-day. Ah, Tabouret, your designs for the draperies; very well. And what do you want, Mr. Crimson?

Crim. Sir, if you'd let me take your portrait, it would make my fortune. Every one says you're the finest judge of paintings.

Eve. Of paintings! paintings! Are you sure I'm a judge of paintings?

Crim. Oh, sir, didn't you buy the great Correggio for £4,000.

Eve. True—I see. So £4,000 makes me an excellent judge of paintings. I'll call on you, Mr. Crimson,—good-day. Mr. Grab—oh, you're the publisher who once refused me £5 for a poem? You are right, it was a sad doggerel.

Grab. Doggerel! Mr. Evelyn, it was sublime! But times were bad then.

Eve. Very bad times with me.

Grab. But now, sir, if you will give me the preference, I'll push it, sir—I'll push it! I only publish for poets in high life, sir; and a gentleman of your station ought to be pushed!—£500 for the poem, sir!

Eve. £500 when I don't want it, where £5 once would have seemed a fortune.

> "Now I am rich, what value in the lines!
> How the wit brightens—how the sense refines!"

[*Turns to the rest who surround him.*

Kite. Thirty young horses from Yorkshire, sir!

Patent [*showing drawing*]. The Evelyn vis-à-vis!

MacFinch [*showing drawing*]. The Evelyn salver!

Frantz [*opening his bundle, and with dignity*]. Sare, I have brought de coat—de great Evelyn coat.

Eve. Oh, go to——that is, go home! Make me as celebrated for vis-à-vis, salvers, furniture, and coats, as I already am for painting, and shortly shall be for poetry. I resign myself to you—go!

[*Exeunt* MacFinch, Patent, *etc.*

Enter Stout.

Eve. Stout, you look heated!

Stout. I hear you have just bought the great Groginhole property.

Eve. It is true. Sharp says it's a bargain.

Stout. Well, my dear friend Hopkins, member for Groginhole, can't live another month—but the interests of mankind forbid regret for individuals! The patriot Popkins intends to start for the borough the instant Hopkins is dead!—your interest will secure his election!—now is your time! put yourself forward in the march of enlightenment!——By all that is bigoted, here comes Glossmore!

SCENE II.

Stout, Glossmore, Evelyn; Sharp *still at his desk.*

Gloss. So lucky to find you at home! Hopkins, of Groginhole, is not long for this world. Popkins, the brewer, is already canvassing underhand (so very ungentlemanlike!). Keep your interest for young Lord Cipher—a most valuable candidate. That is an awful moment—the constitution depends on his return! Vote for Cipher.

Stout. Popkins is your man!

Eve. [*musingly*]. Cipher and Popkins—Popkins and Cipher! Enlightenment and Popkins—Cipher and the Constitution! I AM puzzled! Stout, I am not known at Groginhole.

Stout. Your *property's* known there!

Eve. But purity of election—independence of votes——

Stout. To be sure: Cipher bribes *abominably.* Frustrate his schemes—preserve the liberties of the borough—turn every man out of his house who votes against enlightenment and Popkins!

Eve. Right!—down with those who take the liberty to admire any liberty except *our* liberty! That *is* liberty!

Gloss. Cipher has a stake in the country—will have £50,000 a year—Cipher will never give a vote without considering beforehand how people of £50,000 a year will be affected by the motion.

Eve. Right: for as without law there would be no property, so to be the law for property is the only proper property of law!—That *is* law!

Stout. Popkins is all for economy—there's a sad waste of the public money—they give the Speaker £5,000 a year, when I've a brother-in-law who takes the chair at the vestry, and who assures me confidentially he'd consent to be Speaker for half the money!

Gloss. Enough, Mr. Stout.—Mr. Evelyn has too much at stake for a leveller.

Stout. And too much sense for a bigot.

Eve. Mr. Evelyn has no politics at all!—Did you ever play at *battledore?*

Both. Battledore?

Eve. Battledore!—that is a contest between two parties:

both parties knock about something with singular skill—something is kept up—high—low—here—there—everywhere—nowhere! How grave are the players! how anxious the bystanders! how noisy the battledores! But when this something falls to the ground, only fancy—it's nothing but cork and feather! Go, and play by yourselves—I'm no hand at it!

Stout [*aside*]. Sad ignorance!—Aristocrat!

Gloss. Heartless principles!—Parvenu!

Stout. Then you don't go *against* us?—I'll bring Popkins to-morrow.

Gloss. Keep yourself free till I present Cipher to you.

Stout. I must go to inquire after Hopkins. The return of Popkins will be an era in history. [*Exit.*

Gloss. I must be off to the club—the eyes of the country are upon Groginhole. If Cipher fail, the Constitution is gone! [*Exit.*

Eve. Both sides alike! Money *versus* Man!—Sharp, come here—let me look at you! You are my agent, my lawyer, my man of business. I believe you honest;—but what *is* honesty?—where does it exist?—in what part of us?

Sharp. In the heart, I suppose, sir.

Eve. Mr. Sharp, it exists in the breeches-pocket! Observe: I lay this piece of yellow earth on the table—I contemplate you both; the man there—the gold here! Now, there is many a man in those streets honest as you are, who moves, thinks, feels and reasons as well as we do; excellent in form—imperishable in soul; who, if his pockets were three days empty, would sell thought, reason, body, and soul too, for that little coin! Is that the fault of the man?—no! it is the fault of mankind! God made man; behold what mankind have made a god! When I was

poor, I hated the world; now I am rich, I despise it. Fools—knaves—hypocrites!——By the bye, Sharp, send £100 to the poor bricklayer whose house was burned down yesterday!——

Enter GRAVES.

Ah, Graves, my dear friend! what a world this is!—a cur of a world, that fawns on its master and bites the beggar! Ha! ha! it fawns on *me* now, for the beggar has bought the cur.

Graves. It is an atrocious world!—But astronomers say that there is a travelling comet which must set it on fire one day,—and that's some comfort!

Eve. Every hour brings its gloomy lesson—the temper sours—the affections wither—the heart hardens into stone! Zounds, Sharp! what do you stand gaping there for?—have you no bowels?—why don't you go and see to the bricklayer? [*Exit* SHARP.

SCENE III.

GRAVES *and* EVELYN.

Eve. Graves, of all my new friends—and their name is Legion—you are the only one I esteem; there is sympathy between us—we take the same views of life. I am cordially glad to see you!

Graves. [*groaning*]. Ah! why should you be glad to see a man so miserable?

Eve. Because I am miserable myself.

Graves. You! Pshaw! you have not been condemned to lose a wife!

Eve. But plague on it, man, I may be condemned to take one!—Sit down, and listen. I want a confidant!—Left fatherless, when yet a boy, my poor mother grudged herself food to give me education. Some one had told her that learning was better than house and land—that's a lie, Graves.

Graves. A scandalous lie, Evelyn!

Eve. On the strength of that lie I was put to school—sent to college, a sizar. Do you know what a sizar is? In pride he is a gentleman—in knowledge he is a scholar—and he crawls about, amidst gentlemen and scholars, with the livery of a pauper on his back! I carried off the great prizes—I became distinguished—I looked to a high degree, leading to a fellowship; that is, an independence for myself—a home for my mother. One day a young Lord insulted me—I retorted—he struck me—refused apology—refused redress. I was a sizar!—a Pariah!—a thing to be struck! Sir, I was at least a man, and I horsewhipped him in the hall before the eyes of the whole College! A few days, and the Lord's chastisement was forgotten. The next day the sizar was expelled—the career of a life blasted! That is the difference between Rich and Poor: it takes a whirlwind to move the one—a breath may uproot the other! I came to London. As long as my mother lived, I had one to toil for; and I did toil—did hope—did struggle to be something yet. She died, and then, somehow, my spirit broke—I resigned myself to my fate; the Alps above me seemed too high to ascend—I ceased to care what became of me. At last I submitted to be the poor relation—the hanger-on and gentleman-lackey of Sir John Vesey. But I had an object in that—there was one in that house whom I had loved at the first sight.

Graves. And were you loved again?

Eve. I fancied it, and was deceived. Not an hour before I inherited this mighty wealth I confessed my love and was rejected because I was poor. Now, mark: you remember the letter which Sharp gave me when the will was read?

Graves. Perfectly; what were the contents?

Eve. After hints, cautions, and admonitions—half in irony, half in earnest (Ah, poor Mordaunt had known the world!), it proceeded—but I'll read it to you:—"Having selected you as my heir, because I think money a trust be placed where it seems likely to be best employed, I now —not impose a condition, but ask a favor. If you have formed no other and insuperable attachment, I could wish to suggest your choice; my two nearest female relations are my niece Georgina, and my third cousin, Clara Douglas, the daughter of a once dear friend. If you could see in either of these one whom you could make your wife, such would be a marriage that, if I live long enough to return to England, I would seek to bring about before I die." My friend, this is not a legal condition—the fortune does not *rest* on it; yet, need I say that my gratitude considers it a moral obligation? Several months have elapsed since thus called upon—I ought now to decide: you hear the names—Clara Douglas is the woman who rejected me!

Graves. But now she would accept you!

Eve. And do you think I am so base a slave to passion that I would owe to my gold what was denied to my affection?

Graves. But you must choose one, in common gratitude; you *ought* to do so—yes, there you are right. Besides, you are constantly at the house—the world observes it: you must have raised hopes in one of the girls. Yes; it is time

to decide between her whom you love and her whom you do not!

Eve. Of the two, then, I would rather marry where I should exact the least. A marriage, to which each can bring sober esteem and calm regard, may not be happiness, but it may be content. But to marry one whom you could adore, and whose heart is closed to you—to yearn for the treasure, and only to claim the casket—to worship the statue that you never may warm to life—Oh! such a marriage would be a hell, the more terrible because Paradise was in sight!

Graves. Georgina is pretty, but vain and frivolous.—[*Aside.*] But he has no right to be fastidious—he has never known Maria!—[*Aloud.*] Yes, my dear friend, now I think on it, you *will* be as wretched as myself! —When you are married, we will mingle our groans together!

Eve. You may misjudge Georgina; she may have a nobler nature than appears on the surface. On the day, but before the hour, in which the will was read, a letter, in a strange or disguised hand, signed "*From an unknown friend to Alfred Evelyn,*" and inclosing what to a girl would have been a considerable sum, was sent to a poor woman for whom I had implored charity, and whose address I had only given to Georgina.

Graves. Why not assure yourself?

Eve. Because I have not dared. For sometimes, against my reason, I have hoped that it might be Clara! [*taking a letter from his bosom and looking at it*]. No, I can't recognize the hand. Graves, I detest that girl.

Graves. Who? Georgina?

Eve. No; Clara! But I've already, thank Heaven! taken

some revenge upon her. Come nearer.—[*Whispers.*] I've bribed Sharp to say that Mordaunt's letter to me contained a codicil leaving Clara Douglas £20,000.

Graves. And didn't it? How odd, then, not to have mentioned her in his will!

Eve. One of his caprices: besides, Sir John wrote him word that Lady Franklin had adopted her. But I'm glad of it—I've paid the money—she's no more a dependant. No one can insult her now—she owes it all to me, and does not guess it, man—does not guess it!—owes it to me, —me, whom she rejected;—me, the poor scholar!—Ha! ha!—there's some spite in that, eh?

Graves. You're a fine fellow, Evelyn, and we understand each other. Perhaps Clara may have seen the address and dictated this letter after all!

Eve. Do you think so?—I'll go to the house this instant!

Graves. Eh? Humph! Then I'll go with you. That Lady Franklin is a fine woman! If she were not so gay, I think—I could——

Eve. No, no; don't think any such thing; women are even worse than men.

Graves. True; to love is a boy's madness!

Eve. To feel is to suffer.

Graves. To hope is to be deceived.

Eve. I have done with romance!

Graves. Mine is buried with Maria!

Eve. If Clara did but write this——

Graves. Make haste, or Lady Franklin will be out!—A vale of tears!—a vale of tears!

Eve. A vale of tears, indeed! [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter GRAVES *for his hat.*

Graves. And I left my hat behind me! Just my luck! If I had been bred a hatter, little boys would come into the world without heads.[1] [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Drawing-rooms at SIR JOHN VESEY'S, *as in Act I., Scene I.*

LADY FRANKLIN, CLARA, Servant.

Lady Frank. Past two, and I have so many places to go to! Tell Philipps I want the carriage directly—instantly.

Ser. I beg pardon, my lady; Philipps told me to say the young horse had fallen lame, and could not be used to-day. [*Exit.*

Lady Frank. Well, on second thoughts, that is lucky; now I have an excuse for not making a great many tedious visits. I must borrow Sir John's horses for the ball to-night. Oh, Clara, you must see my new turban from Carson's—the prettiest thing in the world and so becoming!

Clara. Ah, Lady Franklin, you'll be so sorry—but—but——

Lady Frank. But what?

Clara. Such a misfortune! poor Smith is in tears—I promised to break it to you. Your little Charley had been writing his copy, and spilt the ink on the table; and Smith not seeing it—and taking out the turban to put in the pearls as you desired—she—she——

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[1] For this melancholy jest Mr. Graves is indebted to a poor Italian poet.

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! laid it on the table, and the ink spoilt it. Ha! ha!—how well I can fancy the face she made! Seriously, on the whole it is fortunate; for I think I look best, after all, in the black hat and feathers.

Clara. Dear Lady Franklin, you really have the sweetest temper!

Lady Frank. I hope so, for it's the most becoming turban a woman can wear! Think of that when you marry. Oh, talking of marriage, I've certainly made a conquest of Mr. Graves.

Clara. Mr. Graves! I thought he was inconsolable.

Lady Frank. For his sainted Maria! Poor man! not contented with plaguing him while she lived, she must needs haunt him now she is dead.

Clara. But why does he regret her?

Lady Frank. Why? Because he has everything to make him happy—easy fortune—good health, respectable character. And since it is his delight to be miserable, he takes the only excuse the world will allow him. For the rest—it's the way with widowers; that is, whenever they mean to marry again. But, my dear Clara, you seem absent—pale—unhappy—tears, too?

Clara. No—no—not tears. No!

Lady Frank. Ever since Mr. Mordaunt left you £20,000 every one admires you. Sir Frederick is desperately smitten.

Clara [*with disdain*]. Sir Frederick!

Lady Frank. Ah! Clara, be comforted—I know your secret: I am certain that Evelyn loves you.

Clara. He did—it—it is past now. He misconceived me when he was poor; and now he is rich, it is not for me to explain.

Lady Frank. My dear child, happiness is too rare to be

sacrificed to a scruple. Why does he come here so often?

Clara. Perhaps for Georgina!

Enter SIR JOHN, *and turns over the books, etc., on the table, as if to look for the newspaper.*

Lady Frank. Pooh! Georgina is my niece; she is handsome and accomplished—but her father's worldliness has spoilt her nature—she is not worthy of Evelyn! Behind the humor of his irony there is something noble—something that may yet be great. For his sake as well as yours, let me at least——

Clara. Recommend me to his pity? Ah, Lady Franklin! if he addressed me from dictation, I should again refuse him. No; if he cannot read my heart—if he will not seek to read it, let it break unknown.

Lady Frank. You mistake me, my dear child: let me only tell him that you dictated that letter—that you sent that money to his old nurse. Poor Clara! it was your little all. He will then know, at least, if avarice be your sin.

Clara. He would have guessed it had *his* love been like *mine.*

Lady Frank. Guessed it!—nonsense! The handwriting unknown to him—every reason to think it came from Georgina.

Sir John [*aside*]. Hum! Came from Georgina!

Lady Frank. Come, *let* me tell him *this.* I know the effect it would have upon his choice.

Clara. Choice! oh, that humiliating word! No, Lady Franklin, no! Promise me!

Lady Frank. But——

Clara. No! Promise—faithfully—sacredly.

Lady Frank. Well, I promise.

Clara. You know how fearful is my character—no infant is more timid: if a poor spider cross the floor, you often laugh to see me grow pale and tremble; and yet I would lay this hand upon the block—I would walk barefoot over the plowshare of the old ordeal—to save Alfred Evelyn one moment's pain. But I have refused to share his poverty, and I should die with shame if he thought I had now grown enamored of his wealth. My kind friend, you will keep your promise?

Lady Frank. Yes, since it must be so.

Clara. Thanks. I—I—forgive me—I am not well. [*Exit.*

Lady Frank. What fools these girls are!—they take as much pains to lose a husband as a poor widow does to get one!

Sir John. Have you seen "The Times" newspaper? Where the deuce is the newspaper? I can't find "The Times" newspaper.

Lady Frank. I think it is in my room. Shall I fetch it?

Sir John. My dear sister—you're the best creature. Do! [*Exit* LADY FRANKLIN.

Ugh! you unnatural conspirator against your own family! What can this *letter* be? Ah! I recollect something.

Enter GEORGINA.

Geor. Papa, I want——

Sir John. Yes, I know what you want well enough! Tell me—were you aware that Clara had sent money to that old nurse Evelyn bored us about the day of the will?

Geor. No! He gave me the address and I promised, if——

Sir John. Gave you *the address?*—that's lucky! Hush!

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Graves—Mr. Evelyn.

SCENE V.

GRAVES, EVELYN, SIR JOHN, GEORGINA, LADY FRANKLIN.

Lady Frank. [*returning*]. Here is the newspaper.

Graves. Ay—read the newspapers!—they'll tell you what this world is made of. Daily calendars of roguery and woe! Here, advertisements from quacks, money-lenders, cheap warehouses, and spotted boys with two heads. So much for dupes and impostors! Turn to the other column—police reports, bankruptcies, swindling, forgery, and a biographical sketch of the snub-nosed man who murdered his own three little cherubs at Pentonville. Do you fancy these but exceptions to the *general* virtue and health of the nation?—Turn to the leading articles; and your hair will stand on end at the horrible wickedness or melancholy idiotism of that half the population who think differently from yourself. In my day I have seen already eighteen crises, six annihilations of Agriculture and Commerce, four overthrows of the Church, and three last, final, awful, and irremediable destructions of the entire Constitution. And that's a newspaper!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! your usual vein! always so amusing and good-humored!

Graves [*frowning and very angry*]. Ma'am—good humored!——

Lady Frank. Ah! you should always wear that agreeable smile; you look so much younger—so much handsomer—when you smile!

Graves [*softened*]. Ma'am——A charming creature, upon my word!

Lady Frank. You have not seen the last HB.? It is excellent. I think it might make you *laugh.* But, by the bye, I don't think you can laugh.

Graves. Ma'am—I have not laughed since the death of my sainted Ma——

Lady Frank. Ah! and that spiteful Sir Frederick says you never laugh, because——But you'll be angry?

Graves. Angry!—pooh! I despise Sir Frederick too much to let anything he says have the smallest influence over me! He says I don't laugh, because——

Lady Frank. You have lost your front teeth!

Graves. Lost my front teeth! Upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! That's too good—capital! Ha! ha! ha! [*laughing from ear to ear*].

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! ha!

[*They retire to the table in the inner drawing-room.*

Eve. [*aside*]. Of course Clara will not appear!—avoids me as usual! But what do I care?—what is she to me? Nothing! I'll swear this is her glove!—no one else has so small a hand. She'll miss it—so—so—! Nobody's looking—I'll keep it, just to vex her.

Sir John [*to* GEORGINA]. Yes—yes—leave me to manage: you took his portrait, as I told you?

Geor. Yes—but I could not catch the expression. I got Clara to touch it up.

Sir John. That girl's always in the way!

Enter CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH.

Smooth. Good-morning, dear John. Ah, Miss Vesey,

you have no idea of the conquests you made at Almack's last night!

Eve. [*examining him curiously while* SMOOTH *is talking to* GEORGINA]. And that's the celebrated Dudley Smooth!

Sir John. More commonly called Deadly Smooth!—the finest player at whist, écarté, billiards, chess, and picquet, between this and the Pyramids—the sweetest manners!—always calls you by your Christian name. But take care how you play at cards with him!

Eve. He does not cheat, I suppose?

Sir John. Hist! *No!*—but he always *wins!* Eats up a brace of Lords and a score or two of guardsmen every season, and runs through a man's fortune like a course of the Carlsbad waters. He's an uncommonly clever fellow!

Eve. Clever? yes! When a man steals a loaf we cry down the knavery—when a man diverts his neighbor's mill-stream to grind his own corn, we cry up the cleverness!—And every one courts Captain Dudley Smooth!

Sir John. Why, who could offend him?—the best-bred, civillest creature—and a dead shot! There is not a cleverer man in the three kingdoms.

Eve. A study—a study!—let me examine him! Such men are living satires on the world.

Smooth [*passing his arm caressingly over* SIR JOHN'S *shoulder*]. My dear John, how well you are looking! A new lease of life! Introduce me to Mr. Evelyn.

Eve. Sir, it's an honor I've long ardently desired.

[*They bow and shake hands.*

Enter SIR FREDERICK BLOUNT.

Blount. How d'ye do, Sir John? Ah, Evelyn—I wished so much to see you.

Eve. 'Tis my misfortune to be visible!

Blount. A little this way. You know, perhaps, that I once paid my addwesses to Miss Vesey; but since that vewy eccentwic will Sir John has shuffled me off, and hints at a pwior attachment—[*aside*] which I know to be false.

Eve. [*seeing* CLARA]. A prior attachment!—(Ha! Clara!) Well, another time, my dear Blount.

Enter CLARA.

Blount. Stay a moment—I want you to do me a favor with regard to Miss Douglas.

Eve. Miss Douglas!

Blount. Yes;—you see, though Georgina has gweat expectations, and Stingy Jack will leave her all that he has, yet she has only her legacy of £10,000 at the moment—no doubt closely settled on herself too! Clawa has £20,000. And, I think, Clawa always liked me a little.

Eve. You! I dare say she did!

Blount. It is whispered about that you mean to pwopose to Georgina. Nay, Sir John more than hinted that was her pwior attachment!

Eve. Indeed!

Blount. Now, as you are all in all with the family, if you could say a word for me to Miss Douglas, I don't see what harm it could do me!—[*Aside.*] I will punish Georgina for her pwerfidy.

Eve. 'Sdeath, man! speak for yourself! you are just the sort of man for young ladies to like—they understand you—you're of their own level. Pshaw! you're too modest—you want no mediator!

Blount. My dear fellow, you flatter me. I'm well enough

in my way. But you, you know, would cawwy evewything before you!—you're so confoundedly wich!

Eve. [*turning to* CLARA]. Miss Douglas, what do you think of Sir Frederick Blount? Observe him. He is well dressed—young—tolerably handsome—(BLOUNT *bowing*) bows with an air—has plenty of small talk—everything to captivate. Yet he thinks that, if he and I were suitors to the same lady, I should be more successful because I am richer.—What say you! Is love an auction?—and *do* women's hearts go to the highest bidder?

Clara. Their hearts?—No.

Eve. But their hands—yes! You turn away. Ah, you dare not answer that question!

Geor. [*aside*]. Sir Frederick flirting with Clara? I'll punish him for his perfidy. *You* are the last person to talk so, Mr. Evelyn!—you, whose wealth is your smallest attention—you, whom every one admires—so witty, such taste, such talent! Ah, I'm very foolish!

Sir John [*clapping him on the shoulder*]. You must not turn my little girl's head. Oh, you're a sad fellow! Apropos, I must show you Georgina's last drawings. She has wonderfully improved since you gave her lessons in perspective.

Geor. No, papa!—No, pray, no! Nay, don't!

Sir John. Nonsense, child!—it's very odd, but she's more afraid of you than of any one!

Smooth [*to* BLOUNT *taking snuff*]. He's an excellent father, our dear John! and supplies the place of a mother to her. [*Turns away to* LADY FRANKLIN *and* GRAVES.

[EVELYN *and* GEORGINA *seat themselves, look over the drawings;* SIR JOHN *leans over them;* SIR FREDERICK *converses with* CLARA; EVELYN *watching them.*

Eve. Beautiful!—a view from Tivoli. (Death!—she looks down while he speaks to her!) Is there a little fault in that coloring? (She positively blushes!) But this Jupiter is superb. (What a d——d coxcomb it is!) [*Rising.*] Oh, she certainly loves him—I too can be loved elsewhere—I too can see smiles and blushes on the face of another.

Geor. Are you not well?

Eve. I beg pardon. Yes, you are indeed improved! Ah, who so accomplished as Miss Vesey?

[*Takes up the drawings; pays her marked attention in dumb show.*

Clara. Yes, Sir Frederick, the concert was very crowded. —Ah, I see that Georgina consoles him for the past! He has only praises for her, nothing but taunts for me!

Blount. I wish you would take my opewa-box next Saturday—'tis the best in the house. I'm not wich, but I spend what I have on myself! I make a point to have evewything the best in a quiet way. Best opewa-box—best dogs—best horses—best house of its kind. I want nothing to complete my establishment but the best wife!

Clara [*abstractedly*]. That will come in good time, Sir Frederick.

Eve. Oh, it will come—will it? Georgina refused the trifler—*she* courts him [*taking up a portrait*]. Why, what is this?—my own——

Geor. You must not look at that—you must not, indeed. I did not know it was there.

Sir John. Your own portrait, Evelyn! Why, child, I was not aware you took likenesses: that's something new. Upon my word it's a strong resemblance.

Geor. Oh, no—it does not do him justice. Give it to me. I will tear it. [*Aside.*] That odious Sir Frederick!

Eve. Nay, you shall not.

Clara. So—so—he loves her, then! Misery—misery! But he shall not perceive it! No—no—I can be proud too. Ha! ha!—Sir Frederick—excellent—excellent—you are so entertaining—ha! ha! [*laughs hysterically*].

Eve. Oh, the affectation of coquettes—they cannot even laugh naturally!

[CLARA *looks at him reproachfully, and walks aside with* SIR FREDERICK.

But where is the new guitar you meant to buy, Miss Vesey—the one inlaid with tortoise-shell? It is nearly a year since you set your heart on it, and I don't see it yet!

Sir John [*taking him aside confidentially*]. The guitar—oh, to tell you a secret—she applied the money I gave her for it to a case of charity several months ago—the very day the will was read. I saw the letter lying on the table, with the money in it. Mind, not a word to her—she'd never forgive me!

Eve. Letter!—money. What was the name of the person she relieved—not Stanton?

Sir John. I don't remember, indeed!

Eve. [*taking out the letter*]. This is not her hand!

Sir John. No! I observed at the time it was not her hand, but I got out from her that she did not wish the thing to *be known*, and had employed some one else to copy it. May I see the letter? Yes, I think this is the wording. But I did not mean to tell you what case of charity it was. I promised Georgy I would not. Still, how did she know Mrs. Stanton's address?—you never gave it to me!

Eve. I gave it to her, Sir John.

Clara [*at a distance*]. Yes, I'll go to the opera, if Lady

Franklin will. Do go, dear Lady Franklin!—on Saturday, then, Sir Frederick. [*Exit* BLOUNT.

Eve. Sir John, to a man like me, this simple act of unostentatious generosity is worth all the accomplishments in the world. A good heart—a tender disposition—a charity that shuns the day—a modesty that blushes at its own excellence—an impulse toward something more divine than Mammon;—such are the true accomplishments which preserve beauty forever young. Such I have sought in the partner I would take for life;—such have I found—alas! not where I had dreamed!—Miss Vesey, I will be honest—I say then, frankly—[*as* CLARA *approaches, raising his voice and looking fixedly at her*]—I have loved another—deeply—truly—bitterly—*vainly!* I cannot offer to you, as I did to her, the fair first love of the human heart—rich with all its blossoms and its verdure. But if esteem—if gratitude—if an earnest resolve to conquer every recollection that would wander from your image;—if these can tempt you to accept my hand and fortune, my life shall be a study to deserve your confidence.

[CLARA *stands motionless, clasping her hands, and then slowly seats herself.*

Sir John. The happiest day of my life!

[CLARA *falls back in her chair.*

Eve. [*darting forward*]. [*Aside.*] She is pale; she faints! What have I done? O Heaven!—Clara!

Clara [*rising with a smile*]. Be happy, my cousin—be happy! Yes, with my whole heart I say it—be happy, Alfred Evelyn!

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house.*

SIR JOHN, GEORGINA.

Sir John. And he has not pressed you to fix the wedding-day?

Geor. No; and since he proposed he comes here so seldom, and seems so gloomy. Heigho! Poor Sir Frederick was twenty times more amusing.

Sir John. But Evelyn is fifty times as rich!

Geor. Sir Frederick dresses so well!

Sir John. You'll have magnificent diamonds; but a word with you: I saw you yesterday in the square with Sir Frederick; that must not happen again. When a young lady is engaged to one man, nothing is so indecorous as to flirt with another. It might endanger your marriage itself. Oh, it's highly indecorous!

Geor. Don't be afraid, papa,—he takes up with Clara.

Sir John. Who, Evelyn?

Geor. Sir Frederick. Heigho!—I hate artful girls.

Sir John. The settlements will be splendid! if anything happens, nothing can be handsomer than your jointure.

Geor. My own kind papa, you always put things so pleasantly. But do you not fear lest he discover that Clara wrote the letter?

Sir John. No; and I shall get Clara out of the house. But there is something else that makes me very uneasy. You know that no sooner did Evelyn come into possession of his fortune than he launched out in the style of a prince. His house in London is a palace, and he has bought a great estate in the country. Look how he lives!—Balls—banquets—fine arts—fiddlers—charities—and the devil to pay!

Geor. But if he can afford it ——

Sir John. Oh! so long as he stopped *there* I had no apprehension; but since he proposed for you he is more extravagant than ever. They say he has taken to gambling: and he is always with Captain Smooth! No fortune can stand Deadly Smooth! If he gets into a scrape he may fall off from the settlements. We must press the marriage at once.

Geor. Heigho! Poor Frederick! You don't think he is *really* attached to Clara!

Sir John. Upon my word I can't say. Put on your bonnet, and come to Storr and Mortimer's to choose the jewels.

Geor. The jewels; yes—the drive will do me good. So you'll send away Clara?—she's so very deceitful.

Sir John. Never fear—yes—tell her to come to me.

[*Exit* GEORGINA.

Yes! I must press on this marriage; Georgina has not wit enough to manage him—at least till he's her husband, and then all women find it smooth sailing. This match will make me a man of prodigious importance! I suspect he'll give me up her ten thousand pounds. I can't think of his taking to gambling, for I love him as a son—and I look on his money as my own.

SCENE II.

CLARA *and* SIR JOHN.

Sir John. Clara, my love!

Clara. Sir——

Sir John. My dear, what I am going to say may appear a little rude and unkind, but you know my character is frankness. To the point then; my poor child, I am aware of your attachment to Mr. Evelyn——

Clara. Sir! *my attachment?*

Sir John. It is generally remarked. Lady Kind says you are falling away. My poor girl, I pity you—I do, indeed! Now, there's that letter you wrote to his old nurse—it has got about somehow—and the world is so ill-natured. I don't know if I did right; but after he had proposed to Georgy—(of course not before!)—I thought it so unpleasant for you, as a young lady, to be suspected of anything forward with respect to a man who was not attached to you, that I rather let it be supposed that Georgy *herself* wrote the letter.

Clara. Sir, I don't know what right you had to——

Sir John. That's very true, my dear: and I've been thinking since that I ought perhaps to tell Mr. Evelyn that the letter was yours—shall I?

Clara. No, sir; I beg you will not. I—I—[*weeps*].

Sir John. My dear Clara, don't cry; I would not have said this for the world, if I was not a little anxious about

my own girl. Georgina is so unhappy at what every one says of your attachment——

Clara. Every one?—Oh, torture!

Sir John. That it preys on her spirits—it even irritates her temper! You see, although the marriage will take place almost immediately, Mr. Evelyn does not come so often as he ought. In a word, I fear these little jealousies and suspicions will tend to imbitter their future union.—I'm a father—forgive me.

Clara. Imbitter their union! Oh, never! What would you have me do, sir?

Sir John. Why, you're now independent. Lady Franklin seems resolved to stay in town. Surely she can't mean to take her money out of the family by some foolish inclination for Mr. Graves? He is always purring and whining about the house, like a black cat in the megrims. What think you, eh?

Clara. Sir, it was of myself—my unhappy self, you were speaking.

Sir John. Sly!——True; true! What I meant to say was this;—Lady Franklin persists in staying *here:* you are your own mistress. Mrs. Carlton, aunt to my late wife, is going abroad for a short time, and would be delighted if you would accompany her.

Clara. It is the very favor I would have asked of you. [*Aside.*] I shall escape at least the struggle and the shame. When does she go?

Sir John. In five days—next Monday.—You forgive me?

Clara. Sir, I thank you.

Sir John [*drawing the table*]. Suppose, then, you write a line to her yourself and settle it at once?

Enter Servant.

Servant. The carriage, Sir John; Miss Vesey is quite ready.

Sir John. Wait a moment. SHALL I tell Evelyn you wrote the letter?

Clara. No, sir, I implore you.

Sir John. But it would be awkward for Georgy, if discovered.

Clara. It *never* shall be.

Sir John. Well, well, as you please. I know nothing could be so painful to a young lady of pride and delicacy.——James, if Mr. Serious, the clergyman, calls, say I'm gone to the great meeting at Exeter Hall: if Lord Spruce calls, say you believe I'm gone to the rehearsal of Cinderella. Oh! and if MacFinch should come—(MacFinch, who duns me three times a week)—say I've hurried off to Garraway's to bid for the great Bulstrode estate. Just put the Duke of Lofty's card carelessly on the hall table. And I say, James, I expect two gentlemen a little before dinner —Mr. Squab the Radical, and Mr. Qualm of the great Marylebone Conservative Association. Show Squab into the study, and be sure to give him the "Weekly True Sun."—Qualm into the back parlor, with the "Times" and the "Morning Post." One must have a little management in this world. All humbug!—all humbug, upon my soul!

[*Exit.*

Clara [*folding the letter*]. There—it is decided! A few days, and we are parted forever!—a few weeks, and another will bear his name—his wife! Oh, happy fate! She will have the right to say to him—though the whole world should hear her—"I am thine!" And I imbitter their lot—I am the cloud upon their joyous sunshine! And yet, O Alfred!

if she loves thee—if she knows thee—if she values thee—and, when thou wrong'st her, if she can forgive, as I do—I can bless her when far away, and join her name in my prayer for thee!

Eve. [*without*]. Miss Vesey just gone? Well, I will write a line.

SCENE III.

EVELYN *and* CLARA.

Eve. [*aside*]. So—Clara! Do not let me disturb you, Miss Douglas.

Clara [*going*]. Nay, I have done.

Eve. I see that my presence is always odious to you, it is a reason why I come so seldom. But be cheered, madam: I am here but to fix the day of my marriage, and I shall then go into the country—till—till——In short, this is the last time my visit will banish you from the room I enter.

Clara [*aside*]. The last time!—and we shall then meet no more!—and to part thus forever—in scorn—in anger—I cannot bear it! [*Approaching him.*] Alfred, my cousin, it is true this may be the last time we shall meet—I have made my arrangements to quit England.

Eve. To quit England?

Clara. But before I go let me thank you for many a past kindness, which it is not for an orphan easily to forget.

Eve. [*mechanically*]. To quit England!

Clara. I have long wished it; but enough of me.——Evelyn, now that you are betrothed to another—now, without recurring to the past—now, without the fear of mutual error and mistake—something of our old friendship may at least

return to us.——And if, too, I dared, I have that on my mind which only a friend—a sister—might presume to say to you.

Eve. [*moved*]. Miss Douglas—Clara—if there is aught that I could do—if, while hundreds—strangers—beggars tell me that I have the power, by opening or shutting this worthless hand, to bid sorrow rejoice, or poverty despair—if—if my life—my heart's blood—could render to *you* one such service as my gold can give to others—why, speak!—and the past you allude to—yes, even that bitter past—I will cancel and forget.

Clara [*holding out her hand*]. We are friends, then! you are again my cousin! my brother?

Eve. [*dropping her hand*]. *Brother!* Ah! say on!

Clara. I speak, then, as a sister—herself weak, inexperienced, ignorant, nothing—*might* speak to a brother, in whose career she felt the ambition of a man. Oh, Evelyn, when you inherited this vast wealth I pleased myself with imagining how you would wield the power delegated to your hands. I knew your benevolence—your intellect—your genius!—the ardent mind couched beneath the cold sarcasm of a long-baffled spirit! I saw before me the noble and bright career open to you at last—and I often thought that, in after-years, when far away—as I soon shall be—I should hear your name identified, not with what fortune can give the base, but with deeds and ends to which, for the *great*, fortune is but the instrument;—I often thought that I should say to my own heart—weeping proud and delicious tears—"And once this man loved me!"

Eve. No more, Clara!—oh, Heavens!—no more!

Clara. But *has* it been so?—have you been true to your own self?——Pomp—parade—luxuries—pleasures—follies!

—all these might distinguish others—they do but belie the ambition and the soul of Alfred Evelyn!——Oh! pardon me —I am too bold—I pain—I offend you.——Ah, I should not have dared thus much had I not thought at times, that —that——

Eve. That these follies—these vanities—this dalliance with a loftier fate were your own work! You thought that, and you were right! Perhaps, indeed, after a youth steeped to the lips in the hyssop and gall of penury—perhaps I might have wished royally to know the full value of that dazzling and starry life which, from the last step in the ladder, I had seen indignantly and from afar. But a month—a week would have sufficed for that experience. Experience!—Oh! how soon we learn that hearts are as cold and souls as vile —no matter whether the sun shine on the noble in his palace, or the rain drench the rags of the beggar cowering at the porch. The extremes of life differ but in this:—Above, *Vice* smiles and revels—below, *Crime* frowns and starves. But you—did not you reject me because I was poor? Despise me if you please!—my revenge might be unworthy—I wished to show you the luxuries, the gaud, the splendor I thought you prized,—to surround with the attributes your sex seems most to value the station that, had you loved me, it would have been yours to command. But vain—vain alike my poverty and my wealth! You loved me not in either, and my fate is sealed.

Clara. A happy fate, Evelyn!—you love!

Eve. And at last I am beloved. [*After a pause, and turning to her abruptly.*] Do you doubt it?

Clara. No, I believe it firmly!—[*Aside.*] Were it possible for her not to love him?

Eve. Georgina, perhaps, is vain—and light—and——

Clara. No—think it not! Once removed from the worldly atmosphere of her father's counsels, and you will form and raise her to your own level. She is so young yet—she has beauty, cheerfulness, and temper,—the rest you will give, if you will but yet do justice to your own nature. And, now that there is nothing unkind between us—not even regret—and surely [*with a smile*] not revenge, my cousin, you will rise to your nobler self—and so, farewell!

Eve. No; stay, one moment;—you will feel interest in my fate! Have I been deceived? Oh, why—why did you spurn the heart whose offerings were lavished at your feet? Could you still—still——? Distraction—I know not what I say;—my honor pledged to another—my vows accepted and returned! Go, Clara, it is best so! Yet you will miss some one, perhaps, more than me—some one to whose follies you have been more indulgent—some one to whom you would permit a yet tenderer name than that of brother!

Clara [*aside*]. It will make him, perhaps, happier to think it!—Think so, if you will!—but part friends.

Eve. Friends—and that is all! Look you, this is life! The eyes that charmed away every sorrow—the hand whose lightest touch thrilled to the very core—the presence that, like moonlight, shed its own hallowing beauty over the meanest things; a little while—a year—a month—a day, and we smile that we could dream so idly. All—all—the sweet enchantment, known but once, never to return again, vanished from the world! And the one who forgets the soonest—the one who robs your earth forever of its summer—comes to you with a careless lip, and says—"Let us part friends!"——Go, Clara,—go—and be happy if you can!

Clara [*weeping*]. Cruel—cruel—to the last!——Heaven forgive you, Alfred! [*Exit.*

Eve. Soft! let me recall her words, her tones, her looks. —*Does she love me?* She defends her rival—she did not deny it when I charged her with attachment to another; and yet—and yet—there is a voice at my heart which tells me I have been the rash slave of a jealous anger.——But I have made my choice—I must abide the issue!

Enter GRAVES *preceded by* Servant.

Ser. Lady Franklin is dressing, sir.

SCENE IV.

GRAVES *and* EVELYN.

Graves. Well, I'll wait. [*Exit* Servant.] She was worthy to have known the lost Maria! So considerate to ask me hither—not to console me, *that* is impossible—but to indulge the luxury of woe. It will be a mournful scene. ——[*Seeing* EVELYN.]—Is that you, Evelyn?—I have just heard that the borough of Groginhole is vacant at last. Why not stand yourself?—with your property you might come in without even a personal canvass.

Eve. I, who despise these contests for the color of a straw —this everlasting litigation of Authority *versus* Man—I to be one of the wranglers?—never!

Graves. You are quite right and I beg your pardon.

Eve. [*aside*]. And yet Clara spoke of ambition. She would regret me if I could be distinguished.——[*Aloud.*] To be sure, after all, Graves, corrupt as mankind are, it is our duty to try at least to make them a little better. An Englishman owes something to his country.

Graves. He does, indeed! [*counting on his fingers*]. East winds, Fogs, Rheumatism, Pulmonary Complaints, and Taxes—[EVELYN *walks about in disorder*]. You seem agitated—a quarrel with your intended? Oh! when you've been married a month, you'll not know what to do without one!

Eve. You are a pleasant comforter.

Graves. Do you deserve a comforter? One morning you tell me you love Clara, or at least detest her, which is the same thing (poor Maria often said she detested *me*) —and that very afternoon you propose to Georgina!

Eve. Clara will easily console herself—thanks to Sir Frederick!

Graves. He is young!

Eve. Good looking!

Graves. A coxcomb!

Eve. And therefore irresistible!

Graves. Nevertheless, Clara has had the bad taste to refuse him. I have it from Lady Franklin, to whom he confided his despair in re-arranging his neck-cloth!

Eve. My dear friend—is it possible?

Graves. But what then? You *must* marry Georgina, who, to believe Lady Franklin, is sincerely attached to —your fortune. Go and hang yourself, Evelyn; you have been duped by them.

Eve. By them—bah! If deceived, I have been my own dupe. Is it not a strange thing that in matters of reason—of the arithmetic and logic of life—we are sensible, shrewd, prudent men; but touch our hearts—move our passions—take us for an instant from the hard safety of worldly calculation—and the philosopher is duller than the fool? *Duped*—if I thought it!—

Graves. To be sure!—you tried Clara in your *poverty;* it was a safe experiment to try Georgina in your *wealth.*

Eve. Ha! that is true—very true. Go on.

Graves. You'll have an excellent father-in-law. Sir John positively weeps when he talks of your income!

Eve. Sir John, possibly—but Georgina?

Graves. Plays affection to you in the afternoon, after practicing first with Frederick in the morning.

Eve. On your life, sir, be serious: what do you mean?

Graves. That in passing this way I see her very often walking in the square with Sir Frederick.

Eve. Ha! say you so?

Graves. What then? Man is born to be deceived. You look nervous—your hand trembles; that comes of gaming. They say at the clubs that you play deeply.

Eve. Ha! ha! Do they say that?—a few hundreds lost or won—a cheap opiate—anything that can lay the memory to sleep. The poor man drinks, and the rich man gambles —the same motive to both! But you are right—it is a base resource—I will play no more.

Graves. I am delighted to hear it, for your friend Captain Smooth has ruined half the young heirs in London. To play with him is to advertise yourself a bankrupt.—Even Sir John is alarmed. I met him just now in Pall Mall; he made me stop, and implored me to speak to you. By the bye, I forgot—do you bank with Flash, Brisk, Credit and Co.?

Eve. So, Sir John is alarmed?—[*Aside.*] Gulled by this cogging charlatan?—Ah! I may beat him yet at his own weapons!——Humph! Bank with Flash! Why do you ask me?

Graves. Because Sir John has just heard that they are

in a very bad way, and begs you to withdraw anything you have in their hands.

Eve. I'll see to it. So Sir John is *alarmed* at my gambling?

Graves. Terribly! He even told me he should go himself to the club this evening, to watch you.

Eve. To watch me!—good—I will be there.

Graves. But you will promise not to play?

Eve. Yes—to play. I feel it is impossible to give it up!

Graves. No—no! 'Sdeath, man! be as wretched as you please; break your heart, that's nothing! but damme, take care of your pockets.

Eve. I will be there—I will play with Captain Smooth—I will lose as much as I please—thousands—millions—billions; and if he presume to spy on my losses, hang me if I don't lose Sir John himself in the bargain! [*Going out and returning.*] I am so absent? What was the bank you mentioned? Flash, Brisk, and Credit? Bless me, how unlucky! and it's too late to draw out to-day. Tell Sir John I'm very much obliged to him, and he'll find me at the club any time before daybreak, hard at work with my friend Smooth! [*Exit.*

Graves. He's certainly crazy! but I don't wonder at it! What the approach of the dog-days is to the canine species the approach of the honeymoon is to the human race.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Lady Franklin's compliments—she will see you in the *boudoir.*

Graves. In the *boudoir!*—go, go—I'll come directly.

[*Exit* Servant.

My heart beats—it must be for grief. Poor Maria!

[*Searching his pockets for his handkerchief.*] Not a white one!—just my luck: I call on a lady to talk of the dear departed, and I've nothing about me but a cursed gaudy, flaunting, red, yellow, and blue abomination from India, which it's even indecent for a disconsolate widower to exhibit. Ah! Fortune never ceases to torment the susceptible. The *boudoir!*—ha! ha! the *boudoir!* [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A Boudoir in the same house.

Lady Frank. I take so much compassion on this poor man, who is determined to make himself wretched, that I am equally determined to make him happy! Well, if my scheme does but succeed, he shall laugh, he shall sing, he shall——Mum!—here he comes!

Enter GRAVES.

Graves [*sighing*]. Ah, Lady Franklin!

Lady Frank. [*sighing*]. Ah, Mr. Graves! [*They seat themselves.*] Pray excuse me for having kept you so long. Is it not a charming day?

Graves. An east wind, ma'am! but nothing comes amiss to you!—'tis a happy disposition! Poor Maria! *she*, too, was naturally gay.

Lady Frank. Yes, she was gay. So much life, and a great deal of spirit.

Graves. Spirit? Yes!—nothing could master it. She *would* have her own way! Ah! there was nobody like her!

Lady Frank. And then, when her spirit was up, she looked so handsome! Her eyes grew so brilliant!

Graves. Did not they?—Ah! ah! ha! ha! ha! And do you remember her pretty trick of stamping her foot?—the tiniest little foot—I think I see her now. Ah! this conversation is very soothing!

Lady Frank. How well she acted in your private theatricals!

Graves. You remember her Mrs. Oakley, in "The Jealous Wife"? Ha! ha! how good it was!—ha! ha!

Lady Frank. Ha! ha! Yes, in the very first scene, when she came out with [*mimicking*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the death of me!"

Graves. No—no! that's not it! more energy. [*Mimicking.*] "Your unkindness and barbarity will be the DEATH of me." Ha! ha! I ought to know how she said it, for she used to practice it on me twice a day. Ah! poor dear lamb! [*Wipes his eyes.*]

Lady Frank. And then she sang so well! was such a composer! What was that little French air she was so fond of?

Graves. Ha! ha! sprightly? was it not? Let me see—let me see.

Lady Frank. [*humming*]. Tum ti—ti tum—ti—ti—ti. No, that's not it.

Graves [*humming*]. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum.

Both. Tum ti—ti—tum ti—ti—tum—tum—tum. Ha! ha!

Graves [*throwing himself back*]. Ah! what recollections it revives! It is too affecting.

Lady Frank. It *is* affecting; but we are all mortal. [*Sighs.*] And at your Christmas party at Cyprus Lodge,

do you remember her dancing the Scotch reel with Captain Macnaughten?

Graves. Ha! ha! ha! To be sure—to be sure.

Lady Frank. Can you think of the step!—somehow thus, was it not? [*Dancing.*]

Graves. No—no—quite wrong!—just stand there. Now then [*humming the tune*].—La—la-la-la.—La la, etc.

[*They dance.*

That's it—excellent—admirable!

Lady Frank. [*aside*]. Now 'tis coming.

Enter SIR JOHN, BLOUNT, GEORGINA,—*they stand amazed.*

[LADY FRANKLIN *continues to dance.*

Graves. Bewitching—irresistible! 'Tis Maria herself that I see before me! Thus—thus—let me clasp——Oh, the devil! Just like my luck!—[*Stopping opposite* SIR JOHN].

[LADY FRANKLIN *runs off.*

Sir John. Upon *my* word, Mr. Graves!

Geor., Blount. Encore—encore! Bravo—bravo!

Graves. It's all a mistake! I—I—Sir John. Lady Franklin, you see—that is to say—I——Sainted Maria! you are spared, at least, this affliction!

Geor. Pray go on!

Blount. Don't let us interwupt you.

Graves. Interrupt me! I must say that this rudeness—this gross impropriety—to pry into the sorrows of a poor bereaved sufferer, seeking comfort from a sympathizing friend—But such is human nature!

Geor. But, Mr. Graves!—[*following him*].

Graves. Heartless!

Blount. My dear Mr. Graves!—[*following him*].

Graves. Frivolous!

Sir John. Stay and dine!—[*following him*].

Graves. Unfeeling!

Omnes. Ha!——ha!——ha!

Graves. Monsters! Good-day to you.[1]

[*Exit, followed by* SIR JOHN, *etc.*

SCENE VI.

*The interior of * * *'s Club; night; lights, etc. Small sofa-tables, with books, papers, tea, coffee, etc. Several Members grouped by the fireplace; one Member with his legs over the back of his chair; another with his legs over his table; a third with his legs on the chimney-piece. To the left, and in front of the Stage, an old Member reading the newspaper, seated by a small round table; to the right a card-table, before which* CAPTAIN DUDLEY SMOOTH *is seated, and sipping lemonade; at the bottom of the Stage another card-table.*

GLOSSMORE *and* STOUT.

Gloss. You don't come often to the club, Stout?

Stout. No; time is money. An hour spent at a club is unproductive capital.

Old Mem. [*reading the newspaper*]. Waiter!—the snuff-box. [Waiter *brings it.*

Gloss. So, Evelyn has taken to play? I see Deadly Smooth, "hushed in grim repose, awaits his evening prey." Deep work to-night, I suspect, for Smooth is drinking lemonade—keeps his head clear—monstrous clever dog!

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[1] For the original idea of this scene the author is indebted to a little *proverbe*, never, he believes, acted in public.

Enter EVELYN; *salutes and shakes hands with different members in passing up the Stage.*

How d'ye do, Glossmore? How are you, Stout? *you* don't play, I think? Political economy never plays at cards, eh?—never has time for anything more frivolous than Rents and Profits, Wages and Labor, High Prices and Low—Corn-Laws, Poor-Laws, Tithes, Currency—Dot-and-go-one—Rates, Puzzles, Taxes, Riddles, and Botheration! Smooth is the man. Aha, Smooth. Piquet, eh? You owe me my revenge!

[*Members touch each other significantly;* STOUT *walks away with the snuff-box;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

Smooth. My dear Alfred, anything to oblige.

[*They seat themselves.*

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box.

[Waiter *takes it from* STOUT, *and brings it back to* Old Member.

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. So, so! Evelyn at it again,—eh, Glossmore?

Gloss. Yes, Smooth sticks to him like a leech. Clever fellow, that Smooth!

Blount. Will you make up a wubber?

Gloss. Have you got two others?

Blount. Yes; Flat and Green.

Gloss. Bay players.

Blount. I make it a wule to play with bad players; it is five per cent in one's favor. I hate gambling. But a quiet wubber, if one is the best player out of four, can't do one any harm.

Gloss. Clever fellow, that Blount!

[BLOUNT *takes up the snuff-box and walks off with it;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

[BLOUNT, GLOSSMORE, FLAT, *and* GREEN *make up a table at the bottom of the Stage.*

Smooth. A thousand pardons, my dear Alfred,—ninety repique—ten cards!—game!

Eve. [*passing a note to him*]. Game! Before we go on, one question. This is Thursday—how much do you calculate to win of me before Tuesday next?

Smooth. Ce cher Alfred! He is so droll!

Eve. [*writing in his pocket-book*]. Forty games a night—four nights, minus Sunday—our usual stakes—that would be right, I think!

Smooth [*glancing over the account*]. Quite—if I win all—which is next to impossible.

Eve. It shall be possible to win twice as much, on one condition. Can you keep a secret?

Smooth. My dear Alfred, I have kept myself! I never inherited a farthing—I never spent less than £4,000 a year—and I never told a soul how I managed it.

Eve. Hark ye, then—a word with you—[*they whisper*].

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box!

[Waiter *takes it from* BLOUNT, etc.

Enter SIR JOHN.

Eve. You understand?

Smooth. Perfectly; anything to oblige.

Eve. [*cutting*]. It is for you to deal. [*They go on playing.*

Sir John [*groaning*]. There's my precious son-in-law, that is to be, spending *my* consequence, and making a fool of himself.

[*Takes up the snuff-box;* Old Member *looks at him savagely.*

Blount. I'm out. Flat, a poney on the odd twick. That's wight.—[*Coming up, counting his money.*] Well, Sir John, you don't play!

Sir John. Play? no! Confound him—lost again!

Eve. Hang the cards!—double the stakes!

Smooth. Just as you please—done!

Sir John. Done, indeed!

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

[Waiter *takes it from* SIR JOHN.

Blount. I've won eight points and the bets—I never lose—I never play in the Deadly Smooth set!

[*Takes up the snuff-box;* Old Member *as before.*

Sir John [*looking over* SMOOTH'S *hand, and fidgetting backward and forward*]. Lord, have mercy on us! Smooth has seven for his point! What's the stakes?

Eve. Don't disturb us—I only throw out four. Stakes, Sir John?—immense! Was ever such luck?—not a card for my point. Do stand back, Sir John—I'm getting irritable.

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box. [Waiter *brings it back.*

Blount. One hundred pounds on the next game, Evelyn.

Sir John. Nonsense—nonsense—don't disturb him! All the fishes come to the bait! Sharks and minnows all nibbling away at my son-in-law!

Eve. One hundred pounds, Blount? Ah! the finest gentleman is never too fine a gentleman to pick up a guinea. Done! Treble the stakes, Smooth!

Sir John. I'm on the rack! [*seizing the snuff-box*]. Be cool, Evelyn! take care, my dear boy! Be cool—be cool.

Eve. What—what? You have four queens!—five to the king. Confound the cards! a fresh pack. [*Throws the cards behind him over* SIR JOHN.]

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box.

[*Different members gather round.*

First Mem. I never before saw Evelyn out of temper. He must be losing immensely!

Second Mem. Yes, this is interesting!

Sir John. Interesting! There's a wretch!

First Mem. Poor fellow! he'll be ruined in a month.

Sir John. I'm in a cold sweat.

Second Mem. Smooth is the very devil.

Sir John. The devil's a joke to him!

Gloss. [*slapping* SIR JOHN *on the back*]. A clever fellow that Smooth, Sir John, eh? [*Takes up the snuff-box.* Old Member *as before.*] £100 on this game, Evelyn?

Eve. [*half-turning round*]. You! well done the Constitution! yes, £100!

Old Mem. Waiter!—the snuff-box.

Stout. I *think* I'LL venture £200 on this game, Evelyn?

Eve. [*quite turning round*]. Ha! ha! ha!—Enlightenment and the Constitution on the same side of the question at last! Oh, Stout, Stout! greatest happiness of the greatest number—greatest number, number one! Done, Stout!—£200! ha! ha! ha!—deal, Smooth. Well done, Political Economy—ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Quite hysterical—drivelling! Arn't you ashamed of yourselves? His own cousins—all in a conspiracy—a perfect gang of them. [*Members indignant.*

Stout [*to Members*]. Hush! he's to marry Sir John's daughter.

First Mem. What, Stingy Jack's? oh!

Chorus of Mems. Oh! oh!

Old Mem. Waiter! the snuff-box.

Eve. [*rising in great agitation*]. No more, no more—I've

done!—quite enough. Glossmore, Stout, Blount—I'll pay you to-morrow. I—I—Death!—this is ruinous!

[*Seizes the snuff-box;* Old Member *as before.*

Sir John. Ruinous? I dare say it is. What has he lost? what *has* he lost, Smooth? Not much? eh? eh?

[*Omnes gather round* SMOOTH.

Smooth. Oh, a trifle, dear John!—excuse me! we never tell our winnings—[*To* BLOUNT.] How d'ye do, Fred?—[*To* GLOSSMORE.] By the bye, Charles, don't you want to sell your house in Grosvenor Square?—£12,000, eh?

Gloss. Yes, and the furniture at a valuation. About £3,000 more.

Smooth [*looking over his pocket-book*]. Um!—Well, we'll talk of it.

Sir John. 12 and 3—£15,000. What a cold-blooded rascal it is!—£15,000, Smooth?

Smooth. Oh, the house itself is a trifle; but the establishment—I'm considering whether I have enough to keep it up, my dear John.

Old Mem. Waiter, the snuff-box! [*Scraping it round and with a wry face*]—And it's all gone!

[*Gives it to the* Waiter *to fill.*

Sir John [*turning round*]. And it's all gone!

Eve. [*starting up and laughing hysterically*]. Ha! ha! all gone? not a bit of it. Smooth, this club is so noisy. Sir John, you are always in the way. Come to my house! come! Champagne and a broiled bone. Nothing venture, nothing have! The luck must turn, and by Jupiter we'll make a night of it!

Sir John. A night of it!!! For Heaven's sake, Evelyn! EVELYN!!—think what you are about!—think of Georgina's

feelings! think of your poor lost mother!—think of the babes unborn! think of——

Eve. I'll think of nothing! Zounds!—you don't know what I have lost, man; it's all your fault, distracting my attention. Pshaw—pshaw! Out of the way, do! Come, Smooth. Ha! ha! a night of it, my boy—a night of it!

[*Exeunt* SMOOTH *and* EVELYN.

Sir John [*following*]. You must not, you shall not! Evelyn, my dear Evelyn! he's drunk,—he's mad! Will no one send for the police?

Mems. Ha! ha! ha! Poor old Stingy Jack!

Old Mem. [*rising for the first time, and in a great rage*]. Waiter!—the snuff-box!

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Ante-room in EVELYN'S *house, as in Scene I., Act II.*

TABOURET, MACFINCH, FRANTZ, *and other* Tradesmen.

Tabou. [*half whispers*]. So, I hear that Mr. Evelyn has turned gamester! There are strange reports about to-day —I don't know what to make of it! We must look sharp, Mr. MacFinch, we poor tradesmen, and make hay while the sun shines.

MacFinch. I wuish those geeming-houses were aw at the devil!—It's a cheam and a sin for gentlemen to gang and ruin themselves, when we honest tradesmen could do it for them with sae muckle advantage to the arts and commerce o' the country! [*Omnes shake their heads approvingly.*

Enter SMOOTH *from the inner room, with a pocket-book and pencil in his hand.*

Smooth [*looking round*]. Hum! ha! Fine pictures!—[*Feeling the curtains.*] The new-fashioned velvet, hum! good proportioned rooms! Yes, this house is better than Glossmore's! Oh, Mr. Tabouret, the upholsterer! you furnished these rooms? All of the best, eh?

Tabou. Oh, the VERY best. Mr. Evelyn is not a man to grudge expense, sir.

Smooth. He is not, indeed. You've been paid, I suppose, Tabouret?

Tabou. No, sir, no—I never send in my bills when a customer is rich. [*Aside.*] Bills are like trees, and grow by standing.

Smooth. Humph! Not PAID? Humph!

[*Omnes gather round.*

MacFinch. I dinna like that hoomph, there's something vara suspeecious abun' it.

Tabou. [*to the tradesmen*]. It is the great card-player, Captain Smooth—finest player in Europe—cleaned out the Duke of Sillyvale. Uncommonly clever man!

Smooth [*pacing about the room*]. Thirty-six feet by twenty-eight—Um! I think a bow-window *there* would be an *improvement:* could it be done easily, Tabouret?

MacFinch. If Mr. Evelyn wants to pool about his house, there's no mon like my friend Mr. MacStucco.

Smooth. Evelyn! I was speaking of *myself.* Mr. MacStucco?—humph!

Tabou. Yourself? Have you bought the house, sir?

Smooth. Bought it?—hum!—ha!—it depends—So you've not been paid yet?—um! Nor you—nor you—nor you? Hum! ha!

Tabou. No, sir!—what *then?* No fear of Mr. EVELYN? Ha! ha!

Omnes [*anxiously*]. Ha! ha!—what then?

MacFinch. Ah, sir, what then? I'm a puir mon with a family: this way, Captain! You've a leetle account in the buiks; an' we'll e'en wipe it out altogether, gin you'll say what you mean by that Hoom ha!

Smooth. MacFinch, my dear fellow, don't oblige me to cane you; I would not have Mr. Evelyn distressed for the

world. Poor fellow! he holds very bad cards. So you've not been paid yet? Don't send in your bills on any account—Mind! Yes; I don't dislike the house with some alteration. Good-day to you—Hum! ha!

[*Exit, looking about him, examining the chairs, tables, etc.*

Tabou. Plain as a pikestaff! staked his very house on an odd trick!

SCENE II.

The foregoing.—Enter SHARP *from the inner room, agitated, and in a hurry.*

Sharp. O Lord! O Lord;—who'd have thought it? Cards are the devil's books! John!—Thomas!—Harris! —[*ringing the bell*].

Enter Two Servants.

Tom, take this letter to Sir John Vesey's. If not at home, find him—he will give you a check. Go to his banker's, and get it cashed *instantly*. Quick—quick! off with you!

Tabou. [*seizing* Servant]. What's the matter—what's the matter? How's Mr. Evelyn?

Ser. Bad—very bad! Sat up all night with Captain Smooth! [*Runs off.*

Sharp [*to the other* Servant]. Yes, Harris, your poor master! Oh dear! Oh dear! You will take this note to the Belgian minister, Portland Place. Passport for Ostend! Have the travelling carriage ready at a moment's notice!

MacFinch [*stopping* Servant]. Passport! Hark ye, my mon; is he gaun to pit the saut seas between us and the siller?

Ser. Don't stop me—something wrong in the chest—change of air—late hours—and Captain Smooth! [*Exit.*

Sharp [*walking about*]. And if the bank should break!—if the bank *is* broke, and he can't draw out!—bound to Smooth!

Tabou. Bank!—what bank?

Sharp. Flash's bank! Flash, brother-in-law to Captain Smooth! What have *you* heard?—eh?—eh?

Tabou. That there's an awful run on it!

Sharp. I must be off. Go—go—you can't see Mr. Evelyn to-day!

Tabou. My account, sir!

MacFinch. I've a muckle bairns and a sma' bill!

Frantz. O sare, de great gentlemen always tink first of de tailor!

Sharp. Call again—call again at Christmas. The bank,—the cards,—the bank! Oh, dear! oh, dear! [*Exit.*

Tabou. The bank!

MacFinch. The passport!

Frantz. And all dat vil be seen of de great Evelyn coat is de back of it. *Donner und Hagel!*—I vil arrest him—I vil put de salt on de tail of it!

Tabou. [*aside*]. I'll slip down to the city and see how the bank goes!

MacFinch [*aside*]. I'll e'en gang to my coosin the la'yer. Nothing but peetience for us, Mr. Tabouret.

Tabou. Ay, ay—stick by each other—share and share alike—that's my way, sir.

Omnes. Share and share alike. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Servant, GLOSSMORE, *and* BLOUNT.

Ser. My master is not very well, my Lord! but I'll let him know. [*Exit.*

Gloss. I am very curious to learn the result of his gambling tête-à-tête.

Blount. Oh, he's so howwidly wich, he can afford even a tête-à-tête with Deadly Smooth!

Gloss. Poor old Stingy Jack! why Georgina was *your* intended.

Blount. Yes; and I really liked the girl, though out of pique I pwoposed to her cousin. But what can a man do against money?

Enter EVELYN.

If we could start fair, you'd see whom Georgina would pwefer: but she's sacwificed by her father! She as much as told me so!

Eve. So, so, gentlemen, we've a little account to settle—one hundred each.

Both. Don't talk of it.

Eve. [*putting up his pocket-book*]. Well, I'll not talk of it! —[*Taking* BLOUNT *aside.*] Ha! ha! you'd hardly believe it—but I'd rather not pay you just at present: my money is locked up, and I must wait, you know, for the Groginhole rents. So, instead of owing you one hundred pounds, suppose I owe you *five?* You can give me a check on the other four. And, harkye! not a word to Glossmore.

Blount. Glossmore! the gweatest gossip in London! I shall be delighted!—[*Aside.*] It never does harm to lend to a rich man; one gets it back somehow. By the way, Evelyn, if you want my gway cab-horse, you may have him for two hundwed pounds, and that will make seven.

Eve. [*aside*]. That's the fashionable usury: your friend does not take interest—he sells you a horse—[*Aloud.*] Blount, it's a bargain.

Blount [*writing the check, and musingly*]. No; I don't see what harm it can do me; that off-leg must end in a spavin.

Eve. [*to* GLOSSMORE]. That hundred pounds I owe you is rather inconvenient at present; I've a large sum to make up for the Groginhole property—perhaps you would lend me five or six hundred more—just to go on with?

Gloss. Certainly! Hopkins is dead: your interest for Cipher would——

Eve. Why, I can't promise *that* at this moment. But as a slight mark of friendship and gratitude, I shall be very much flattered if you'll accept a splendid gray cab-horse I bought to-day—cost two hundred pounds!

Gloss. Bought *to-day!*—then I'm safe. My dear fellow, you're always so princely!

Eve. Nonsense! just write the check; and, harkye, not a syllable to Blount!

Gloss. Blount! He's the town crier! [*Goes to write.*

Blount [*giving* EVELYN *the check*]. Wansom's, Pall-mall East.

Eve. Thank you. So you *proposed* to Miss Douglas!

Blount. Hang it! yes; I could have sworn that she fancied me; her manner, for instance, that vewy day you pwoposed for Miss Vesey, otherwise Georgina——

Eve. Has only half what Miss Douglas has.

Blount. You forgot how much Stingy Jack must have saved! But I beg your pardon.

Eve. Never mind; but not a word to Sir John, or he'll fancy I'm ruined.

Gloss. [*giving the check*]. Ransom's, Pall-mall East. Tell me, did you win or lose last night?

Eve. Win! lose! oh! No more of that, if you love me. I must send off at once to the banker's [*looking at the two checks*].

Gloss. [*aside*]. Why! he's borrowed from Blount, too!

Blount. [*aside*]. That's a check from Lord Glossmore!

Eve. Excuse me; I must dress; I have not a moment to lose. You remember you dine with me to-day—seven o'clock. You'll meet Smooth. [*With tears in his voice.*] It may be the last time I shall ever welcome you here! My——what am I saying?—Oh, merely a joke?—good-by —*good-by.*

[*Shaking them heartily by the hand. Exit by the inner door.*

Blount. Glossmore!

Gloss. Blount!

Blount. I'm afraid all's not wight!

Gloss. I incline to your opinion!

Blount. But I've sold my gway cab-horse.

Gloss. Gray cab horse! you! What is he really worth now?

Blount. Since he is sold, I will tell you—Not a sixpence!

Gloss. Not a sixpence? he gave it to me!

[EVELYN *at the door giving directions to a* Servant *in dumb show.*

Blount. That was devilish unhandsome! Do you know, I feel nervous!

Gloss. Nervous! Let us run and stop payment of our checks.

[EVELYN *shuts the door, and* Servant *runs across the stage.*

Blount. Hollo, John! where so fast!

Ser. [*in great haste*]. Beg pardon, Sir Frederick, to Pall-mall East—Messrs. Ransom. [*Exit.*

Blount [*solemnly*]. Glossmore, we are fwoored!

Gloss. Sir, the whole town shall know of it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter TOKE *and other* Servants.

Toke. Come, come, stir yourselves! we've no time to lose. This room is to be got ready for the shawls. Mrs. Crump and the other ladies of the household are to wait here on the women before they go up to the drawing-room. Take away that desk: don't be lazy! and give me the newspaper.

[TOKE *seats himself; the* Servants *bustle about.*

Strange reports about my patron! and the walley is gone for the passport!

Enter FRANTZ *with a bundle.*

Frantz. Mr. Toke, my goot Mr. Toke, I've brought you von leetel present.

Toke. John and Charles, vanish! [*Exeunt* Servants.

I scorn to corrupt them 'ere working classes!

Frantz [*producing a pair of small-clothes which* TOKE *examines*]. Your master is von beggar! He vants to run avay; ve are all in de same vat-you-call-it—de same leetel nasty boat, Mr. Toke! Just let my friend Mr. Clutch up through

the area. I vill put vat you call un execution on de gutes and de cattles dis very tay.

Toke. I accept the abridgements: but you've forgotten to line the pockets!

Frantz. Blesh my soul, so I have! [*giving a note*].

Toke. The area-gate shall be left undefended. Do it quietly, no *claw*, as the French say.

Frantz. Goot Mr. Toke—to-morrow I vill line de oter pocket. [*Exit.*

Toke. My patron does not give me satisfaction!

Enter Footman.

Foot. What chandeliers are to be lighted, Mr. Toke?—it's getting late.

Toke. Don't disturb me—I'm rum-mynating! yes, yes, there's no doubt of it! Charles, the area-gate is open.

Foot. And all the plate in the pantry! I'll run and—

Toke. Not a step! leave it open.

Foot. But——

Toke [*with dignity*]. 'Tis for the sake of wentilation!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A splendid saloon in EVELYN'S *house.*

EVELYN *and* GRAVES.

Graves. You've withdrawn your money from Flash and Brisk?

Eve. No.

Graves. No!—then——

Enter SIR JOHN, LADY FRANKLIN, *and* GEORGINA.

Sir John. You got the check for £500 safely?—too happy to——

Eve. [*interrupting him*]. My best thanks!—my warmest gratitude! So kind in you! so seasonable!—that £500—you don't know the value of that £500. I shall never forget your nobleness of conduct.

Sir John. Gratitude!—Nobleness!—[*Aside.*] I can't have been taken in?

Eve. And in a moment of such distress!

Sir John [*aside*]. Such distress! He picks out the ugliest words in the whole dictionary!

Eve. I've done with Smooth. But I'm still a little crippled, and you must do me *another* favor. I've only as yet paid the deposit of ten per cent for the great Groginhole property. I am to pay the rest this week—nay, I fear to-morrow. I've already sold out the Funds! the money lies at the banker's, and of course I can't touch it; for if I don't pay by a certain day, I forfeit the estate and the deposit.

Sir John. What's coming now, I wonder?

Eve. Georgina's fortune is £10,000. I always meant, my dear Sir John, to present you with that little sum.

Sir John. Oh, Evelyn! your generosity is positively touching [*wipes his eyes*].

Eve. *But* the news of my losses has frightened my tradesmen! I have so many heavy debts at this moment that—that—that——. But I see Georgina is listening, and I'll say what I have to say to her.

Sir John. No, no—no, no. Girls don't understand business!

Eve. The very reason I speak to her. This is an affair

not of business, but of *feeling*. Stout, show Sir John my Correggio.

Sir John [*aside*]. Devil take his Correggio! The man is born to torment me!

Eve. My dear Georgina, whatever you may hear said of me, I flatter myself that you feel confidence in my honor.

Geor. Can you doubt it?

Eve. I confess that I am embarrassed at this moment: I have been weak enough to lose money at play; and there are other demands on me. I promise you never to gamble again as long as I live. My affairs can be retrieved; but for the first few years of our marriage it may be necessary to retrench.

Geor. Retrench!

Eve. To live, perhaps, altogether in the country.

Geor. Altogether in the country!

Eve. To confine ourselves to a modest competence.

Geor. Modest competence! I knew something horrid was coming!

Eve. And now, Georgina, you may have it in your power at this moment to save me from much anxiety and humiliation. My money is locked up—my debts of honor must be settled—you are of age—your £10,000 in your own hands——

Sir John [STOUT *listening as well as* SIR JOHN]. I'm standing on hot iron!

Eve. If you could lend it to me for a few weeks——You hesitate! oh! believe the honor of the man you will call your husband before all the calumnies of the fools whom we call the world! Can you give me this proof of your confidence? Remember, without confidence what is wedlock?

Sir John [*aside to her*]. No! [*Aloud, pointing his glass at the Correggio.*] Yes, the painting may be fine.

Stout. But you don't like the subject?

Geor. [*aside*]. He may be only trying me! Best leave it to papa.

Eve. Well——

Geor. You—you shall hear from me to-morrow.—[*Aside.*] Ah, there's that dear Sir Frederick! [*Goes to* BLOUNT.

Enter GLOSSMORE *and* SMOOTH; EVELYN *salutes them, paying* SMOOTH *servile respect.*

Lady Frank. [*to* GRAVES]. Ha! ha! To be so disturbed yesterday,—was it not droll?

Graves. Never recur to that humiliating topic.

Gloss. [*to* STOUT]. See how Evelyn fawns upon Smooth!

Stout. How mean in him!—*Smooth*—a professional gambler—a fellow who lives by his wits! I would not know such a man on any account!

Smooth [*to* GLOSSMORE]. So Hopkins is dead—you want Cipher to come in for Groginhole, eh?

Gloss. What!—could *you* manage it?

Smooth. Ce cher Charles!—anything to oblige!

Stout. Groginhole! What can he have to do with Groginhole?—Glossmore, present me to Smooth.

Gloss. What! the gambler—the fellow who lives by his wits?

Stout. Why, his wits seem to be an uncommonly productive capital? I'll introduce myself. How d'ye do, Captain Smooth? We have met at the club, I think—I am charmed to make your acquaintance in private. I say, sir, what do you think of the affairs of the nation? Bad! very bad!—no enlightenment!—great fall off in the revenue!—no knowl-

edge of finance! There's only one man who can save the country——and that's POPKINS!

Smooth. Is he in Parliament, Mr. Stout? What's your Christian name, by the bye?

Stout. Benjamin.—No; constituencies are so ignorant, they don't understand his value. He's no orator; in fact, he stammers so much—but devilish profound. Could not we insure him for Groginhole?

Smooth. My dear Benjamin, it is a thing to be thought on.

Eve. [*advancing*]. My friends, pray be seated;—I wish to consult you. This day twelve months I succeeded to an immence income, and as, by a happy coincidence, on the same day I secured your esteem, so now I wish to ask you if you think I could have spent that income in a way more worthy your good opinion.

Gloss. Impossible! excellent taste—beautiful house!

Blount. Vewy good horses—[*Aside to* GLOSSMORE] especially the gway cob!

Lady Frank. Splendid pictures!

Graves. And a magnificent cook, ma'am!

Smooth [*thrusting his hands into his pockets*]. It is my opinion, Alfred—and I'm a judge—that you could not have spent your money better!

Omnes [*except* SIR JOHN]. Very true!

Eve. What say *you*, Sir John? You may think me a little extravagant; but you know that in this world the only way to show one's self thoroughly respectable is to make a thoroughly respectable show.

Sir John. Certainly—certainly! No, you could not have done better. [*Aside.*] I don't know what to make of it.

Geor. Certainly.—[*Coaxingly.*] Don't retrench, my dear Alfred!

Gloss. Retrench! nothing so plebeian!

Stout. Plebeian, sir!—worse than plebeian!—it is against all the rules of public morality. Every one knows, nowadays, that extravagance is a benefit to the population—encourages art—employs labor—and multiplies spinning-jennies.

Eve. You reassure me! I own I did think that a man worthy of friends so sincere might have done something better than feast—dress—drink—play——

Gloss. Nonsense!—we like you the better for it. [*Aside.*] I wish I had my £600 back, though.

Eve. And you are as much my friends now as when you offered me £10 for my old nurse?

Sir John. A thousand times more so, my dear boy!

[*Omnes approve.*

Enter SHARP.

Smooth. But who's our new friend?

Eve. Who! the very man who first announced to me the wealth which you allow I have spent so well. But what's the matter, Sharp?

SHARP [*whispering* EVELYN].

Eve. [*aloud*]. The bank's *broke!*

Sir John. Broke!—what bank?

Eve. Flash, Brisk, and Co.

Gloss. [*to* SMOOTH]. And Flash was your brother-in-law. I'm very sorry.

Smooth [*taking snuff*]. Not at all, Charles,—I did not bank there.

Sir John. But I warned you—you withdrew?

Eve. Alas! no!

Sir John. Oh! Not much in their hands?

Eve. Why, I told you the purchase-money for Groginhole was at my banker's——but no, no; don't look so frightened! It was not placed with Flash—it is at Hoare's—it is, indeed. Nay, I assure you it is. A mere trifle at Flash's, upon my word, now! To-morrow, Sharp, we'll talk of this! One day more—one day, at least, for enjoyment.

Sir John. Oh! a pretty enjoyment!

Blount. And he borrowed £700 of me!

Gloss. And £600 of me!

Sir John. And £500 of me!

Stout. Oh! a regular Jeremy Diddler!

Smooth [*to* SIR JOHN]. John, do you know, I think I would take a handsome offer for this house just as it stands—furniture, plate, pictures, books, bronzes, and statues!

Sir John. Powers above!

Stout [*to* SIR JOHN]. I say, you have placed your daughter in a very unsafe investment. What then?—a daughter's like any other capital—transfer the stock in hand to t'other speculation.

Sir John [*going to* GEORGINA]. Ha! I'm afraid we've been very rude to Sir Frederick. A monstrous fine young man!

Enter TOKE.

Toke [*to* EVELYN]. Sir, I beg your pardon, but Mr. MacFinch insists on my giving you this letter instantly.

Eve. [*reading*]. How! Sir John, this fellow, MacFinch, has heard of my misfortunes and insists on being paid;—a lawyer's letter—quite insolent!

Toke. And, sir, Mr. Tabouret is below, and declares he will not stir till he's paid.

Eve. Not stir till he's paid! What's to be done, Sir John?—Smooth, what *is* to be done?

Smooth. If he'll not stir till he's paid, make him up a bed, and I'll take him in the inventory, as one of the fixtures, Alfred!

Eve. It is very well for you to joke, Mr. Smooth. But——

Enter Sheriff's Officer, *giving a paper to* EVELYN, *and whispering.*

Eve. What's this? Frantz, the tailor. Why, the impudent scoundrel! Faith, this is more than I bargained for—Sir John, the bailiffs are in the house!

Stout [*slapping* SIR JOHN *on the back with glee*]. The bailiffs are in the house, old gentleman! But I didn't lend him a farthing.

Eve. And for a mere song—£150! Sir John, pay this fellow, will you? or see that my people kick out the bailiffs, or do it yourself, or something,—while we go to dinner!

Sir John. Pay—kick—I'll be d——d if I do!—Oh, my £500! my £500! Mr. Alfred Evelyn, I want my £500!

Graves. I'm going to do a very silly thing—I shall lose both my friend and my money;—just like my luck!—Evelyn, go to dinner—I'll settle this for you.

Lady Frank. I love you for that!

Graves. Do you? then I am the happiest—Ah! ma'am, I don't know what I am saying!

[*Exeunt* GRAVES *and* Officer.

Eve. [*to* GEORGINA]. Don't go by these appearances! I repeat, £10,000 will more than cover all my embarrassments. I shall hear from you to-morrow?

Geor. Yes—yes!

Eve. But you're not going?—You, too, Glossmore?—you, Blount? —you, Stout?—you, Smooth?

Smooth. No; I'll stick by you as long as you've a guinea to stake!

Gloss. Oh, this might have been expected from a man of such ambiguous political opinions!

Stout. Don't stop me, sir. No man of common enlightenment would have squandered his substance in this way. Pictures and statues?—baugh!

Eve. Why, you all said I could not spend my money better! Ha! ha! ha!—the absurdest mistake!—you don't fancy I'm going to prison?—Ha! ha!—Why don't you laugh, Sir John?—Ha! ha! ha!

Sir John. Sir, this horrible levity!—Take Sir Frederick's arm, my poor, injured, innocent child!—Mr. Evelyn, after this extraordinary scene, you can't be surprised that I—I—Zounds! I'm suffocating!

Smooth. But, my dear John, it is for us at least to put an execution on the dinner.

Stout [*aside*]. The election at Groginhole is to-morrow. This news may not arrive before the poll closes—[*Rushing to* EVELYN]. Sir Popkins never bribes: but Popkins will bet you £1,000 that he don't come in for Groginhole.

Gloss. This is infamous, Mr. Stout! Cipher is a man who scorns every subterfuge!—[*Aside to* EVELYN]. But, for the sake of the Constitution, name your price.

Eve. I know the services of Cipher—I know the profundity of Popkins: but it is too late—the borough's engaged!

Toke. Dinner is served.

Gloss. [*pausing*]. Dinner!

Stout. Dinner! a very good smell!

Eve. [*to* SIR JOHN]. Turtle and venison too.

[*They stop irresolute.*

Eve. That's right—come along. But, I say, Blount—Stout—Glossmore—Sir John—one word first; will you lend me £10 for my old nurse? [*They all fall back.*

Ah! you fall back.—Behold a lesson for all who build friendship upon their fortune, and not their virtues!—You lent me hundreds this morning to squander upon pleasure—you would refuse me £10 now to bestow upon benevolence. Go—we have done with each other—go!

[*Exeunt, indignantly, all but* EVELYN *and* SMOOTH.

Re-enter GRAVES.

Graves. Heyday!—what's all this?

Eve. Ha! ha!—the scheme prospers—the duper *is* duped! Come, my friends—come: when the standard of money goes down, in the great battle between man and fate—why, a bumper to the brave hearts that refuse to desert us.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

* * * 's *Club;* SMOOTH, GLOSSMORE—*other Members.*

Gloss. Will his horses be sold, think you?

Smooth. Very possibly, Charles!—a fine stud—hum!—ha! Waiter, a glass of sherry!

Gloss. They say he must go abroad!

Smooth. Well; 'tis the best time of year for travelling, Charles!

Gloss. We are all to be paid to-day; and that looks suspicious!

Smooth. Very suspicious, Charles! Hum!—ah!

Gloss. My dear fellow, you must know the rights of the matter: I wish you'd speak out. What have you really won? Is the house itself gone?

Smooth. The house itself is certainly not gone, Charles, for I saw it exactly in the same place this morning at half-past ten—it has not moved an inch.

[Waiter *gives a letter to* GLOSSMORE.

Gloss. [*reading*]. From Groginhole—an express! What's this? I'm amazed!!! [*Reading.*] "They've actually, at the eleventh hour, started Mr. Evelyn; and nobody knows what his politics are! We shall be *beat!*—the Constitution is gone!—CIPHER!" Oh! this is infamous in Evelyn!

Gets into Parliament just to keep himself out of the Bench.

Smooth. He's capable of it.

Gloss. Not a doubt of it, sir!—Not a doubt of it!

Enter SIR JOHN *and* BLOUNT, *talking.*

Sir John. My dear boy, I'm not flint! I am but a man! If Georgina really loves you—and I am sure that she *does*—I will never think of sacrificing her happiness to ambition—she is yours: I told her so this very morning.

Blount [*aside*]. The old humbug!

Sir John. She's the best of daughters!—the most obedient, artless creature! Oh! she's been properly brought up! a good daughter makes a good wife. Dine with me at seven, and we'll talk of the settlements.

Blount. Yes; I don't care for fortune;—but——

Sir John. Her £10,000 will be settled on herself—that of course.

Blount. All of it, sir? Weally, I——

Sir John. What *then*, my dear boy? I shall leave you both all I've laid by. Ah! you know I'm a close fellow! "Stingy Jack," eh? After all, worth makes the man!

Smooth. And the more a man's worth, John, the worthier man he must be. [*Exit.*

Blount [*aside*]. Yes, he has no other child! she *must* have all his savings; I don't see what harm it could do me. Still that £10,000,—I want that £10,000: if she would but wun off now, one could get wid of the settlements.

Enter STOUT [*wiping his forehead*], *and takes* SIR JOHN *aside.*

Stout. Sir John, we've been played upon! My secretary

is brother to Flash's head clerk, Evelyn had not £300 in the bank!!

Sir John. Bless us and save us! you take away my breath! But then—Deadly Smooth—the execution—the ——oh, he must be done up!

Stout. As to Smooth, he'd "do anything to oblige." All a trick, depend upon it! Smooth has already deceived me, for before the day's over, Evelyn will be member for Groginhole. I've had an express from Popkins; he's in despair! not for *himself*—but for the *country*, Sir John—what's to become of the country?

Sir John. But what could be Evelyn's *object?*

Stout. Object? Do you look for an object in a whimsical creature like that?—a man who has not even any political opinions! Object! Perhaps to break off his match with your daughter! Take care, Sir John, or the borough will be lost to your family!

Sir John. Aha! I begin to smell a rat! But it is not too late yet.

Stout. My interest in Popkins made me run to Lord Spendquick, the late proprietor of Groginhole. I told him that Evelyn could not pay the rest of the money! and *he* told me that——

Sir John. What?

Stout. Mr. Sharp had just paid it him; there's no hope for Popkins! England will rue this day!

Sir John. Georgina shall lend him the money! *I'll* lend him—every man in my house shall lend him—I feel again what it is to be a father-in-law!—[*Aside.*] But stop; I'll be cautious. Stout may be on his side—a trap—not likely; but I'll go first to Spendquick myself. Sir Frederick, excuse me—you can't dine with me to-day. And, on second

thoughts, I see that it would be very unhandsome to desert poor Evelyn, now he's down in the world. Can't think of it, my dear boy—can't think of it! Very much honored, and happy to see you as a friend. Waiter, my carriage! Um! What, humbug *Stingy Jack*, will they? Ah! a good joke, indeed!

Blount. Mr. Stout, what have you been saying to Sir John? Something against my chawacter; I know you have; don't deny it. Sir, I shall expect satisfaction.

Stout. Satisfaction, Sir Frederick? as if a man of enlightenment had any satisfaction in fighting! Did not mention your name; we were talking of Evelyn. Only think?—he's no more ruined than you are.

Blount. Not wuined! Aha, now I understand! So, so! Stay, let me see—she's to meet me in the square!

[*Pulls out his watch; a very small one.*

Stout [*pulling out his own; a very large one*]. I must be off to the vestry.

Blount. Just in time!—ten thousand pounds! 'Gad, my blood's up, and I won't be tweated in *this* way, if he were fifty times Stingy Jack! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The drawing-rooms in SIR JOHN VESEY'S *house.*

LADY FRANKLIN, GRAVES.

Graves. Well, well, I am certain that poor Evelyn loves Clara still, but you can't persuade me that she cares for him.

Lady Frank. She's been breaking her heart ever since

she heard of his distress. Nay, I am sure she would give all she has, could it save him from the consequences of his own folly.

Graves [*half aside*]. She would only give him his own money, if she did. I should just like to sound her.

Lady Frank. [*ringing the bell*]. And you shall. I take so much interest in her, that I forgive your friend everything but his offer to Georgina.

Enter Servant.

Where are the young ladies?

Ser. Miss Vesey is, I believe, still in the square: Miss Douglas is just come in, my lady.

Lady Frank. What! did she go out with Miss Vesey?

Ser. No, my lady; I attended her to Drummond's the banker. [*Exit.*

Lady Frank. Drummond's!

Enter CLARA.

Why, child, what on earth could take you to Drummond's at this hour of the day?

Clara [*confused*]. Oh, I——that is—I—Ah, Mr. Graves! How is Mr. Evelyn? How does he bear up against so sudden a reverse?

Graves. With an awful calm. I fear all is not right here. [*Touching his head.*]—The report in the town is, that he must go abroad instantly—perhaps to-day.

Clara. Abroad!—to-day!

Graves. But all his creditors will be paid; and he only seems anxious to know if Miss Vesey remains true in his misfortunes.

Clara. Ah? he loves her so *much*, then!

Graves. Um!—That's more than I can say.

Clara. She told me last night that he said to the last that £10,000 would free him from all his liabilities—that was the sum, was it not?

Graves. Yes; he persists in the same assertion. Will Miss Vesey lend it?

Lady Frank. [*aside*]. If she does, I shall not think so well of her poor dear mother; for I am sure she'd be no child of Sir John's!

Graves. I should like to convince myself that my poor friend has nothing to hope from a woman's generosity.

Lady Frank. Civil! And are men, then, less covetous?

Graves. I know one man, at least, who, rejected in his poverty by one as poor as himself, no sooner came into a sudden fortune than he made his lawyer invent a codicil which the testator never dreamt of, bequeathing independence to the woman who had scorned him.

Lady Frank. And never told her?

Graves. Never! There's no such document at Doctor's Commons, depend on it! You seem incredulous, Miss Clara! Good-day!

Clara [*following him*]. One word, for mercy's sake! Do I understand you right? Ah, how could I be so blind! Generous Evelyn!

Graves. You appreciate, and *Georgina* will desert him. Miss Douglas, he loves you still.—If that's not just like me! Meddling with other people's affairs, as if they were worth it—hang them! [*Exit.*

Clara. Georgina will desert him. Do you think so? [*Aside.*] Ah, he will soon discover that she never wrote that letter!

Lady Frank. She told me last night that she would never

see him again. To do her justice, she's less interested than her father,—and as much attached as she can be to another. Even while engaged to Evelyn, she has met Sir Frederick every day in the square.

Clara. And he is alone—sad—forsaken—ruined. And I, whom he enriched—I the creature of his bounty—I, once the woman of his love—I stand idly here to content myself with tears and prayers! Oh, Lady Franklin, have pity on me—on him! We are both of kin to him—as relations, we have both a right to comfort! Let us go to him—come!

Lady Frank. No! it would scarcely be right—remember the world—I cannot!

Clara. All abandon him—then I will go alone!

Lady Frank. You!—so proud—so sensitive!

Clara. Pride—when he wants a friend?

Lady Frank. His misfortunes are his own fault—a gambler!

Clara. Can you think of his faults now? *I* have no right to do so. All I have—all—his gift!—and I never to have dreamed it!

Lady Frank. But if Georgina do indeed release him—if she have already done so—what will he think? What but——

Clara. What but—that, if he love me still, I may have enough for both, and I am by his side! But that is too bright a dream. He told me I might call him brother! Where, now, should a sister be? But—but—I—I—I—tremble! If, after all—if—if——In one word, am I too bold? The world—my conscience can answer *that*—but do you think that HE could despise me?

Lady Frank. No, Clara, no! Your fair soul is too transparent for even libertines to misconstrue. Something tells

me that this meeting may make the happiness of both! You cannot go alone. My presence justifies all. Give me your hand—we will go together! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A room in EVELYN'S *house.*

Eve. Yes; as yet, all surpasses my expectations. I am sure of Smooth—I have managed even Sharp; my election will seem but an escape from a prison. Ha! ha! True, it cannot last long; but a few hours more are all I require, and for that time at least I shall hope to be thoroughly ruined.

Enter GRAVES.

Well, Graves, and what do people say of me?

Graves. Everything that's bad!

Eve. Three days ago I was universally respected. I awake this morning to find myself singularly infamous. Yet I'm the same man.

Graves. Umph!—why, gambling——

Eve. Cant! it was not criminal to gamble—it was criminal to lose. Tut!—Will you deny that if I had ruined Smooth instead of myself, every hand would have grasped mine yet more cordially, and every lip would have smiled congratulation on my success? Man—Man! I've not been rich and poor for nothing! The Vices and the Virtues are written in a language the world cannot construe; it reads them in a vile translation, and the translators are—FAILURE and SUCCESS! You alone are unchanged.

Graves. There's no merit in that. I am always ready to

mingle my tears with any man.—[*Aside.*] I know I'm a fool, but I can't help it. Hark ye, Evelyn! I like you —I'm rich; and anything I can do to get you out of your hobble will give me an excuse to grumble for the rest of my life. There, now 'tis out.

Eve. [*touched*]. There's something good in human nature, after all! My dear friend, I will now confide in you: I am not the spendthrift you think me—my losses have been trifling—not a month's income of my fortune. [GRAVES *shakes him heartily by the hand.*] No!—it has been but a stratagem to prove if the love, on which was to rest the happiness of a whole life, were given to the Money or the Man. Now you guess why I have asked from Georgina this one proof of confidence and affection.—Think you she will give it?

Graves. Would you break your heart if she did not?

Eve. It is in vain to deny that I still love Clara; our last conversation renewed feelings which would task all the energies of my soul to conquer. What then? I am not one of those, the Sybarites of sentiment, who deem it impossible for humanity to conquer love—who call their own weakness the voice of a resistless destiny. Such is the poor excuse of every woman who yields her honor—of every adulterer who betrays his friend. No! the heart was given to the soul as its ally, not as its traitor.

Graves. What do you tend to?

Eve. This:—If Georgina still adhere to my fortunes (and I will not put her to too harsh a trial); if she can face the prospect, not of ruin and poverty, but of a moderate independence; if, in one word, she love me for myself, I will shut Clara forever from my thoughts. I am pledged to Georgina, and I will carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve her affection and fulfil its vows.

Graves. And if she reject you?

Eve. [*joyfully*]. If she do, I am free once more! And then—then I will dare to ask, for I can ask without dishonor, if Clara can explain the past and bless the future!

Enter Servant *with a letter.*

Eve. [*after reading it*]. The die is cast—the dream is over! Generous girl! Oh, Georgina! I will deserve you yet.

Graves. Georgina! is it possible?

Eve. And the delicacy, the womanhood, the exquisite grace of this! How we misjudge the depth of the human heart! How, seeing the straws on the surface, we forget that the pearls may lie hid below![1] I imagined her incapable of this devotion.

Graves. And *I too.*

Eve. It were base in me to continue this trial a moment longer: I will write at once to undeceive that generous heart [*writing*].

Graves. I would have given £1,000 if that little jade Clara had been beforehand. But just like my luck: if I want a man to marry one woman, he's sure to marry another on purpose to vex me. [EVELYN *rings the bell.*

Enter Servant.

Eve. Take this instantly to Miss Vesey; say I will call in an hour. [*Exit* Servant.] And now Clara is resigned forever! Why does my heart sink within me? Why, why, looking to the fate to come, do I see only the memory of what has been?

Graves. You are re-engaged then to Georgina?

Eve. Irrevocably.

[1] "Errors like straws," etc.

SCENE IV.

Enter Servant, *announcing* LADY FRANKLIN *and* MISS DOUGLAS.

EVELYN *and* GRAVES.

Lady Frank. My dear Evelyn, you may think it strange to receive such visitors at this moment; but, indeed, it is no time for ceremony. We are your relations—it is reported you are about to leave the country—we come to ask frankly what we can do to serve you?

Eve. Madam—I——

Lady Frank. Come, come—do not hesitate to confide in us; Clara is less a stranger to you than I am: your friend here will perhaps let me consult with him.—[*Aside to* GRAVES.] Let us leave them to themselves.

Graves. You're an angel of a widow; but you come too late, as whatever is good for anything generally does.

[*They retire into the inner room, which should be partially open.*

Eve. Miss Douglas, I may well want words to thank you; this goodness—this sympathy——

Clara [*abandoning herself to her emotion*]. Evelyn! Evelyn! Do not talk thus!—Goodness!—sympathy!—I have learned *all—all!* It is for ME to speak of *gratitude!* What! even when I had so wounded you—when you believed me mercenary and cold—when you thought that I was blind

and base enough not to know you for what you are; even *at that time* you thought but of my happiness—my fortunes —my fate!—And to you—you—I owe all that has raised the poor orphan from servitude and dependence! While your words were so bitter, your deeds so gentle! Oh, noble Evelyn, this then was your revenge!

Eve. You owe me no thanks—that revenge was sweet! Think you it was nothing to feel that my presence haunted you, though you knew it not?—that in things the pettiest as the greatest, which that gold could buy—the very jewels you wore—the very robe in which, to other eyes, you might seem more fair—in all in which you took the woman's young and innocent delight—*I* had a part—a share? that, even if separated forever—even if another's—even in distant years—perhaps in a happy home, listening to sweet voices that might call you "Mother!"—even then should the uses of that dross bring to your lips one smile—that smile was mine—due to me—due, as a sacred debt, to the hand that you rejected—to the love that you despised!

Clara. Despised! See the proof that I despise you!—see: in this hour, when they say you are again as poor as before, I forget the world—my pride—perhaps too much my sex: I remember but your sorrows—I am here!

Eve. [*aside*]. Oh, Heaven! give me strength to bear it! —[*Aloud.*] And is this the same voice that, when I knelt at your feet—when I asked but *one day* the hope to call you mine—spoke only of poverty, and answered, "*Never*"?

Clara. Because I had been unworthy of your love if I had insured your misery. Evelyn, hear me! My father, like you, was poor—generous; gifted, like you, with genius —ambition; sensitive, like you, to the least breath of insult. He married, as you would have done—married one whose

only dower was penury and care! Alfred, I saw that genius the curse to itself!—I saw that ambition wither to despair!—I saw the struggle—the humiliation—the proud man's agony—the bitter life—the early death!—and heard over his breathless clay my mother's groan of self-reproach! Alfred Evelyn, now speak! Was the woman you loved so nobly to repay you with such a doom?

Eve. Clara, we should have shared it!

Clara. Shared? Never let the woman who really loves, comfort her selfishness with such delusion! In marriages like this, the wife cannot share the burden; it is he—the husband—to provide, to scheme, to work, to endure—to grind out his strong heart at the miserable wheel! The wife, alas! cannot share the struggle—she can but witness the despair! And therefore, Alfred, I rejected you.

Eve. Yet you believe me as poor now as I was then.

Clara. But *I* am not poor: *we* are not so poor. Of this fortune, which is all your own—if, as I hear, one half would free you from your debts, why, we have the other half still left. Evelyn! it is humble—but it is not penury.

Eve. Cease, cease—you know not how you torture me. Oh, that when hope was possible;—oh, that you had bid me take it to my breast and wait for a brighter day!

Clara. And so have consumed your life of life upon a hope perhaps delayed till age—shut you from a happier choice, from fairer fortunes—shackled you with vows that, as my youth and its poor attributes decayed, would only have irritated and galled—made your whole existence one long suspense! No, Alfred, even *yet* you do not know me.

Eve. Know you! Fair angel, too excellent for man's harder nature to understand!—at least it is permitted me to revere. Why were such blessed words not vouchsafed

to me before?—why, why come they now?—too late! Oh, Heaven—too late!

Clara. Too late! What, then, have I said?

Eve. Wealth! what is it without you? *With* you, I recognize its power; to forestall your every wish—to smooth your every path—to make all that life borrows from Grace and Beauty your ministrant and handmaid; and then, looking to those eyes, to read there the treasures of a heart that excelled all that kings could lavish;—why *that* were to make gold indeed a god! But vain—vain—vain! Bound by every tie of faith, gratitude, loyalty, and honor, to another!

Clara. Another? Is she, then, true to your reverses? I did not know this—indeed I did not! And I have thus betrayed myself? O, shame! he must despise me now!

SCENE V.

The foregoing.—Enter SIR JOHN; *at the same time* GRAVES *and* LADY FRANKLIN *advance from the inner room.*

Sir John [*with dignity and frankness*]. Evelyn, I was hasty yesterday. You must own it natural that I should be so. But Georgina has been so urgent in your defence, that——[*as* LADY FRANKLIN *comes up to listen*] Sister, just shut the door, will you——that I cannot resist her. What's money without happiness? So give me your security; for she insists on lending you the £10,000.

Eve. I know, and have already received it.

Sir John. Already received it! Is he joking? Faith, for the last two days I believe I have been living amongst the Mysteries of Udolpho! Sister, have you seen Georgina?

Lady Frank. Not since she went out to walk in the square.

Sir John [*aside*]. She's not in the square nor the house—where the deuce can the girl be?

Eve. I have written to Miss Vesey—I have asked her to fix the day for our wedding.

Sir John [*joyfully*]. Have you? Go, Lady Franklin, find her instantly—she must be back by this time: take my carriage, it is but a step—you will not be two minutes gone.—[*Aside.*] I'd go myself, but I'm afraid of leaving him a moment while he's in such excellent dispositions.

Lady Frank. [*repulsing* CLARA]. No, no: stay till I return. [*Exit.*

Sir John. And don't be downhearted, my dear fellow; if the worst come to the worst, you will have everything I can leave you. Meantime, if I can in any way help you——

Eve. Ha!—you!—*you*, too?—Sir John, you have seen my letter to Miss Vesey?—[*Aside*]—or could she have learned the truth before she ventured to be generous?

Sir John. No! on my honor. I only just called at the door on my way from Lord Spend——that is, from the City. Georgina was out;—was ever anything so unlucky?—[*Without.*] [Hurrah—hurrah! Blue forever!]—What's that?

Enter SHARP.

Sharp. Sir, a deputation from Groginhole—poll closed in the first hour—you are returned! Holloa, sir—holloa!

Eve. And it was to please Clara!

Sir John. Mr. Sharp—Mr. Sharp—I say, how much has Mr. Evelyn lost by Messrs. Flash and Co.?

Sharp. Oh, a great deal, sir,—a great deal.

Sir John [*alarmed*]. How?—a great deal!

Eve. Speak the truth, Sharp,—concealment is all over.

Sharp. £223 6*s.* 3*d.*—a great sum to throw away!

Graves. Ah, I comprehend now! Poor Evelyn caught in his own trap!

Sir John. Eh! what, my dear boy?—what? Ha! ha! all humbug was it?—all humbug, upon my soul! So, Mr. Sharp, isn't he ruined after all?—not the least, wee, rascally, little bit in the world, ruined?

Sharp. Sir, he has never even lived up to his income.

Sir John. Worthy man! I could jump up to the ceiling! I am the happiest father-in-law in the three kingdoms.—And that's my sister's knock, too.

Clara. Since I was mistaken, cousin,—since, now, you do not need me,—forget what has passed; my business here is over. Farewell!

Eve. Could you but see my heart at this moment, with what love, what veneration, what anguish it is filled, you would know how little, in the great calamities of life, fortune is really worth. And must we part now,—*now*, when —when——I never wept before, since my mother died!

Enter LADY FRANKLIN *and* GEORGINA, *followed by* BLOUNT, *who looks shy and embarrassed.*

Graves. Georgina herself—then there's no hope.

Sir John. What the deuce brings that fellow Blount here? —Georgy, my dear Georgy, I want to——

Eve. Stand back, Sir John!

Sir John. But I must speak a word to her—I want to——

Eve. Stand back, I say,—not a whisper—not a sign. If your daughter is to be my wife, to *her* heart only will I look for a reply to *mine*.

Lady Frank. [*to* GEORGINA]. Speak the truth, niece.

Eve. Georgina, it is true, then, that you trust me with your confidence—your fortune? It is also true, that when you did so you believed me ruined? Oh, pardon the doubt! Answer as if your father stood not there—answer me from that truth the world cannot yet have plucked from your soul—answer as if the woe or weal of a life trembled in the balance—answer as the woman's heart, yet virgin and unpolluted, *should* answer to one who has trusted to it his all!

Geor. What can he mean?

Sir John [*making signs*]. She'll not look this way; she will not—hang her—HEM!

Eve. You falter. I implore—I adjure you—answer!

Lady Frank. The truth!

Geor. Mr. Evelyn, your fortune might well dazzle me, as it dazzled others. Believe me, I sincerely pity your reverses.

Sir John. Good girl! you hear her, Evelyn.

Geor. What's money without happiness?

Sir John. Clever creature!—my own sentiments!

Geor. And so, as our engagement is now annulled,—papa told me so this very morning,—I have promised my hand where I have given my heart—to Sir Frederick Blount.

Sir John. I told you,—I? No such thing—no such thing: you frighten her out of her wits—she don't know what she's saying.

Eve. Am I awake? But this letter—this letter, received to-day——

Lady Frank. [*looking over the letter*]. Drummond's—from a banker!

Eve. Read—read.

Lady Frank. "Ten thousand pounds just placed to your account—from the same unknown friend to Evelyn." Oh, Clara, I know now why you went to Drummond's this morning.

Eve. Clara! What!—and the former one with the same signature, on the faith of which I pledged my hand and sacrificed my heart——

Lady Frank. Was written under my eyes, and the secret kept that——

Eve. Look up, look up, Clara—I am free!—I am released! You forgive me?—you love me?—you are mine! We are rich—rich! I can give you fortune, power,—I can devote to you my whole life, thought, heart, soul—I am all yours, Clara—my own—my wife!

Sir John [*to* GEORGINA]. So, you've lost the game by a revoke, in trumping your own father's best of a suit!—Unnatural jade!—Aha, Lady Franklin—I am to thank you for this!

Lady Frank. You've to thank me that she's not now on the road to Scotland with Sir Frederick. I chanced on them by the Park just in time to dissuade and save her. But, to do her justice, a hint of your displeasure was sufficient.

Geor. [*half-sobbing*]. And you know, papa, you said this very morning that poor Frederick had been very ill-used and you would settle it all at the club.

Blount. Come, Sir John, you can only blame yourself and Evelyn's cunning device. After all, I'm no such vewy bad match; and as for the £10,000——

Eve. I'll double it. Ah, Sir John, what's money without happiness?

Sir John. Pshaw—nonsense—stuff! Don't humbug me!

Lady Frank. But if you don't consent, she'll have no husband at all.

Sir John. Hum! there's something in that. [*Aside to* EVELYN.] Double it, will you? Then settle it all *tightly* on her. Well—well—my foible is not avarice. Blount, make her happy. Child, I forgive you.—[*Pinching her arm.*] Ugh, you fool!

Graves [*to* LADY FRANKLIN]. I'm afraid it's catching. What say you? I feel the symptoms of matrimony creeping all over me. Shall we, eh? Frankly, now, frankly——

Lady Frank. Frankly, now, there's my hand, on one condition,—that we finish our reel on the wedding-day.

Graves. Accepted. Is it possible? Sainted Maria! thank Heaven you are spared this affliction!

Enter SMOOTH.

Smooth. How d'ye do, Alfred? I intrude, I fear! Quite a family party.

Blount. Wish us joy, Smooth—Georgina's mine, and—

Smooth. And our four friends there apparently have made up another rubber. John, my dear boy, you look as if you had something at stake on the odd trick.

Sir John. Sir, your very——Confound the fellow!—and he's a dead shot, too!

Enter STOUT *and* GLOSSMORE *hastily, talking with each other.*

Stout. I'm sure he's of our side; we've all the intelligence.

Gloss. I'm sure he's of ours if his fortune is safe, for we've all the property.—My dear Evelyn, you were out of humor yesterday—but I forgive you.

Stout. Certainly!—what would become of public life if man were obliged to be two days running in the same mind?—I rise to explain.—Just heard of your return, Evelyn. Congratulate you. The great motion of the session is fixed for Friday. We count on your vote. Progress with the times!

Gloss. Preserve the Constitution!

Stout. Your money will do wonders for the party!—Advance!

Gloss. The party respects men of your property!—Stick fast!

Eve. I have the greatest respect, I assure you, for the worthy and intelligent flies upon both sides the wheel; but whether we go too fast or too slow, does not, I fancy, depend so much on the flies as on the Stout Gentleman who sits inside and pays the post-boys. Now all my politics as yet is to consider what's best for the Stout Gentleman!

Smooth. Meaning John Bull. *Ce cher* old John!

Stout. I'm as wise as I was before.

Gloss. Sir, he's a trimmer!

Eve. Smooth, we have yet to settle our first piquet account and our last! And I sincerely thank you for the service you have rendered to me, and the lesson you have given these gentlemen.—[*Turning to* CLARA.] Ah, Clara, you—you have succeeded where wealth had failed! You have reconciled me to the world and to mankind. My friends—we must confess it—amid the humors and the follies, the vanities, deceits, and vices that play their parts in the great Comedy of Life—it is our own fault if we do not find such natures, though rare and few, as redeem the rest, brightening the shadows that are flung from the form and body of

the TIME with glimpses of the everlasting holiness of truth and love.

Graves. But for the truth and the love, when found, to make us tolerably happy, we should not be without——

Lady Frank. Good health;

Graves. Good spirits;

Clara. A good heart;

Smooth. An innocent rubber;

Geor. Congenial tempers;

Blount. A pwoper degwee of pwudence;

Stout. Enlightened opinions;

Gloss. Constitutional principles;

Sir John. Knowledge of the world;

Eve. And——plenty of Money!

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

TO ALL FRIENDS AND KINSFOLK

IN

THE AMERICAN COMMONWEALTH

THIS DRAMA IS DEDICATED

WITH AFFECTION AND RESPECT

LONDON, *Sept.* 28, 1868

PREFACE

MANY years ago this Drama was rewritten from an earlier play by the same Author called "The Sea Captain," the first idea of which was suggested by a striking situation in a novel by M. A. Dumas (*Le Capitaine Paul*). The Author withdrew "The Sea Captain" from the stage (and even from printed publication), while it had not lost such degree of favor as the admirable acting of Mr. Macready chiefly contributed to obtain for it; intending to replace it before the public with some important changes in the histrionic cast, and certain slight alterations in the conduct of the story. But the alterations once commenced, became so extensive in character, diction, and even in revision of plot, that a new play gradually rose from the foundation of the old one. The task thus undertaken, being delayed by other demands upon time and thought, was scarcely completed when Mr. Macready's retirement from his profession suspended the Author's literary connection with the stage, and "The Rightful Heir" has remained in tranquil seclusion till this year, when he submits his appeal to the proper tribunal;—sure, that if he fail of a favorable hearing, it will not be the fault of the friends who take part in his cause and act in his behalf.

LONDON, *Sept.* 28, 1868.

NOTE

"THE Spanish Armada was ready in the beginning of May, but the moment it was preparing to sail, the Marquis of Santa Croce, the Admiral, was seized with a fever, of which he soon after died. . . . At last the Spanish fleet, full of hope and alacrity, set sail from Lisbon May 29th, but next day met with a violent tempest, which scattered the ships—sunk some of the smallest, and forced the rest to take shelter in the Groyne, where they waited till they could be refitted. When news of this event was carried to England, the Queen concluded that the design of an invasion was disappointed for the summer, and, being always ready to lay hold on every pretence for saving money, she made Walsingham write to the Admiral, directing him to lay up some of the larger ships, and to discharge the seamen. But Lord Effingham, who was not so sanguine in his hopes, used the freedom to disobey these orders, and he begged leave to retain all the ships in service, though it should be at his own expense. . . .

"Meanwhile, all the damages to the Armada were repaired, and the Spaniards, with fresh hopes, set out again to sea."—*Hume.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

LORD BEAUFORT, *Son to Lady Montreville* . .	MR. NEVILLE.
SIR GREY DE MALPAS, *the poor cousin, distantly connected to Lady Montreville, but next in succession to the earldom, on failure of the direct line*	MR. HERMAN VEZIN.
WRECKLYFFE, *a disinherited and ruined gentleman—who, after a vicious and lawless career on land, has turned pirate*	MR. LAWLOR.
SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, *a justice of the peace* .	MR. GEORGE PEEL.
VYVYAN, *the captain of the* Dreadnought, *a privateer*	MR. BANDMANN.
FALKNER, *Vyvyan's first lieutenant and friend* .	MR. LIN RAYNE.
HARDING, *Vyvyan's second lieutenant* . . .	MR. T. ANDERSON.
MARSDEN, *seneschal to Lady Montreville* . .	MR. DAVID EVANS.
ALTON, *a village priest*	MR. BASIL POTTER.
A SUB-OFFICER on board the *Dreadnought* .	MR. EVERARD.

Servants, Sailors, Clerk, and Halberdiers attendant on Sir Godfrey.

LADY MONTREVILLE, *a countess in her own right*	MRS. HERMAN VEZIN.
EVELINE, *her ward—distantly related to her, and betrothed to Vyvyan*	MISS H. PALMER.

TIME OCCUPIED.—*In the first four acts, one day. Between the 4th and 5th acts the interval of a year. Time supposed to be occupied by the events in the 5th act, little more than that required for representation on the stage.*

DATE OF THE PLAY.—*In the first four acts, July,* 1588—*the year of the Armada. The 5th act, the Summer of* 1589.

*** There are a few omissions and verbal alterations in the stage representation of the Play; but they are too slight to require special notice in the printed text.

First performed on Saturday, the 3d of October, 1868, at the Lyceum Theatre.

THE RIGHTFUL HEIR

ACT I.—SCENE I.

In the foreground the house of Sir Grey de Malpas, *small and decayed, the casements broken, etc. Ruins around, as if the present house were but the remains of some more stately edifice of great antiquity. In the background, a view of the sea. On a height at some little distance, the castle of Montreville, the sun full upon its turrets and gilded vanes.*

N.B.—The scene to be so contrived that the grandeur of the castle and the meanness of the ruin be brought into conspicuous contrast.

Sir Grey *at work on a patch of neglected garden ground: throws down his spade and advances.*

Sir G. I cannot dig! Fie, what a helpless thing
Is the hand of well-born poverty!
And yet between this squalor and that pomp
Stand but two lives, a woman's and a boy's—
But two frail lives. I may outlive them both.

Enter Wrecklyffe.

Wreck. Ay, that's the house—the same; the master changed,
But less than I am. Winter creeps on him,
Lightning hath stricken me. Good-day.

Sir G. Pass on.
No spendthrift hospitable food spreads here
The board for strangers. Pass.
Wreck. Have years so dimmed
Eyes once so keen, De Malpas?
Sir G. [*after a pause*]. Ha! Thy hand.
What brings thee hither?
Wreck. "Brings me?" say "hurls back."
First, yellow pestilence, whose ghastly wings
Guard, like the fabled griffin, India's gold;
Unequal battle next; then wolfish famine;
And lastly, storm (rough welcome home to England)
Swept decks from stern to stem; to shore was flung
A lonely pirate on a battered hulk!
One wreck rots stranded;—you behold the other.
Sir G. Penury hath still its crust and roof-tree—share them.
Time has dealt hardly with us both, since first
We two made friendship—thou straight-limbed, well-favored,
Stern-hearted, disinherited dare-devil!
Wreck. And thou!——
Sir G. A stroke paints me. My lord's poor cousin.
How strong thou wert, yet I could twist and wind thee
Round these slight hands;—that is the use of brains!
Wreck. Still jokes and stings?
Sir G. Still a poor cousin's weapons.
Wreck. Boast brains, yet starve?
Sir G. Still a poor cousin's fate, sir.
Pardon my brains, since oft thy boasts they pardoned;
(Sad chance since then), when rufflers aped thy swagger,
And village maidens sighed and, wondering, asked

Why Heaven made men so wicked—and so comely.

Wreck. 'Sdeath! Wilt thou cease?

Sir G. That scar upon thy front
Bespeaks grim service.

Wreck. In thy cause, de Malpas;
The boy, whom at thine instance I allured
On board my bark, left me this brand of Cain.

Sir G. That boy——

Wreck. Is now a man—and on these shores.
This morn I peered from yonder rocks that hid me,
And saw his face. I whetted then this steel:
Need'st thou his death? In me behold Revenge!

Sir G. He lives!—he lives! There is a third between
The beggar and the earldom!

Wreck. Steps and voices!
When shall we meet alone? Hush, it is he!

Sir G. He with the plume?

Wreck. Ay.

Sir G. Quick; within.

Wreck. And thou?

Sir G. I dig the earth; see the grave-digger's tool.

[*Exit* WRECKLYFFE *within the house.*

Enter HARDING *and* Sailors.

Hard. Surely 'twas here the captain bade us meet him
While he went forth for news?

1st Sailor. He comes.

Enter VYVYAN.

Hard. Well, captain,
What tidings of the Spaniards' armament?

Vyv. Bad, for they say the fighting is put off,

And storm in Biscay driven back the Dons.
This is but rumor—we will learn the truth.
Harding, take horse and bear these lines to Drake—
If yet our country needs stout hearts to guard her,
He'll not forget the men on board the Dreadnought,
Thou can'st be back ere sunset with his answer,
And find me in yon towers of Montreville.

[*Exit* HARDING.

Meanwhile make merry in the hostel, lads,
And drink me out these ducats in this toast:—
"No foes be tall eno' to wade the moat
Which girds the fort whose only walls are men."

[Sailors *cheer, and exeunt.*

Vyv. I never hailed reprieve from war till now.
Heaven grant but time to see mine Eveline,
And learn my birth from Alton.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Captain.
Vyv. Falkner!
So soon returned? Thy smile seems fresh from home.
All well there?
Falk. Just in time to make all well.
My poor old father!—bailiffs at his door;
He tills another's land, and crops had failed.
I poured mine Indian gold into his lap,
And cried "O father, wilt thou now forgive
The son who went to sea against thy will?"
Vyv. And he forgave.—Now tell me of thy mother;
I never knew one, but I love to mark
The quiver of a strong man's bearded lip

When his voice lingers on the name of mother.
Thy mother bless'd thee——

Falk. Yes, I——[*Falters and turns aside.*
Pshaw! methought
Her joy was weeping on my breast again!

Vyv. I envy thee those tears.

Falk. Eno' of me!
Now for thyself. What news? Thy fair betrothed—
The maid we rescued from the turbaned corsair
With her brave father in the Indian seas—
Found and still faithful?

Vyv. Faithful, I will swear it;
But not yet found. Her sire is dead—the stranger
Sits at his hearth—and with her next of kin,
Hard by this spot—yea, in yon sunlit towers,
Mine Eveline dwells.

Falk. Thy foster father, Alton.
Hast thou seen him?

Vyv. Not yet. My Falkner, serve me.
His house is scarce a two hours' journey hence,
The nearest hamlet will afford a guide;
Seek him and break the news of my return,
Say I shall see him ere the day be sped.
And, hearken, friend (good men at home are apt
To judge us sailors harshly), tell him this—
On the far seas his foster son recalled
Prayers taught by age to childhood, and implored
Blessing on that gray head. Farewell! Now, Eveline.

[*Exeunt severally*, VYVYAN *and* FALKNER.

Sir G. [*advancing*]. Thou seekest those towers—go. I will meet thee there.
He must not see the priest—the hour is come

Absolving Alton's vow to guard the secret;
Since the boy left, two 'scutcheons moulder o'er
The dust of tombs from which his rights ascend;
He must not see the priest—but how forestall him?—
Within! For there dwells Want, Wit's counsellor,
Harboring grim Force, which is Ambition's tool.

[*Exit* SIR GREY.

SCENE II.

The gardens of the castle of Montreville, laid out in the formal style of the times. Parterres sunk deep in beds of arabesque design. The gardens are inclosed within an embattled wall, which sinks, here and there, into low ornamented parapets, over which the eye catches a glimpse of the sea, which is immediately below. A postern gate in the wall is open, through which descends a flight of steps, hewn out of the cliff.

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE.

Lady M. This were his birthday, were he living still!
But the wide ocean is his winding sheet,
And his grave—here! [*Pressing her hand to her heart.*] I dreamed of him last night!
Peace! with the dead, died shame and glozing slander;
In the son left me still, I clasp a world
Of blossoming hopes which flower beneath my love,
And take frank beauty from the flattering day.
And——but my Clarence!——in his princely smile
How the air brightens!

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, *speaking to* MARSDEN.

Lord B. Yes, my gallant roan,
And, stay—be sure the falcon, which my lord

Of Leicester sent me; we will try its mettle.

Mars. Your eyes do bless him, madam, so do mine:
A gracious spring; Heaven grant we see its summer!
Forgive, dear lady, your old servant's freedom.

Lady M. Who loves him best with me ranks highest, Marsden. [*Exit* MARSDEN.

Clarence, you see me not.

Lord B. Dear mother, welcome.
Why do I miss my soft-eyed cousin here?

Lady M. It doth not please me, son, that thou should'st haunt
Her steps, and witch with dulcet words her ear.
Eveline is fair, but not the mate for Beaufort.

Lord B. Mate! Awful word! Can youth not gaze on beauty,
Save by the torch of Hymen? To be gallant,
Melt speech in sighs, or murder sense in sonnets;
Veer with each change in Fancy's April skies,
And o'er each sun-shower fling its fleeting rainbow.
All this——

Lady M. [*gloomily*]. Alas, is love.

Lord B. No! Love's light prologue,
The sportive opening to the serious drama;
The pastime practice of Dan Cupid's bow,
Against that solemn venture at the butts
At which fools make so many random shafts,
And rarely hit the white! Nay, smile, my mother;
How does this plume become me?

Lady M. Foolish boy!
It sweeps too loosely.

Lord B. Nowadays man's love
Is worn as loosely as I wear this plume—

A glancing feather swept with every wind
Into new shadows o'er a giddy brain
Such as your son's. Let the plume play, sweet mother!

Lady M. Would I could chide thee!

Lord B. Hark, I hear my steed
Neighing impatience; and my falcon frets
Noon's lazy air with lively silver bells;
Now, madam, look to it—no smile from me
When next we meet,—no kiss of filial duty,
Unless my fair-faced cousin stand beside you,
Blushing "Peccavi" for all former sins—
Shy looks, cold words, this last unnatural absence,
And taught how cousins should behave to cousins.

[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.

Lady M. Trifler! And yet the faults that quicken fear
Make us more fond—we parents love to pardon.

Enter EVELINE *weaving flowers—not seeing* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Evel. [*Sings*]—

Bud from the blossom,
And leaf from the tree,
Guess why in weaving
I sing "Woe is me!"—

'Tis that I weave you
To drift on the sea,
And say, when ye find him,
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

[*Casts the flowers, woven into a garland, over the parapet, and advances.*

Lady M. A quaint but mournful rhyme.

Evel. You, madam!—pardon!

Lady M. What tells the song?

Evel. A simple village tale

Of a lost seaman, and a crazed girl,
His plighted bride—good Marsden knew her well,
And oft-times marked her singing on the beach,
Then launch her flowers, and smile upon the sea.
I know not why—both rhyme and tale do haunt me.

Lady M. Sad thoughts haunt not young hearts, thou senseless child.

Evel. Is not the child an orphan?

Lady M. In those eyes
Is there no moisture softer than the tears
Which mourn a father? Roves thy glance for Beaufort?
Vain girl, beware! The flattery of the great
Is but the eagle's swoop upon the dove,
And, in descent, destroys.

Evel. Can you speak thus,
Yet bid me grieve not that I am an orphan?

[*Retires up the garden.*

Lady M. [*to herself*]. I have high dreams for Beaufort; bright desires!
Son of a race whose lives shine down on Time
From lofty tombs, like beacon-towers o'er ocean,
He stands amidst the darkness of my thoughts,
Radiant as Hope in some lone captive's cell.
Far from the gloom around, mine eyes, inspired,
Pierce to the future, when these bones are dust,
And see him loftiest of the lordly choirs
Whose swords and coronals blaze around the throne,
The guardian stars of the imperial isle—
Kings shall revere his mother.

Enter SIR GREY, *speaking to* Servant.

Sir G. What say'st thou?

Servant [*insolently*]. Sir Grey—ha! ha!—Lord Beaufort craves your pardon,
He shot your hound—its bark disturbed the deer.
Sir G. The only voice that welcomed me! A dog—
Grudges he that?
Servant. Oh sir, 'twas done in kindness
To you and him; the dog was wondrous lean, sir!
Sir G. I thank my lord. [*Exit* Servant.
So, my poor Tray is killed!
And yet *that* dog but barked—can *this* not bite?
[*Approaches* LADY MONTREVILLE *vindictively, and in a whisper—*
He lives!
Lady M. He! who?
Sir G. The heir of Montreville!
Another, and an elder Beaufort, lives!
[*Aside.*] So—the fang fixes fast—good—good!
Lady M. Thou saidst
Ten years ago—"Thy first-born is no more—
Died in far seas."
Sir G. So swore my false informant.
But now, the deep that took the harmless boy
Casts from its breast the bold-eyed daring man.
Lady M. Clarence! My poor proud Clarence!
Sir G. Ay, *poor* Clarence!
True; since his father, by his former nuptials,
Had other sons, if you, too, own his elder,
Clarence is poor—as poor as his poor cousin.
Ugh! but the air is keen, and Poverty
Is thinly clad; subject to rheums and agues [*shivers*],
Asthma and phthisis [*coughs*], pains in the loins and limbs,
And leans upon a crutch, like your poor cousin.

If Poverty begs, Law sets it in the stocks;
If it is ill, the doctors mangle it;
If it is dying, the priests scold at it;
And when 'tis dead, rich kinsmen cry, "Thank Heaven!"
Ah! if the elder prove his rights, dear lady,
Your younger son will know what's poverty!

Lady M. Malignant, peace! why dost thou torture me?
The priest who shares alone with us the secret
Hath sworn to guard it.

Sir G. Only while thy sire
And second lord survived. Yet, what avails
In law his tale, unbacked by thy confession?

Lady M. All! He hath proofs, clear proofs. Thrice woe to Clarence!

Sir G. Proofs—written proofs?

Lady M. Of marriage, and the birth!

Sir G. Wherefore so long was this concealed from me?

Lady M. Thou wert my father's agent, Grey de Malpas,
Not my familiar.

Sir G. Here, then, ends mine errand.

Lady M. Stay, sir—forgive my rash and eager temper;
Stay, stay, and counsel me. What! sullen still?
Needest thou gold?—befriend, and find me grateful.

Sir G. Lady of Montreville, I once was young,
And pined for gold, to wed the maid I loved:
Your father said, "Poor cousins should not marry,"
And gave that sage advice in lieu of gold.
A few years later, and I grew ambitious,
And longed for wars and fame, and foolish honors:
Then I lacked gold, to join the knights, mine equals,
As might become a Malpas and your kinsman:
Your father said he had need of his poor cousin

At home to be his huntsman, and his falconer!

Lady M. Forgetful! After my first fatal nuptials
And their sad fruit, count you as naught——

Sir G. My hire!
For service and for silence; not a gift.

Lady M. And spent in riot, waste, and wild debauch!

Sir G. True; in the pauper's grand inebriate wish
To know what wealth is,—tho' but for an hour.

Lady M. But blame you me or mine, if spendthrift wassail
Run to the dregs? Mine halls stand open to you;
My noble Beaufort hath not spurned your converse;
You have been welcomed——

Sir G. At your second table,
And as the butt of unchastised lackeys;
While your kind son, in pity of my want,
Hath this day killed the faithful dog that shared it.
'Tis well; you need my aid, as did your father,
And tempt, like him, with gold. I take the service;
And, when the task is done, will talk of payment.
Hist! the boughs rustle. Closer space were safer;
Vouchsafe your hand, let us confer within.

Lady M. Well might I dream last night! A fearful dream. [*Exeunt* LADY MONTREVILLE *and* SIR GREY.

Re-enter EVELINE.

Evel. O, for some fairy talisman to conjure
Up to these longing eyes the form they pine for!
And yet in love there's no such word as absence;
The loved one glides beside our steps forever;
Its presence gave such beauty to the world,
That all things beautiful its tokens are,

And aught in sound most sweet, to sight most fair,
Breathes with its voice, and haunts us with its aspect.

Enter VYVYAN *through the postern gate.*

There spoke my fancy, not my heart! Where art thou,
My unforgotten Vyvyan?

Vyv. At thy feet!
Look up!—look up!—these are the arms that sheltered
When the storm howled around; and the lips
Where, till this hour, the sad and holy kiss
Of parting lingered, as the fragrance left
By angels, when they touch the earth and vanish.
Look up; night never hungered for the sun
As for thine eyes my soul!

Evel. Oh! joy, joy, joy!

Vyv. Yet weeping still, tho' leaning on my breast!
My sailor's bride, hast thou no voice but blushes?
Nay from those drooping roses let me steal
The coy reluctant sweetness!

Evel. And, methought
I had treasured words, 'twould take a life to utter
When we should meet again!

Vyv. Recall them later.
We shall have time eno', when life with life
Blends into one;—why dost thou start and tremble?

Evel. Methought I heard her slow and solemn footfall!

Vyv. Her! Why, thou speak'st of woman: the meek word
Which never chimes with terror.

Evel. You know not
The dame of Montreville.

Vyv. Is she so stern?

Evel. Not stern, but haughty: as if high-born virtue
Swept o'er the earth to scorn the faults it pardoned.
Vyv. Haughty to thee?
Evel. To all, ev'n when the kindest;
Nay, I do wrong her; never to her son;
And when those proud eyes moisten as they hail him,
Hearts lately stung, yearn to a heart so human!
Alas, that parent love! how in its loss
All life seems shelterless!
Vyv. Like thee, perchance,
Looking round earth for that same parent shelter,
I too may find but tombs. So, turn we both,
Orphans, to that lone parent of the lonely,
That doth like Sorrow ever upward gaze
On calm consoling stars—the mother Sea.
Evel. Call not the cruel sea by that mild name.
Vyv. She is not cruel if her breast swell high
Against the winds that thwart her loving aim
To link, by every raft whose course she speeds,
Man's common brotherhood from pole to pole;
Grant she hath danger—danger schools the brave,
And bravery leaves all cruel things to cowards.
Grant that she hardens us to fear,—the hearts
Most proof to fear are easiest moved to love,
As on the oak whose roots defy the storm
All the leaves tremble when the south-wind stirs.
Yet if the sea dismay thee, on the shores
Kissed by her waves, and far, as fairy isles
In poets' dreams, from this gray care-worn world,
Blooms many a bower for the Sea Rover's bride.
I know a land where feathering palm-trees shade
To delicate twilight, suns benign as those

Whose dawning gilded Eden;—Nature, there,
Like a gay spendthrift in his flush of youth,
Flings whole treasure on the lap of Time.
There, steeped in roseate hues, the lakelike sea
Heaves to an air whose breathing is ambrosia;
And, all the while, bright-winged and warbling birds,
Like happy souls released, melodious float
Thro' blissful light, and teach the ravished earth
How joy finds voice in Heaven. Come, rest we yonder,
And, side by side, forget that we are orphans!

[VYVYAN *and* EVELINE *retire up the stage.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *and* SIR GREY.

Lady M. Yet still, if Alton sees——

Sir G. Without the proofs,
Why, Alton's story were but idle wind;
The man I send is swift and strong, and ere
This Vyvyan (who would have been here before me
But that I took the shorter path) depart
From your own threshold to the priest's abode,
Our agent gains the solitary dwelling,
And——

Lady M. But no violence!

Sir G. Nay, none but fear—
Fear will suffice to force from trembling age
Your safety, and preserve your Beaufort's birthright.

Lady M. Let me not hear the ignominious means;
Gain thou the end;—quick—quick!

Sir G. And if, meanwhile,
This sailor come, be nerved to meet—a stranger;
And to detain—a guest.

Lady M. My heart is wax,
But my will, iron—go.

Sir G. [*aside*]. To fear add force—
And this hand closes on the proofs, and welds
That iron to a tool. [*Exit* SIR GREY.

Re-enter VYVYAN *and* EVELINE.

Evel. Nay, Vyvyan—nay,
Your guess can fathom not how proud her temper.
Vyv. Tut for her pride! a king upon the deck
Is every subject's equal in the hall.
I will advance. [*He uncovers.*]
Lady M. Avenging angels spare me!
Vyv. Pardon the seeming boldness of my presence.
Evel. Our gallant countryman, of whom my father
So often spake—who from the Algerine
Rescued our lives and freedom.
Lady M. Ah! Your name, sir?
Vyv. The name I bear is Vyvyan, noble lady.
Lady M. Sir, you are welcome. Walk within, and hold
Our home your hostel, while it lists you.
Vyv. Madam,
I shall be prouder in all after time
For having been your guest.
Lady M. How love and dread
Make tempest here! I pray you follow me.
[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.
Vyv. A most majestic lady—her fair face
Made my heart tremble, and called back old dreams:
Thou saidst she had a son?
Evel. Ah, yes.
Vyv. In truth
A happy man.

Evel. Yet he might envy thee!

Vyv. Most arch reprover, yes. As kings themselves
Might envy one whose arm entwines his all.

[*Exeunt* EVELINE *and* VYVYAN.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A Gothic chamber. On one side a huge hearth, over which an armorial 'scutcheon and an earl's coronet, boldly carved. The walls covered with old portraits—tall beaufets in recesses filled with goblets and other vessels of silver. An open door admits a view of a cloister, and the alleys in the courtyard without.

A table spread with fruits and wines, at which are seated LADY MONTREVILLE, VYVYAN *and* EVELINE.

Vyv. Ha! ha! In truth we made a scurvy figure
After our shipwreck.

Lady M. You jest merrily
On your misfortunes.

Vyv. 'Tis the way with sailors:
Still in extremes. I can be sad sometimes.

Lady M. That sigh, in truth, speaks sadness. Sir, if I
In aught could serve you, trust me.

Evel. Trust her, Vyvyan.
Methinks the mournful tale of thy young years
Would raise thee up a friend, wherever pity
Lives in the heart of woman.

Vyv. Gentle lady,
The key of some charmed music in your voice

Unlocks a haunted chamber in my soul;
And—would you listen to an outcast's tale,—
'Tis briefly told. Until my fifteenth year,
Beneath the roof of a poor village priest,
Not far from hence, my childhood wore away;
Then stirred within me restless thoughts and deep;—
Throughout the liberal and harmonious nature
Something seemed absent,—what, I scarcely knew,
Till one calm night, when over slumbering seas
Watched the still heaven, and down on every wave
Looked some soft lulling star—the instinctive want
Learned what it pined for; and I asked the priest
With a quick sigh—"Why I was motherless?"

Lady M. And he?—

Vyv. Replied that—I was nobly born,
And that the cloud which dimmed a dawning sun,
Oft but foretold its splendor at the noon.
As thus he spoke, faint memories struggling came—
Faint as the things some former life hath known.

Lady M. Of what?

Vyv. A face sweet with a stately sorrow,
And lips which breathed the words that mothers murmur.

Lady M. [*aside*]. Back, tell-tale tears!

Vyv. About that time, a stranger
Came to our hamlet; rough, yet, some said, well-born;
Roysterer, and comrade, such as youth delights in.
Sailor he called himself, and naught belied
The sailor's metal ringing in his talk
Of El Dorados, and Enchanted Isles,
Of hardy Raleigh, and of fearless Drake,
And great Columbus with prophetic eyes
Fixed on a dawning world. His legends fired me—

And, from the deep whose billows washed our walls,
The alluring wave called with a siren's music,
And thus I left my home with that wild seaman.

Lady M. The priest, consenting, still divulged not more?

Vyv. No; nor rebuked mine ardor. "Go," he said,
"The noblest of all nobles are the men
In whom their country feels herself ennobled."

Lady M. [*aside*]. I breathe again. Well, thus you left these shores——

Vyv. Scarce had the brisker sea-wind filled our sails,
When the false traitor who had lured my trust
Cast me to chains and darkness. Days went by,
At length—one belt of desolate waters round,
And on the decks one scowl of swarthy brows,
(A hideous crew, the refuse of all shores)—
Under the flapping of his raven flag
The pirate stood revealed, and called his captive.
Grimly he heard my boyish loud upbraidings,
And grimly smiled in answering: "I, like thee,
Cast off, and disinherited, and desperate,
Had but one choice, death or the pirate's flag—
Choose *thou*—I am more gracious than thy kindred;
I proffer life; the gold *they* gave me paid
Thy grave in ocean!

Lady M. Hold! The demon lied!

Vyv. Swift, as I answered so, his blade flashed forth;
But self-defence is swifter still than slaughter;
I plucked a sword from one who stood beside me,
And smote the slanderer to my feet. Then all
That human hell broke loose; oaths rang, steel lightened,
When, in the death-swoon of the caitiff chief,
The pirate next in rank forced back the swarm,

And—in that superstition of the sea
Which makes the sole religion of its outlaws—
Forbade my doom by bloodshed—griped and bound me
To a slight plank; spread to the winds the sail,
And left me on the waves alone with God.

Evel. Pause. Let my hand take thine—feel its warm life,
And, shuddering less, thank Him whose eye was o'er thee.

Vyv. That day, and all that night, upon the seas
Tossed the frail barrier between life and death;
Heaven lulled the gales; and when the stars came forth
All looked so bland and gentle that I wept,
Recalled that wretch's words, and murmured, "All,
Ev'n wave and wind, are kinder than my kindred!"
But—nay, sweet lady——

Lady M. Heed me not. Night passed——

Vyv. Day dawned; and, glittering in the sun, behold
A sail—a flag!

Evel. Well—well?

Vyv. Like hope, it vanished!
Noon glaring came—with noon came thirst and famine.
And with parched lips I called on death, and sought
To wrench my limbs from the stiff cords that gnawed
Into the flesh, and drop into the deep:
And then—the clear wave trembled, and below
I saw a dark, swift-moving, shapeless thing,
With watchful, glassy eyes;—the ghastly shark
Swam hungering round its prey—then life once more
Grew sweet, and with a strained and horrent gaze
And lifted hair I floated on, till sense
Grew dim, and dimmer; and a terrible sleep
(In which still—still—those livid eyes met mine)
Fell on me—and——

Evel. Quick—quick!

Vyv. I woke, and heard
My native tongue! Kind looks were bent upon me.
I lay on deck—escaped the ravening death—
For God had watched the sleeper.

Evel. Oh, such memories
Make earth, forever after, nearer heaven;
And each new hour an altar for thanksgiving.

Lady M. Break not the tale my ear yet strains to listen.

Vyv. True lion of the ocean was the chief
Of that good ship. Beneath his fostering eyes,
Nor all ungraced by Drake's illustrious praise,
And the frank clasp of Raleigh's kingly hand,
I fought my way to manhood. At his death
The veteran left me a more absolute throne
Than Cæsar filled—his war-ship for my realm,
And to the ocean, hope,—and measure it!
Nameless, I took his name. My tale is done—
And each past sorrow, like a wave on shore,
Dies on this golden hour. [*Turns to* EVELINE.

Lady M. [*observing them*]. He loves my ward,
Whom Clarence, too—that thought piles fear on fear;
Yet, hold—that very rivalship gives safety—
Affords pretext to urge the secret nuptials,
And the prompt parting, ere he meet with Alton.
I—but till Nature sobs itself to peace,
Here's that which chokes all reason. Will ye not
Taste summer air cooled through yon shadowy alleys?
Anon I'll join you. [*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Vyv. We will wait your leisure.
A most compassionate and courteous lady—
How couldst thou call her proud?

Evel. Nay, ever henceforth,
For the soft pity she hath shown to thee,
I'll love her as a mother.

Vyv. Thus I thank thee [*kissing her hand*].

[*Exeunt through the cloisters.*

SCENE II.

Exterior of the castle. On one side, a terrace, with a low embattled parapet, hangs over the rock on which the castle is built, and admits a glimpse of the scene below. On another side, the ground stretches away into avenues and alleys. The castle, thus seen, takes the character of a strong fortified hold.

N.B.—The scene should present the space within a vast, but irregular embattled wall, large enough to inclose trees and undulating ground. The cloister, with the door leading to LADY MONTREVILLE'S *apartment, will form part of the building, and a gate of great strength, with portcullis, etc., should form a side scene. Through this gate, as the principal portal, will enter* LORD BEAUFORT, *and, toward the end of the act,* FALKNER.

Enter SIR GREY DE MALPAS *from the terrace.*

Lord B. [*speaking without*]. A noble falcon! Marsden, hood him gently.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Good day, old knight, thou hast a lowering look,
As if still ruffled by some dire affray
With lawless mice, at riot in thy larder.

Sir G. Mice in my house! magnificent dreamer, mice!

The last was found three years ago last Christmas,
Stretched out beside a bone; so lean and worn
With pious fast—'twas piteous to behold it;
I canonized its corpse in spirits of wine,
And set it in the porch—a solemn warning
To its—poor cousins! [*Aside.*] Shall I be avenged?
He killed my dog too.

ENTER VYVYAN *and* EVELINE, *lingering in an alley in the background.*

Lord B. Knight, look there!—A stranger,
And whispering with my cousin.

Sir G. [*aside*]. Jealous? Ha!
Something should come of this: Hail, green-eyed fiend;
[*Aloud.*] Let us withdraw—tho' old I have been young;
The whispered talk of lovers should be sacred.

Lord B. Lovers!

Sir G. Ah! true! You know not, in your absence
Your mother hath received a welcome guest
In your fair cousin's wooer. Note him well,
A stalwart comely gallant.

Lord B. Art thou serious?
A wooer to my cousin—quick, his name!

Sir G. His name?—my memory doth begin to fail me—
Your mother will recall it. Seek—ask *her*——

Lord B. [*advancing*]. Whom have we here? Familiar sir, excuse me,
I do not see the golden spurs of knighthood.

Vyv. Alack, we sailors have not so much gold
That we should waste it on our heels! The steeds
We ride to battle need no spurs, Sir Landsman;

Lord B. And overleap all laws; methinks thou art
One of those wild Sea Rovers who——

Vyv. Refuse
To yield to Spain's proud tyranny, her claim
To treat as thieves and pirates all who cross
The line Spain's finger draws across God's ocean.
We, the Sea Rovers, on our wandering decks
Carry our land, its language, laws and freedom;
We wrest from Spain the Sceptre of the seas,
And in the New World build up a new England.
For this high task, if we fulfil it duly,
The Old and New World both shall bless the names
Of Walter Raleigh and his bold Sea Rovers.

Lord B. Of those names thine is——

Vyv. Vyvyan.

Lord B. Master Vyvyan,
Our rank scarce fits us for a fair encounter
With the loud talk of blustering mariners.
We bar you not our hospitality;
Our converse, yes. Go, ask the Seneschal
To lodge you with your equals!

Vyv. Equals, stripling!
Mine equals truly should be bearded men,
Nobles with titles carpet lords should bow to--
Memories of dangers dared, and service done,
And scars on bosoms that have bled for England!

Sir G. Nay, coz, he has thee there.
[*withholding* LORD BEAUFORT.]
Thou shalt not, Clarence.
Strike *me*. I'm weak and safe—but *he* is dangerous.

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *from the cloister as* LORD BEAUFORT *breaks from* SIR GREY *and draws his sword.*

Evel. Protect your guest from your rash son.

Lady M. Thy sword
Drawn on thy——Back, boy! I command thee, back!
To you, sir guest, have I in aught so failed,
That in the son you would rebuke the mother?
Vyv. Madam, believe, my sole offence was this,
That rated as a serf, I spoke as man.
Lady M. Wherefore, Lord Beaufort, such unseemly humors?
Lord B. [*drawing her aside*]. Wherefore?—and while we speak, his touch profanes her!
Who is this man? Dost thou approve his suit?
Beware!
Lady M. You would not threaten——Oh, my Clarence,
Hear me, you——
Lord B. Learned in childhood from my mother
To brook no rival—and to curb no passion.
Aid'st thou yon scatterling against thy son,
Where most his heart is set?
Lady M. Thy heart, perverse one?
Thou saidst it was not love.
Lord B. That was before
A rival made it love—nay, fear not, mother,
If you dismiss this insolent;—but, mark me,
Dismiss him straight, or, by mine honor, madam,
Blood will be shed.
Lady M. Thrice miserable boy!
Let the heavens hear thee not!
Lord B. [*whispering as he passes* VYVYAN]. Again, and soon, sir! [*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.
Lady M. [*seeing* SIR GREY]. Villain!—but no, I dare not yet upbraid——
[*Aloud.*] After him, quick! Appease, soothe, humor him.

Sir G. Ay, madam, trust to your poor cousin.

[*Exit* SIR GREY.

Lady M. Eveline,
Thou lov'st this Vyvyan?

Evel. Lady—I—he saved
My life and honor.

Lady M. Leave us, gentle child,
I would confer with him. May both be happy!

Evel. [*to* VYVYAN]. Hush! she consents; well mayst thou bid me love her. [*Exit* EVELINE.

Lady M. Sir, if I gather rightly from your speech,
You do not mean long sojourn on these shores?

Vyv. Lady, in sooth, mine errand here was twofold.
First, to behold, and, if I dare assume
That you will ratify her father's promise,
To claim my long affianced; next, to learn
If Heaven vouchsafe me yet a parent's heart.
I gained these shores to hear of war and danger—
The long-suspended thunderbolt of Spain
Threatened the air. I have despatched an envoy
To mine old leader, Drake, to crave sure tidings;
I wait reply: If England be in peril,
Hers my first service; if, as rumor runs,
The cloud already melts without a storm,
Then, my bride gained, and my birth tracked, I sail
Back to the Indian seas, where wild adventure
Fulfils in life what boyhood dreamed in song.

Lady M. 'Tis frankly spoken—frankly I reply.
First—England's danger: Now, for five slow years
Have Spain's dull trumpets blared their braggart war,
And Rome's gray monk-craft muttered new crusades;
Well, we live still—and all this deluge dies

In harmless spray on England's scornful cliffs.
And trust me, sir, if war beleaguer England,
Small need of one man's valor: lacked she soldiers,
Methinks a Mars would strike in childhood's arm,
And woman be Bellona.

Vyv. Stately matron,
So would our mother country speak and look,
Could she take visible image!

Lady M. Claim thy bride
With my assent, and joyous gratulation.
She shall not go undowried to your arms.
Nor deem me wanting to herself and you
If I adjure prompt nuptials and departure.
Beaufort—thou see'st how fiery is his mood—
In my ward's lover would avenge a rival:
Indulge the impatient terrors of a mother,
And quit these shores. Why not this night?

Vyv. This night!
With her—my bride?

Lady M. So from the nuptial altar.
Pledge thou thy faith to part—to spread the sail
And put wide seas between my son and thee.

Vyv. This night, with Eveline!—dream of rapture! yet—
My birth untracked——

Lady M. Delay not for a doubt
Bliss when assured. And, heed me, I have wealth
To sharpen law, and power to strengthen justice;
I will explore the mazes of this mystery;
I—I will track your parents.

Vyv. Blessed lady;
My parents—find me one with eyes like thine,
And were she lowliest of the hamlet born,

I would not change with monarchs.

Lady M. [*aside*]. Can I bear this?
Your Eveline wellnigh is my daughter; you
Her plighted spouse; pray you this kiss—O, sweet!

[*He sinks on his knee as she kisses his forehead.*

Vyv. Ah, as I kneel, and as thou bendest o'er me,
Methinks an angel's hand lifts up the veil
Of Time, the great magician, and I see
Above mine infant couch, a face like thine.

Lady M. Mine, stranger!

Vyv. Pardon me; a vain wild thought
I know it is; but on my faith, I think
My mother was like thee.

Lady M. Peace, peace! We talk
And fool grave hours away. Inform thy bride;
Then to thy bark, and bid thy crew prepare;
Meanwhile, I give due orders to my chaplain.
Beside the altar we shall meet once more:—
And then—and then—Heaven's blessing and farewell!

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Vyv. Most feeling heart! its softness hath contagion,
And melts mine own. Her aspect wears a charm
That half divides my soul with Eveline's love?
Strange! while I muse a chill and ominous awe
Creeps thro' my veins! Away, ye vague forebodings!
Eveline! At thy dear name the phantoms vanish,
And the glad future breaks like land on sea,
When rain-mists melt beneath the golden morn.

Enter FALKNER.

Falk. Ha! Vyvyan!

Vyv. Thou!

Falk. Breathless with speed to reach thee.

I guessed thee lingering here. Thy foster sire
Hath proofs that clear the shadow from thy birth.
Go—he awaits thee where yon cloud-capt rock
Jags air with barbed peaks—St. Kinian's Cliff.

Vyv. My birth! My parents live?

Falk. I know no more.

Enter HARDING.

Hard. Captain, the rumor lied. I bring such news
As drums and clarions and resounding anvils
Fashioning the scythes of reapers into swords,
Shall ring from Thames to Tweed.

Vyv. The foeman comes!

Hard. [*giving letter*]. These lines will tell thee; Drake's own hand.

Vyv. [*reading*]. "The Armada
Has left the Groyne, and we are ranging battle.
Come! in the van I leave one gap for thee."
Poor Eveline! Shame on such unworthy weakness!

Falk. [*taking him aside*]. Time to see her and keep thy tryst with Alton.
Leave me to call the crew and arm the decks.
Not till the moon rise in the second hour
After the sunset, will the deepening tide
Float us from harbor—ere that hour be past
Our ship shall wait thee by St. Kinian's Cliff.
Small need to pray thee not to miss the moment
Whose loss would lose thee honor.

Vyv. If I come not
Ere the waves reel to thy third signal gun,
Deem Death alone could so delay from duty,
And step into my post as o'er my corpse.

Falk. Justly, my captain, thou rebuk'st my warning,

And couldst thou fail us, I would hold the signal
As if thy funeral knell—crowd every sail,
And know thy soul——

Vyv. Was with my country still.

[*Shouts without.*

Enter Sub-officer, Sailors, Retainers, *and* Villagers, *confusedly.*

Sub-officer. [*with broadsheet*]. Captain, look here. Just come!

Vyv. The Queen's Address
From her own lips to the armed lines at Tilbury.

Voices. Read it, sir, read it.

Vyv. Hush then [*reading*]. "Loving people,
Let tyrants fear! I, under Heaven, have placed
In loyal hearts my chiefest strength and safeguard,
Being resolved in the midst and heat of the battle
To live and die amongst you all; content
To lay down for my God and my people
Honor and life-blood in the dust: I know
I have the body of a feeble woman,
But a King's heart, a King of England's too;
And think foul scorn that Parma, Spain, or Europe,
Dare to invade the borders of my realm!
Where England fights—with concord in the camp,
Trust in the chief, and valor in the field,
Swift be her victory over every foe
Threatening her crown, her altars and her people."

The noble Woman King! These words of fire
Will send warm blood through all the veins of Freedom
Till England is a dream! Uncover, lads!
God and St. George! Hurrah for England's Queen!

ACT III.—SCENE I.

St. Kinian's Cliff, a wild and precipitous headland. In front the ground is broken with crags, here and there interspersed with stunted brushwood. The scene to be so contrived as to give some notion of the height of the cliff. Time, a little before sunset.

ALTON *and* VYVYAN *seated.*

Alton. And I believed them when they said "He died
In the far seas." Ten years of desolate sorrow
Passed as one night—Now thy warm hand awakes me.

Vyv. Dear friend, the sun sets fast.

Alton. Alas! then listen.
There was a page, fair, gentle, brave, but low-born—
And in those years when, to young eyes, the world,
With all the rough disparities of fortune,
Floats level thro' the morning haze of fancy,
He loved the heiress of a lordly house:
She, scarce from childhood, listening, loved again,
And secret nuptials hallowed stolen meetings—
Till one—I know not whom (perchance a kinsman,
Heir to that house—if childless died its daughter)—
Spied—tracked the bridegroom to the bridal bower,
Aroused the sire, and said, "Thy child's dishonored!"
Snatching his sword, the father sought the chamber:
Burst the closed portal—but his lifted hand

Escaped the crime. Cold as a fallen statue,
Cast from its blessed pedestal forever,
The bride lay senseless on the lonely floor
By the oped casement, from whose terrible height
The generous boy, to save her life or honor,
Had plunged into his own sure death below.

Vyv. A happy death, if it saved her he loved!

Alton. A midnight grave concealed the mangled clay,
And buried the bride's secret. Few nights after,
Darkly as life from him had passed away,
Life dawned on thee—and, from the unconscious mother,
Stern hands conveyed the pledge of fatal nuptials
To the poor priest, who to thy loftier kindred
Owed the mean roof that sheltered thee.

Vyv. Oh say
I have a mother still!

Alton. Yes, she survived—
Her vows, thy birth, by the blind world unguessed:
And, after years of woe and vain resistance,
Forced to a lordlier husband's arms.

Vyv. My soul
Ofttimes recalls a shadowy Mournfulness,
With woman's patient brow, and saddest tears
Dropped fast from woman's eyes;—they were my mother's.

Alton. In stealth a wife—in stealth a mother! yes,
Then did she love thee, *then* aspired to own
In coming times, and bade me hoard these proofs
For that blest day. But, ah! with the new ties
Came new affections—to the second nuptials
A second son was born; she loved him better,
Better than thee—than her own soul!

Vyv. Poor mother!

Alton. And haughtier thoughts on riper life arose,
And worldly greatness feared the world's dread shame,
And she forsook her visits to thy pillow,
And the sire threatened and the kinsman prayed,
Till, over-urged by terror for thy safety,
I took reluctant vows to mask the truth,
And hush thy rights while lived thy mother's sire,
And he, her second unsuspecting lord.
Thus thy youth, nameless, left my lonely roof.
The sire and husband died while thou wert absent.
Thou liv'st—thou hast returned; mine oath is freed;
These scrolls attest my tale and prove thy birthright—
Hail, Lord of Beaufort—Heir of Montreville!

Vyv. 'Tis she—'tis she! At the first glance I loved her!
And when I told my woes, she wept—she wept!
This is her writing. Look—look where she calls me
"Edmond and child." Old man, how thou hast wronged her!
Joy—joy! I fly to claim and find a Mother!

[*Exit* VYVYAN.

Alton. Just Power, propitiate Nature to that cry.
And from the hardened rock, let living streams
Gush as in Horeb! Ah, how faintly flags,
Strained by unwonted action, weary age!
I'll seek the neighboring hamlet—rest and pray.

[*Exit* ALTON.

SCENE II.

The exterior of the castle, as in Scene II., Act II. ***Sunset.*** *The twilight creeps on during the scene.*

Enter SIR GREY *and* WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. The priest had left his home?

Wreck. The hour I reached it.

Sir G. With but one man? Didst thou not hound the foot-track?

Wreck. I did.

Sir G. Thou didst—and yet the prey escaped!
I have done: I gave thee thy soul's wish, revenge,
Revenge on Vyvyan—and thou leav'st his way
Clear to a height as high from thy revenge
As is yon watch-tower from a pirate's gibbet.

Wreck. Silence! thou——

Sir G. [*haughtily*]. Sir!

Wreck. [*subdued and cowed*]. Along the moors I track'd them,
But only came in sight and reach of spring
Just as they gained the broad and thronging road,
Aloud with eager strides, and clamorous voices—
A surge of tumult, wave to wave rebooming
How all the might of Parma and of Spain
Hurried its thunders on.

Sir G. Dolt, what to us
Parma and Spain? The beggar has no country!

Wreck. But deeds like that which thou dost urge me to

Are not risked madly in the populous day.
I come to thy sharp wit for safer orders.

Sir G. My wit is dulled by time, and must be ground
Into an edge by thought. Hist!—the door jars,
She comes. Skulk yonder—hide thee—but in call!
A moment sometimes makes or marreth fortune,
Just as the fiend Occasion springs to hand—
Be *thou* that fiend!

[WRECKLYFFE *passes among the trees, and exit.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *from the cloister.*

Lady M. Look on me! What, nor tremble?
Couldst thou have deemed my father's gold a bribe
For my son's murder? Sold to pirates! Cast
On the wild seas!

Sir G. How! I knew naught of this.
If such the truth, peace to thy father's sins,
For of those sins is this. Let the past sleep,
Meet present ills—the priest hath left his home
With Vyvyan's comrade, and our scheme is foiled.

Lady M. I will, myself, see Alton on the morrow—
Edmond can scarce forestall me; for this night
Fear sails with him to the far Indian main.

Sir G. Let me do homage to thy genius. Sorceress,
What was thy magic?

Lady M. Terror for my Clarence,
And Edmond's love for Eveline.

Sir G. [*aside*]. I see!
Bribed by the price of which she robs his rival!—
This night—so soon?—this night——

Lady M. I save my Clarence!
Till then, keep close, close to his side. Thou hast soothed
him?

Sir G. Fear not—these sudden tidings of the foe
With larger fires have paled receding love—
But where is Vyvyan?

Lady M. Doubtless with his crew,
Preparing for departure.

Lord B. [*without*]. This way, Marsden.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT *with* MARSDEN *and armed* Attendants.

Lord B. Repair yon broken parapets at dawn;
Yonder the culverins!—delve down more sharply
That bank;—clear out the moat. Those trees—eh, Marsden,—
Should fall? They'd serve to screen the foe! Ah, mother,
Make a scarf to wear above the armor
In which thy father, 'mid the shouts of kings,
Shivered French lances at the Cloth of Gold.

Mars. Nay, my young lord, too vast for you that armor.

Lord B. No; you forget that the breast swells in danger,
And honor adds a cubit to the stature.

Lady M. Embrace me, Clarence, I myself will arm thee.
Look at him, Marsden—yet they say I spoil him!

Sir G. [*who has been leaning over the low parapet, advances, draws aside* LADY MONTREVILLE *and whispers.*
I mark i' the distance, swift disordered strides,
And the light bound of an impatient spirit;
Vyvyan speeds hither, and the speed seems joy.
He sought his crew—Alton might there await him.

Lady M. His speed is to a bride.

Sir G. Ay, true—old age
Forgets that Love's as eager as Ambition;
Yet hold thyself prepared.

Lady M. [*to herself*]. And if it were so!
Come, I will sound the depths of Beaufort's heart;
And, as that answers, hush or yield to conscience.
Lead off these men. [*Exeunt* SIR GREY *and* Attendants.
[*To* MARSDEN.] Go, meet my this day's guest,
And see he enter through the garden postern.
[*Exit* MARSDEN.
Clarence, come back.

Lord B. [*peevishly*]. What now?

Lady M. Speak kindly, Clarence.
Alas, thou'lt know not till the grave close o'er me
How I did need thy kindness!

Lord B. Pardon, mother,
My blunt speech now, and froward heat this morning.

Lady M. Be all such follies of the past, as leaves
Shed from the petals of the bursting flower.
Think thy soul slept, till honor's sudden dawn
Flashed, and the soil bloomed with one more hero!
Ah, Clarence, had I, too, an elder-born,
As had thy father by his former nuptials!—
Could thy sword carve out fortune?

Lord B. Ay, my mother!

Lady M. Well the bold answer rushes from thy lips!
Yet, tell me frankly, dost thou not, in truth,
Prize overmuch the outward show of things;
And couldst thou—rich with valor, health and beauty,
And hope—the priceless treasure of the young—
Couldst thou endure descent from that vain height
Where pride builds towers the heart inhabits not;
To live less gorgeously, and curb thy wants
Within the state, not of the heir to earls,
But of a simple gentleman?

Lord B. If reared to it,
Perchance contented so; but *now*—no, never!
Such as I am, thy lofty self hath made me;
Ambitious, haughty, prodigal; and pomp
A part of my very life. If I could fall
From my high state, it were as Romans fell,
On their swords' point! Why is your cheek so hueless?
Why daunt yourself with airiest fantasies?
Who can deprive me of mine heritage—
The titles borne at Palestine and Crecy,
The seigniory, ancient as the throne it guards,
That will be mine in trust for sons unborn,
When time—from this day may the date be far!—
Transfers the circlet on thy stately brows
(Forgive the boast!) to no unworthy heir?

Lady M. [*aside*]. My proud soul speaks in his, and stills remorse;
I'll know no other son! Now go, Lord Beaufort.

Lord B. So formal—fie!—has Clarence then offended?

Lady M. Offended?—thou! Resume thy noble duties,
Sole heir of Montreville! [*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.
My choice is made.
As one who holds a fortress for his king,
I guard this heart for Clarence, and I close
Its gates against the stranger. Let him come. [*Exit.*

Enter VYVYAN *and* EVELINE. *Twilight, but still clear; a few stars come out gradually.*

Evel. I would not bid thee stay, thy country calls thee—
But thou hast stunned my heart i' the midst of joy
With this dread sudden word—part—part!

Vyv. Live not

In the brief present. Go forth to the future!
Wouldst thou not see me worthier of thy love?
Evel. Thou canst not be so.
Vyv. Sweet one, I am now
Obscure and nameless. What, if at thy feet
I could lay rank and fortune?
Evel. These could give
To me no bliss save as they blest thyself.
Into the life of him she loves, the life
Of woman flows, and nevermore reflects
Sunshine or shadow on a separate wave.
Be his lot great, for his sake she loves greatness;
Humble—a cot with *him* is Arcady!
Thou art ambitious; thou wouldst arm for fame,
Fame then fires me too, and without a tear,
I bid thee go where fame is won—as now;
Win it and I rejoice; but fail to win,
Were it not joy to think I could console?
Vyv. Oh, that I could give vent to this full heart!
Time rushes on, each glimmering star rebukes me—
Is that the Countess yonder? This way—come.

[*Retire up the stage.*

Enter LORD BEAUFORT *and* SIR GREY.

Lord B. Leave England, say'st thou—and with her?
Sir G. Thou hast wrung
The secret from me. Mark—I have thy promise
Not to betray me to thy mother.
Lord B. Ah!
Thought she to dupe me with that pomp of words,
And blind ambition while she beggared life?
No, by yon heavens, she shall not so befool me!

Evel. Mine own frank hero-lover, pardon me;
Yet need'st thou not——
Vyv. Oh, as against the Spaniard,
There will be swords enow in Vyvyan's war-ship—
But art thou sure his heart is touched so lightly?
Evel. Jealous, and now!
Vyv. No, the fair boy, 'tis pity!

Enter MARSDEN.

Mars. My lady, sir, invites you to her presence;
Pray you, this way.
Evel. Remember—Oh! remember.
One word again, before we part; but one!
Vyv. One word. Heaven make it joyous.
Evel. Joyous!
Vyv. Soft, let me take that echo from thy lips
As a good omen. How my loud heart beats! [*aside*].
Friend, to your lady.

[*Exeunt* VYVYAN *and* MARSDEN *within the castle.*

Evel. Gone! The twilight world
Hath its stars still—but mine! Ah, woe is me!

[*Exit* EVELINE.

Sir G. Why take the challenge, yet cast off the weapon?
Perchance, if gentle, he forbears the boy;
Perchance, if worldly wise, he fears the noble;
Or hath he, in his absence, chanced with Alton?
It matters not. Like some dark necromancer
I raise the storm, then rule it thro' the fiend!
Where waits this man without a hope?
Wreck. [*advancing*]. Save vengeance!
Sir G. Wert thou not as near when Beaufort spoke with Vyvyan?

Wreck. Shall I repeat what Vyvyan said to Beaufort?

Sir G. Thou know'st——

Wreck. I know, that to St. Kinian's Cliff
Will come the man whose hand wrote "felon" here.

Sir G. Mark, what I ask is harder than to strike;
'Tis to forbear—but 'tis revenge with safety.
Let Vyvyan first meet Beaufort; watch what pass,
And if the boy, whose hand obeys all passion,
Should slay thy foeman, and forestall thy vengeance,
Upon thy life (thou know'st, of old, Grey Malpas)
Prevent not, nor assist.

Wreck. That boy slay Vyvyan!

Sir G. For Vyvyan is unarmed.

Wreck. Law calls that—murder!

Sir G. Which by thy witness, not unbacked by proof,
Would give the murderer to the headsman's axe,
And leave Grey Malpas heir of Montreville,
And thee the richest squire in all his train.

Wreck. I do conceive the scheme. But if the youth
Fail or relent——

Sir G. I balk not thy revenge.
And, if the corpse of Beaufort's rival be
Found on the spot where armed Beaufort met him,
To whom would justice track the death blow?—Beaufort!

Wreck. No further words. Or his, or mine the hand,
Count one life less on earth; and weave thy schemes—
As doth the worm its coils—around the dead.

[*Exit* WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. One death avails as three, since for the mother
Conscience and shame were sharper than the steel.
So, I o'erleap the gulf, nor gaze below.
On this side, desolate ruin; bread begrudged;

Evel. Mine own frank hero-lover, pardon me;
Yet need'st thou not——
Vyv. Oh, as against the Spaniard,
There will be swords enow in Vyvyan's war-ship—
But art thou sure his heart is touched so lightly?
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Vyv. No, the fair boy, 'tis pity!

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Mars. My lady, sir, invites you to her presence;
Pray you, this way.
Evel. Remember—Oh! remember.
One word again, before we part; but one!
Vyv. One word. Heaven make it joyous.
Evel. Joyous!
Vyv. Soft, let me take that echo from thy lips
As a good omen. How my loud heart beats! [*aside*].
Friend, to your lady.

[*Exeunt* VYVYAN *and* MARSDEN *within the castle.*

Evel. Gone! The twilight world
Hath its stars still—but mine! Ah, woe is me!

[*Exit* EVELINE.

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Perchance, if gentle, he forbears the boy;
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Or hath he, in his absence, chanced with Alton?
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Wreck. I know, that to St. Kinian's Cliff
Will come the man whose hand wrote "felon" here.

Sir G. Mark, what I ask is harder than to strike;
'Tis to forbear—but 'tis revenge with safety.
Let Vyvyan first meet Beaufort; watch what pass,
And if the boy, whose hand obeys all passion,
Should slay thy foeman, and forestall thy vengeance,
Upon thy life (thou know'st, of old, Grey Malpas)
Prevent not, nor assist.

Wreck. That boy slay Vyvyan!

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Would give the murderer to the headsman's axe,
And leave Grey Malpas heir of Montreville,
And thee the richest squire in all his train.

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Fail or relent——

Sir G. I balk not thy revenge.
And, if the corpse of Beaufort's rival be
Found on the spot where armed Beaufort met him,
To whom would justice track the death blow?—Beaufort!

Wreck. No further words. Or his, or mine the hand,
Count one life less on earth; and weave thy schemes—
As doth the worm its coils—around the dead.

[*Exit* WRECKLYFFE.

Sir G. One death avails as three, since for the mother
Conscience and shame were sharper than the steel.
So, I o'erleap the gulf, nor gaze below.
On this side, desolate ruin; bread begrudged;

And ribald scorn on impotent gray hairs;
The base poor cousin Boyhood threats with famine—
Whose very dog is butchered if it bark:—
On that side bended knees and fawning smiles,
Ho! ho! there—Room for my Lord's knights and pages!
Room at the Court—room there, beside the throne!
Ah, the new Earl of Montreville! His lands
Cover two shires. Such men should rule the state—
A gracious lord—the envious call him old;
Not so—the coronet conceals gray hairs.
He limp'd, they say, when he wore hose of serge.
Tut, the slow march becomes the robes of ermine.
Back, Conscience, back! Go scowl on boors and beggars—
Room, smiling flatterers, room for the new Earl!

[*Exit* SIR GREY.

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

LADY MONTREVILLE'S *apartment as in* Scene I., Act II. *Lights. During the scene the moon rises, seen through the casement.* LADY MONTREVILLE *seated.*

Enter VYVYAN.

Lady M. Thou com'st already to demand thy bride?

Vyv. Alas! such nuptials are deferred. This night
The invader summons me—my sole bride, Honor,
And my sole altar—England! [*Aside.*] How to break it?

Lady M. My Clarence on the land, and thou on sea,
Both for their country armed! Heaven shield ye both!

Vyv. Say thou that?—*Both?*—You, who so love your son?

Lady M. Better than life, I love him!

Vyv. [*aside*]. I must rush
Into the thick. Time goads me! [*Aloud.*] Had you not
Another son? A first-born?

Lady M. Sir!

Vyv. A son,
On whom those eyes dwelt first—whose infant cry
Broke first on that divine and holiest chord
In the deep heart of woman, which awakes
All Nature's tenderest music? Turn not from me!
I know the mystery of thy mournful life.

Will it displease thee—will it—to believe
That son is living still?

Lady M. Sir—sir—such license
Expels your listener [*rises*].

Vyv. No, thou wilt not leave me!
I say, thou wilt not leave me—on my knees
I say, thou *shalt* not leave me!

Lady M. Loose thine hold!

Vyv. *I* am thy son—thine Edmond—thine own child
Saved from the steel, the deep, the storm, the battle;
Rising from death to thee—the source of life!
Flung by kind Heaven once more upon thy breast,
Kissing thy robe, and clinging to thy knees.
Dost thou reject thy son?

Lady M. I have no son,
Save Clarence Beaufort.

Vyv. Do not—do not hear her,
Thou who, enthroned amid the pomp of stars,
Dost take no holier name than that of Father!
Thou hast no other son? O, cruel one!
Look—look—these letters to the priest who reared him—
See where thou call'st him "Edmond"—"child"—"life's all!"—
Can the words be so fresh on this frail record,
Yet fade, obliterate from the undying soul?
By these—by these—by all the solemn past,
By thy youth's lover—by his secret grave—
By every kiss upon thine infant's cheek—
By every tear that wept his fancied death—
Grieve not that still a first-born calls thee "Mother!"

Lady M. Rise. If these prove that such a son once lived,
Where are your proofs that still he lives in you?

Vyv. There! in thine heart!—thine eyes that dare not face me!
Thy trembling limbs, each power, each pulse of being,
That vibrates at my voice! Let pride incase thee
With ninefold adamant, it rends asunder
At the great spell of Nature—Nature calls;
Parent, come forth!

Lady M. [*aside*]. Resolve gives way! Lost Clarence!
What! "Fall as Romans fell, on their swords' point?"
No, Clarence, no! [*turning fiercely*]. Impostor! If thy craft
Hath, by suborning most unworthy spies,
Sought in the ruins of a mourner's life
Some base whereon to pile this labored falsehood,
Let law laugh down the fable—Quit my presence.

Vyv. No. I will not.

Lady M. Will not! Ho!

Vyv. Call your hirelings,
And let them hear me [*striding to the hearth*]. Lo, beneath thy roof,
And on the sacred hearth of sires to both,
Under their 'scutcheon, and before their forms
Which from the ghostly canvas I invoke
To hail their son—I take my dauntless stand,
Armed with my rights; now bid your menials thrust
From his own hearth the heir of Montreville!

Enter Servants.

Lady M. Seize on——[*Clasping her hands before her face*]. Out—out! His father stands before me
In the son's image. No, I dare not!

Servant. Madam,
Did you not summon us?

Vyv. They wait your mandate,
Lady of Montreville.
Lady M. I called not, Go!
[*Exeunt* Servants.
Art thou my son? If so, have mercy, Edmond!
Let Heaven attest with what remorseful soul
I yielded to my ruthless father's will,
And with cold lips profaned a second vow.
I *had* a child—I was a parent, true;
But exiled from the parent's paradise,
Not mine the frank joy in the face of day,
The pride, the boast, the triumph, and the rapture;
Thy couch was sought as with a felon's step,
And whispering nature shuddered at detection.
Oh, could'st thou guess what hell to the loftier minds
It is to live in one eternal lie!
Yet, spite of all, how dear thou *wert!*
Vyv. I was?
Is the time past forever? What my sin?
Lady M. I loved thee till another son was born,
A blossom 'mid the snows. Thou wert afar,
Seen rarely—alien—on a stranger's breast
Leaning for life. But this thrice-blessed one
Smiled in mine eyes, took being from my breast,
Slept in mine arms; here love asked no concealment—
Here the tear shamed not—here the kiss was glory—
Here I put on my royalty of woman—
The guardian, the protector: food, health, life—
It clung to me for all. Mother and child,
Each was the all to each.
Vyv. Oh, prodigal,
Such wealth to him, yet naught to spare to me!

Lady M. My boy grew up, my Clarence. Looking on him
Men prized his mother more—so fair and gracious,
And the world deemed to such high state the heir!
Years went; they told me that by Nature's death
Thou hadst in boyhood passed away to heaven.
I wept thy fate; and long ere tears were dried,
The thought that danger, too, expired for Clarence,
Did make thy memory gentle.
Vyv. Do you wish
That I were still what once you wept to deem me?
Lady M. I did rejoice when my lip kissed thy brow;
I did rejoice to give thy heart its bride;
I would have drained my coffers for her dowry;
But wouldst thou ask me if I can rejoice
That a life rises from the grave abrupt
To doom the life I cradled, reared and wrapt
From every breeze, to desolation?—No!
Vyv. What would you have me do?
Lady M. Accept the dowry,
And, blest with Eveline's love, renounce thy mother.
Vyv. Renounce thee! No—*these* lips belie not Nature!
Never!
Lady M. Eno'—I can be mean no more,
Ev'n in the prayer that asked his life. Go, slay it.
Vyv. Why must my life slay his?
Lady M. Since his was shaped
To soar to power—not grovel to dependence—
And I do seal his death-writ when I say,
"Down to the dust, Usurper; bow the knee
And sue for alms to the true Lord of Beaufort."
Those words shall not be said—I'll find some nobler.

Thy rights are clear. The law might long defer them—
I do forestall the law. These lands be thine.
Wait not my death to lord it in my hall:
Thus I say not to Clarence, "Be dependent"—
But I *can* say, "Share poverty with me."
I go to seek him; at his side depart;
He spurns thine alms:—I wronged thee—take thy vengeance!

Vyv. Merciless — hold, and hear me — I — alms! — vengeance!—

True—true, this heart a mother never cradled,
Or she had known it better.

Lady M. Edmond!

Vyv. Hush!

Call me that name no more—it dies forever!
Nay, I renounce thee not, for that were treason
On the child's lip. Parent, renounce thy child!
As for these nothings [*giving the papers*], take them; if you dread
To find words, once too fond, they're blurr'd already—
You'll see but tears: tears of such sweetness, madam.
I did not think of lands and halls, pale Countess,
I did but think—these arms shall clasp a mother.
Now they are worthless—take them. Never guess
How covetous I was—how hearts, cast off,
Pine for their rights—rights not a parchment, lady.
Part we, then, thus? No, put thine arms around me;
Let me remember in the years to come
That I have lived to say, a mother blessed me!

Lady M. Oh, Edmond, Edmond, thou hast conquered, Edmond!

Thy father's voice!—his eyes! Look down from heaven,

Bridegroom, and pardon me; I bless thy child!

Vyv. Hark! she has blessed her son! It mounts to heaven,
The blessing of the mother on her child!
Mother, and mother;—how the word thrills thro' me!
Mother, again dear mother! Place thy hand
Here—on my heart. Now thou hast felt it beat,
Wilt thou misjudge it more? Recoil'st thou still?

Lady M. [*breaking from him*]. What have I done?—betrayed, condemned my Clarence!

Vyv. Condemned thy Clarence! By thy blessing, No!
That blessing was my birthright. I have won
That which I claimed. Give Clarence all the rest.
Silent, as sacred, be the memory
Of this atoning hour. Look, evermore [*kissing her*]
Thus—thus I seal the secret of thy first-born!
Now, only Clarence lives! Heaven guard thy Clarence!
Now deem me dead to thee. Farewell, farewell!

[*Exit* VYVYAN.

Lady M. [*rushing after him*]. Hold, hold—too generous, hold! Come back, my son!

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

SCENE II.

St. Kinian's Cliff. The ship on the sea. WRECKLYFFE *standing in the shadow of a broken rock.*

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B. And still not here! The hour has long since passed.
I'll climb yon tallest peak, and strain mine eyes

Down the sole path between the cliff and ocean.

[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.

Wreck. [*advancing*]. The boors first grinned, then paled, and crept away;
The tavern-keeper slunk, and muttered "Hangdog!"
And the she-drudge whose rough hand served the drink,
Stifled her shriek, and let the tankard fall!
It was not so in the old merry days:
Then the scarred hangdog was "fair gentleman."
And—but the reckoning waits. Why tarries he?

[*Signal gun from the ship.*

A signal! Ha!

Vyv. [*without*]. I come! I come!

Wreck. [*grasping his knife, but receding as he sees* BEAUFORT, *who appears above*].

Hot lordling!
I had wellnigh forestalled thee. Patience!

[*Creeps under the shadow of the rock, and thence steals out of sight in the background.*

Enter LORD BEAUFORT.

Lord B. Good!
From crag to crag he bounds—my doubts belied him;
His haste is eager as my own.

Enter VYVYAN.

Sir, welcome.

Vyv. Stay me not, stay me not! Thou hast all else
But honor—rob me not of that! Unhand me!

Lord B. Unhand thee? yes—to take thy ground and draw.

Vyv. Thou know'st not what thou sayest. Let me go!

Lord B. Thyself didst name the place and hour!

Vyv. For here
I thought to clasp—[*aside*] I have no brother now!

Lord B. He thought to clasp his Eveline. Death and madness!

Vyv. Eveline! Thou lov'st not Eveline. Be consoled.
Thou hast not known affliction—hast not stood
Without the porch of the sweet home of men;
Thou hast leaned upon no reed that pierced the heart;
Thou hast not known what it is, when in the desert
The hopeless find the fountain: happy boy,
Thou hast not loved. Leave love to man and sorrow!

Lord B. Dost thou presume upon my years? Dull scoffer!
The brave is man betimes—the coward never.
Boy if I be, my playmates have been veterans;
My toy a sword, and my first lesson valor.
And, had I taken challenge as thou hast,
And on the ground replied to bold defiance
With random words implying dastard taunts,
With folded arms, pale lip, and haggard brow,
I'd never live to call myself a man.
Thus says the boy, since manhood is so sluggard,
Soldier and captain. Do not let me strike thee!

Vyv. Do it,—and tell thy mother, when thy hand
Outraged my cheek, I pardoned thee, and pitied.

Lord B. Measureless insult! Pitied! [*Second gun.*

Vyv. There, again!
And still so far! Out of my path, insane one!
Were there naught else, thy youth, thy mother's love
Should make thee sacred to a warrior's arm—
Out of my path. Thus, then!

[*Suddenly lifts, and puts him aside.*]

Oh, England—England!

Do not reject me too!—I come! I come! [*Exit up the cliff.*

Lord B. Thrust from his pathway—every vein runs fire!
Thou shalt not thus escape me—Stand or die!

[*Rushes after him.*]

[VYVYAN *retreats to the edge of the cliff, and grasps for support at the bough of a tree.*

Vyv. Forbear, forbear!

Lord B. Thy blood on thine own head!

[*Third gun.*

[*As* BEAUFORT *lifts his sword and strikes,* VYVYAN *retreats—the bough breaks, and* VYVYAN *falls down the precipice.*

Wreck. [*who has followed part of the way, peering down the precipice*].—Is the deed done? If not this steel completes it. [*Descends the cliff, and disappears.*

[LORD BEAUFORT *sinks on his knee in horror. The ship sails on as the scene closes slowly.*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

St. Kinian's Cliff. *A year is supposed to have passed since the date of* Act IV.

Enter Sir Grey de Malpas.

Sir G. A year—and Wrecklyffe still is mute and absent.
Even as Vyvyan is! Most clear! He saw,
And haply shared, the murderous deed of Beaufort;
And Beaufort's wealth hath bribed him to desert
Penury and me. That Clarence slew his brother
I cannot doubt. He shuts me from his presence;
But I have watched him, wandering, lone, yet haunted—
Marked the white lip and glassy eyes of one
For whom the grave has ghosts, and silence, horror.
His mother, on vague pretext of mistrust
That I did sell her first-born to the pirate,
Excludes me from her sight, but sends me alms
Lest the world cry, "See, her poor cousin starves!"
Can she guess Beaufort's guilt? Nay! For she lives!
I know that deed, which, told unto the world,
Would make me heir of Montreville. Oh, mockery!
For how proceed?—no proof! How charge?—no witness!
How cry, "Lo! murder!" yet produce no corpse!

Enter Alton.

Alton. Sir Grey de Malpas! I was on my way
To your own house.

Sir G. Good Alton—can I serve you?

Alton. The boy I took from thee, returned a man
Twelve months ago: mine oath absolved.

Sir G. 'Tis true.

Alton. Here did I hail the rightful Lord of Montreville,
And from these arms he rushed to claim his birthright.

Sir G. [*aside*]. She never told me this.

Alton. That night, his warship
Sailed to our fleet. I deemed him with the battle.
Time went; Heaven's breath had scattered the Armada.
I sat at my porch to welcome him—he came not.
I said, "His mother had abjured her offspring,
And law detains him while he arms for justice."
Hope sustained patience till to-day.

Sir G. To-day?

Alton. The very friend who had led me to his breast
Returns and——

Sir G. [*soothingly*]. Well?

Alton. He fought not with his country.

Sir G. And this cold friend lets question sleep a year?

Alton. His bark too rashly chased the flying foe;
Was wrecked on hostile shores; and he a prisoner.

Sir G. Lean on my arm, thou'rt faint.

Alton. Oh, Grey de Malpas,
Can men so vanish—save in murderous graves?
You turn away.

Sir G. What murder without motive?
And who had motive here?

Alton. Unnatural kindred.

Sir G. Kindred! Ensnare me not! Mine, too, that kindred.
Old man, beware how thou asperse Lord Beaufort!

Alton. Beaufort! Oh, horror! How the instinctive truth
Starts from thy lips.

Sir G. From mine—priest!

Alton. Not of man
And pardon, if accomplice——

Sir G. I accomplice!
Nay, since 'tis my good name thou sulliest now—
This is mine answer: Probe; examine; search;
And call on justice to belie thy slander.
Go, seek the aid of stout Sir Godfrey Seymour;
A dauntless magistrate; strict, upright, honest:
[*Aside.*] At heart a Puritan, and hates a lord,
With other slides that fit into my grooves.

Alton. He bears with all the righteous name thou giv'st him.
Thy zeal acquits thyself.

Sir G. And charges none.

Alton. Heaven reads the heart. Man can but track the deed.
My task is stern. [*Exit* ALTON.

Sir G. Scent lies—suspicious dogs—
And with hot breath pants on the flight of conscience.
Ah! who comes here? Sharp wit, round all occasion!

Enter FALKNER *with* Sailors.

Falk. Learn all you can—when latest seen, and where—
Meanwhile I seek yon towers. [*Exeunt* Sailors.

Sir G. Doubtless, fair sir,
I speak to Vyvyan's friend. My name is Malpas—
Can it be true, as Alton doth inform me,
That you suspect your comrade died by murder?

Falk. Murder!

Sir G. And by a rival's hand? Amazed!
Yet surely so I did conceive the priest.
Falk. Murder!—a rival!—true, he loved a maiden!
Sir G. In yonder halls!
Falk. Despair! Am I too late
For all but vengeance! Speak, sir,—who this rival?
Sir G. Vengeance!—fie!—seek those towers, and learn compassion
Sad change, indeed, since here, at silent night,
Your Vyvyan met the challenge of Lord Beaufort.
Falk. A challenge?—here?—at night?
Sir G. Yes, this the place.
How sheer the edge! crag, cave, and chasm below!
If the foot slipped,—nay, let us think slipped heedless,—
Or some weak wounded man were headlong plunged,
What burial place more secret?
Falk. Hither, look!
Look where, far down the horrible descent,
Through some fresh cleft rush subterranean waves,
How wheel and circle ghastly swooping wings!
Sir G. The seagulls ere a storm.
Falk. No! Heaven is clear!
The storm they tell, speeds lightning toward the guilty.
So have I seen the foul birds in lone creeks,
Sporting around the shipwrecked seamen's bones.
Guide me, ye spectral harbingers! [*Descends the cliff.*
Sir G. From bough
To bough he swings—from peak to slippery peak
I see him dwindling down;—the loose stones rattle;
He falls—he falls—but 'lights on yonder ledge,
And from the glaring sun turns steadfast eyes
Where still the seagulls wheel; now crawls, now leaps;

Crags close around him—not a glimpse nor sound!
Oh, diver for the dead,—bring up but bones,
And round the skull I'll wreathe my coronet.

[*Scene closes on* SIR GREY *seated.*

SCENE II.

A room in the castle of Montreville—with casement opening on a balcony that overhangs the sea.

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE *and* MARSDEN.

Lady M. Will he not hunt nor hawk? This constant gloom!
Canst thou not guess the cause? He *was* so joyous!

Mars. Young plants need air and sun; man's youth the world.
Young men should pine for action. Comfort, madam.
The cause is clear, if you recall the date.

Lady M. Thou hast marked the date.

Mars. Since that bold seaman's visit.

Lady M. Thy tongue runs riot, man. How should that stranger,—
I say a stranger, strike dismay in Beaufort?

Mars. Dismay! Not that, but emulation!

Lady M. Ay!
You speak my thoughts, and I have prayed our Queen
To rank your young lord with her chivalry;
This day mine envoy should return.

Mars. This day?
Let me ride forth and meet him!

Lady M. Go! [*Exit* MARSDEN.
'Tis true!

Such was the date. Hath Clarence guessed the secret—
Guessed that a first-born lives? I dread to question!
Yet sure the wronged was faithful, and the wrong
Is my heart's canker-worm and gnaws unseen.
Where wanderest thou, sad Edmond? Not one word
To say thou liv'st—thy very bride forsaken,
As if love, frozen at the parent well-spring,
Left every channel dry! What hollow tread,
Heavy and weary falls? Is that the step
Which touched the mean earth with a lightsome scorn,
As if the air its element?

Enter BEAUFORT—*his dress neglected—wrapped in a loose mantle of fur.*

Lord B. Cold! cold!
And I saw the beggar doff his frieze,
Warm in his rags. I shiver under ermine.
For me 'tis never summer—never—never!

Lady M. How fares my precious one?

Lord B. Well;—but so cold.
Ho! there! without!

Enter Servant.

Wine—wine! [*Exit* Servant.

Lady M. Alas! alas!
Why, this is fever—thy hand burns.

Lord B. That hand!
Ay, *that* hand always burns.

Re-enter Servant, *with wine, and a goblet of rich workmanship, set in jewels.*

Look you—the cup
The wondrous Tuscan jeweller, Cellini,

Made for a king! A king's gift to thy father!
What? Serve such gauds to me!
Lady M. Thyself so ordered
In the proud whims thy light heart made so graceful.
Lord B. Was I proud once? Ha! ha! What's this?—not wine?
Servant. The Malvoisie your lordship's friends, last year,
Esteemed your rarest.
Lord B. How one little year
Hath soured it into nausea! Faugh—'tis rank.
Lady M. [*to* Servant]. Send for the leech—quick—go.
[*Exit* Servant.
Oh, Clarence! Clarence!
Is this the body's sickness, or the soul's?
Is it life's youngest sorrow, love misplaced?
Thou dost not still love Eveline?
Lord B. Did I love her?
Lady M. Or one whose birth might more offend my pride?
Well, I *am* proud. But I would hail as daughter
The meanest maiden from whose smile thy lip
Caught smiles again. Thy smile is day to me.
Lord B. Poor mother, fear not. Never hermit-monk,
Gazing on skulls in lone sepulchral cells,
Had heart as proof to woman's smile as mine.
Lady M. The court—the camp—ambition—

Enter MARSDEN *with a letter.*

Mars. From the Queen!
[*While the* COUNTESS *reads*, MARSDEN, *turning to* LORD BEAUFORT.
My dear young Lord, be gay! The noblest knight

In all the land, Lord Essex, on his road
From conquered Cadiz, with the armed suite
That won his laurels, sends before to greet you,
And prays you will receive him in your halls.

Lord B. The flower of England's gentry, spotless Essex!
Sully him not, old man, bid him pass on.

Lady M. Joy, Beaufort, joy! August Elizabeth
Owns thee her knight, and bids thee wear her colors,
And break thy maiden lance for England's lady.

Lord B. I will not go. Barbed steeds and knightly banners—
Bawbles and gewgaws!

Mars. Glorious to the young.

Lord B. Ay—to the young! Oh, when did poet-dreams
Ever shape forth such fairyland as youth!
Gossamer hopes, pearled with the dews of morn,
Gay valor, bounding light on welcome peril,—
Errors themselves, the sparkling overflow,
Of life as headlong, but as pure as streams
That rush from sunniest hill-tops kissing heaven,—
Lo! *that* is youth. Look on my soul, old man.
Well—is it not more gray than those blanched hairs?

Lady M. He raves—heed not his words. Go, speed the leech! [*Exit* MARSDEN.

Lady M. [*aside*]. I know these signs—by mine own soul I know them;
This is nor love, nor honor's sigh for action,
Nor Nature's milder suffering. This is guilt!
Clarence—now, side by side, I sit with thee!
Put thine arms round me, lean upon my breast—
It is a mother's breast. So, that is well;
Now—whisper low—what is thy crime?

Lord B. [*bursting into tears*]. Oh, mother!
Would thou hadst never borne me!

Lady M. Ah, ungrateful!

Lord B. No—for thy sake I speak. Thou—justly proud,
For thou art pure; thou, on whose whitest name
Detraction spies no soil—dost thou say "crime"
Unto thy son; and is his answer tears?

Enter EVELINE, *weaving flowers as in first act.*

Evel.—

Blossoms, I weave ye
To drift on the sea,
Say when ye find him
Who sang "Woe is me!"—

[*Approaching* BEAUFORT.] Have you no news?

Lord B. Of whom?

Evel. Of Vyvyan?

Lord B. That name! Her reason wanders; and oh, mother,
When that name's uttered—so doth mine—hush, hush it.

[EVELINE *goes to the balcony and throws the garland into the sea.*

Lady M. Kill me at once—or when I ask again,
What is thy crime?—reply, "No harm to Vyvyan!"

Lord B. [*breaking away*]. Unhand me! Let me go!

[*Exit* LORD BEAUFORT.

Lady M. This pulse beats still!
Nature rejects me!

Evel. [*from the balcony*]. Come, come—see the garland,
It dances on the waves so merrily.

Enter MARSDEN.

Mars. [*drawing aside* LADY M.] Forgive this haste.
Amid St. Kinian's cliffs,
Where, once an age, on glassy peaks may glide
The shadow of a man, a stranger venturing
Hath found bleached human bones, and to your hall,
Nearest at hand, and ever famed for justice,
Leads on the crowd, and saith the dead was Vyvyan.

Evel. Ha! who named Vyvyan? Has he then come back?

Mars. Fair mistress, no.

Lady M. If on this terrible earth
Pity lives still—lead her away. Be tender.

Evel. [*approaching* LADY M.] I promised him to love you as a mother.
Kiss me, and trust in Heaven! He will return!

[*Exeunt* EVELINE *and* MARSDEN.

Lady M. These horrors are unreal.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Noble mistress,
Sir Godfrey Seymour, summoned here in haste,
Craves your high presence in the Justice Hall.

Lady M. Mine—Mine? Where goest thou?

Servant. Sir Godfrey bade me
Seek my young Lord.

Lady M. Stir not. My son is ill.
Thyself canst witness how the fever [*hurrying to the side scene*]—Marsden!

Enter MARSDEN.

My stricken Clarence!—In his state, a rumor
Of—of what passes here, might blast life—reason:

Go, lure him hence—if he resist, use force
As to a maniac. Good old man, thou lov'st him;
His innocent childhood played around thy knees—
I know I can trust *thee*. Quick—speak not:—Save!

[*Exit* MARSDEN.

[*To* Servant.] Announce my coming. [*Exit* Servant.

This day, life to shield
The living son:—Death, with the dead, to-morrow!

[*Exit* LADY MONTREVILLE.

SCENE III.

A vast feudal hall in the castle. At the extreme end, the carved screen work of later date, supporting the minstrels' gallery (similar to that in Hampton Court). The opening in the screen is made the principal entry on the scene. In another part of the hall a high Gothic casement forms a recess, over which a curtain is drawn aside. In the recess a trestle, serving as bier for the remains of the dead, which are covered with a cloth. At each side of the screen entry, a halberdier in the service of SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR, *officiating as constable.* ALTON *kneeling before the trestle in the recess.*

In front of the stage, a table, before which SIR GODFREY SEYMOUR *seated. A* Clerk *employed in writing.* SIR GREY DE MALPAS *standing near* SIR GODFREY. FALKNER *a little apart.*

Sir Godf. [*to* FALKNER]. Be patient, sir, and give us ample proof
To deem yon undistinguishable bones
The relics of your friend.

Falk. That gentleman
Can back my oath, that these, the plume, the gem
Which Vyvyan wore—I found them on the cliff.

Sir Godf. Verily, is it so?

Sir Grey. [*with assumed reluctance*]. Sith law compel me—
Yes, I must vouch it.

Enter Servant.

Servant. [*placing a chair of state*]. Sir, my lady comes.

Sir Godf. Let not that sight appal her——

Sir Grey. And her son.

[Servant *draws the curtain round the recess, leaving* ALTON *still kneeling within, and exit.*

Enter LADY MONTREVILLE, *and seats herself.*

Sir Godf. You pardon, madam, mine imperious duties,
And know my dismal task——

Lady M. Pray you be brief, sir.

Sir Godf. Was, this time year, the captain of a warship,
Vyvyan his name, your guest?

Lady M. But one short day—
To see my ward, whom he had saved from pirates.

Sir Godf. I pray you, madam, in his converse with you
Spoke he of any foe, concealed or open,
Whom he had cause to fear?

Lady M. Of none!

Sir Godf. Nor know you
Of any such?

Lady M. [*after a pause*]. I do not.

Sir Godf. [*aside to* FALKNER]. Would your further
Question this lady, sir?

Falk. No, she is woman,
And mother; let her go. I wait Lord Beaufort.

Sir Godf. Madam, no longer will we task your presence.

Enter LORD BEAUFORT, *breaking from* MARSDEN, *and other* Attendants.

Lord B. Off, dotard, off! Guests in our hall!

Lady M. He is ill.
Sore ill—fierce fever—I will lead him forth.
Come, Clarence; darling, come!

Lord B. Who is this man?

Falk. The friend of Vyvyan, whose pale bones plead yonder.

Lord B. I—I will go. Let's steal away, my mother.

[SIR GREY *intercepts the retreat of* BEAUFORT, *and, with by-play intimating remonstrance and encouragement, urges him forward.*

Falk. Lost friend, in war, how oft thy word was "spare."—
Methinks I hear thee now [*drawing aside* LORD BEAUFORT].
Young lord, I came
In these halls, demanding blood for blood—
But thy remorse [this *is* remorse] disarms me.
Speak; do but say—(look, I am young myself,
And know how hot is youth;) speak—do but say,
After warm words, struck out from jealous frenzy,
Quick swords were drawn: Man's open strife with man—
Passion, not murder: Say this, and may law
Pardon thee, as a soldier does!

Sir Grey [*to* MARSDEN]. Call Eveline,
She can attest our young lord's innocence.

[*Exit* MARSDEN.

Falk. He will not speak, sir, let my charge proceed.

Lady M. [*aside*]. Whate'er the truth—of that—of that hereafter,
Now but remember, child, thy birth, thy name;
Thy mother's heart, it beats beside thee—take
Strength from its pulses.

Lord B. Keep close, and for thy sake
I will not cry—" 'Twas passion, yet still, murder!"

Sir Godf. [*who has been conversing aside with* SIR GREY]. Then jealous love the motive? Likelier that
Than Alton's wilder story.

Enter EVELINE *and* MARSDEN.

Sweet young madam,
If I be blunt, forgive me; we are met
On solemn matters which relate to one
Who, it is said, was your betrothed.

Evel. To Vyvyan!

Sir Godf. 'Tis also said, Lord Beaufort crossed his suit,
And your betrothed resented.

Evel. No! forgave.

Sir Grey. Yes, when you feared some challenge from Lord Beaufort,
Did Vyvyan not cast down his sword and say,
"Both will be safe, for one will be unarmed?"

[*Great sensation through the hall.* FALKNER *and* SIR GODFREY *both.*] Unarmed!

Evel. His very words!

Falk. Oh, vile assassin!

Sir Godf. Accuser, peace! This is most grave. Lord Beaufort,
Upon such tokens, with your own strange bearing,

As ask appeal to more august tribunal,
You stand accused of purposed felon murder
On one named Vyvyan, Captain of the *Dreadnought*—
Wouldst thou say aught against this solemn charge?

Evel. Murdered!—he—Vyvyan! Thou his murderer, Clarence,
In whose rash heat my hero loved frank valor?
Lo! I, to whom his life is as the sun
Is to the world—with my calm trust in Heaven
Mantle thee thus.

Lady M. [*aside*]. Be firm—deny, and live.

Lord B. [*with a vacillating attempt at his former haughtiness*]. You call my bearing "strange"—what marvel, sir?
Stunned by such charges, of a crime so dread.
What proof against me?

Lady M. [*while* LADY M. *speaks*, SIR GREY *steals behind the curtain*]. Words deposed by whom?
A man unknown;—a girl's vague fear of quarrel—
His motive what? A jealous anger! Phantom!
Is not mine son mine all?—And yet this maid
I plighted to another. Had I done so
If loved by him, and at the risk of life?
Again, I ask all present what the motive?

Alton. [*advancing from the recess with* SIR GREY]. Rank, fortune, birthright. Miserable woman!

Lady M. Whence com'st thou, pale accuser?

Alton. From the dead!
Which of ye two will take the post I leave?
Which of ye two will draw aside that veil,
Look on the bones behind, and cry, "I'm guiltless?"
Hast thou conspired with him to slay thy first-born,

Or knows he not that Vyvyan was his brother?

[LADY MONTREVILLE *swoons. Till now* EVELINE *has held to* BEAUFORT—*now she rushes to* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Lord B. My brother! No! no! no! [*clutching hold of* SIR GREY]. Kinsman, he lies!

Sir Grey. Alas!

Lord B. Wake, mother, wake. I ask not speech.
Lift but thy brow—one flash of thy proud eye
Would strike these liars dumb!

Alton. Read but those looks
To learn that thou art——

Lord B. Cain! [*grasping* FALKNER]. Out with thy sword—
Hew off this hand. Thou calledst me "Assassin!"
Too mild—say "Fratricide!" Cain, Cain, thy brother!
[*Falls.*

Evel. It cannot be so! No. Thou wondrous Mercy,
That from the pirate's knife, the funeral seas
And all their shapes of death, didst save the lone one,
To prove to earth how vainly man despairs
While God is in the heavens—I cling to thee,
As faith unto its anchor! [*To* SIR GREY.] Back, false kinsman!
I tell thee Vyvyan lives—the boy is guiltless!

Falk. Poor, noble maid! How my heart bleeds for her!

Lady M. [*starting up*]. Sentence us both! or stay,—would law condemn,
A child so young, if I had urged him to it?

Sir Godf. Unnatural mother, hush! Sir Grey, to you,
Perchance ere long, by lives too justly forfeit,

Raised to this earldom, I intrust these—prisoners.

[*Motions to the halberdiers, who advance to arrest* BEAUFORT *and* LADY MONTREVILLE.

Mars. Oh, day of woe!

Sir Grey. Woe—yes! Make way for us.

[*Trumpet.*

Enter Servant.

Servant. My Lord of Essex just hath passed the gates;
But an armed knight who rode beside the Earl,
After brief question to the crowd without,
Sprang from his steed, and forces here his way!

Enter KNIGHT *in half armor—wrapped in his horseman's cloak, his visor three parts down.*

Knight. Forgiveness of all present!

Sir Godf. Who art thou?

Knight. A soldier, knighted by the hand of Essex
Upon the breach of Cadiz.

Sir Godf. What thy business?

Knight. To speak the truth. Who is the man accused
Of Vyvyan's murder.

Sir Grey. You behold him yonder.

Knight. 'Tis false.

Sir Grey. His own lips have confessed his crime.

Knight. [*throwing down his gauntlet*]. This to the man whose crushing lie bows down
Upon the mother's bosom that young head!
Say you "confess'd!" Oh, tender, tender conscience!
Vyvyan, rough sailor, galled him and provoked;
He raised his hand. To the sharp verge of the cliff
Vyvyan recoiled, backed by an outstretched bough.

The bough gave way—he fell, but not to perish;
Saved by a bush-grown ledge that broke his fall.
Long stunned he lay; when opening dizzy eyes,
On a gray crag between him and the abyss
He saw the face of an old pirate foe;
Saw the steel lifted, saw it flash and vanish,
As a dark mass rushed thro' the moonlit air
Dumb into deeps below—the indignant soil
Had slid like glass beneath the murderer's feet,
And his own death-spring whirled him to his doom.
Then Vyvyan rose, and, crawling down the rock,
Stood by the foe, who, stung to late remorse
By hastening death, gasped forth a dread confession.
The bones ye find are those of Murder's agent—
Murder's arch-schemer—Who?—Ho! Grey de Malpas,
Stand forth! Thou art the man!

Sir Grey. Hemm'd round with toils,
Soul, crouch no more! Base hireling, doff thy mask,
And my sword writes the lie upon thy front.
By Beaufort's hand died Vyvyan—

Knight. As the spell
Shatters the sorcerer when his fiends desert him,
Let thine own words bring doom upon thyself!
Now face the front on which to write the lie.

[*Casts off his helmet.*

[SIR GREY *drops his sword and staggers back into the arms of the retainers.*

Evel. Thou liv'st, thou liv'st—

Vyv. [*kneeling to her*]. Is life worth something still?

Sir Grey. Air, air—my staff—some chord seems broken here. [*Pressing his heart.*
Marsden, your Lord shot his poor cousin's dog;

In the dog's grave—mark!—bury the poor cousin.

[*Sinks exhausted and is borne out.*

Vyv. Mine all on earth, if I may call thee mine.

Evel. Thine, thine, thro' life, thro' death—one heart, one grave!

I knew thou wouldst return, for I have lived
In thee so utterly, thou couldst not die
And I live still—the dial needs the sun;
But love reflects the image of the loved,
Tho' every beam be absent!—Thine, all thine!

Lady M. My place is forfeited on thy breast, not his.

[*Pointing to* BEAUFORT.

Clarence, embrace thy brother, and my first-born.
His rights are clear—my love for thee suppressed them—
He may forgive me yet—wilt *thou?*

Beau. Forgive thee!
Oh mother, what is rank to him who hath stood
Banished from out the social pale of men,
Bowed like a slave, and trembling as a felon?
Heaven gives me back mine ermine, innocence:
And my lost dignity of manhood, honor.
I miss naught else.—Room there for me, my brother!

Vyv. Mother, come first!—love is as large as heaven!

Falk. But why so long——

Vyv. What! could I face thee, friend,
Or claim my bride, till I had won back honor?
The fleet had sailed—the foeman was defeated—
And on the earth I laid me down to die.
The prince of England's youth, frank-hearted Essex,
Passed by——But later I will tell you how
Pity woke question; soldier felt for soldier.
Essex then, nobly envying Drake's renown,

Conceived a scheme, kept secret till our clarions,
Startling the towers of Spain, told earth and time
How England answers the invader. Clarence,
Look—I have won the golden spurs of knighthood!

For worldly gifts, we'll share them—hush, my brother!
Love me, and thy gift is as large as mine.
Fortune stints gold to some; impartial Nature
Shames her in proffering more than gold to all—
Joy in the sunshine, beauty on the earth,
And love reflected in the glass of conscience;
Are these so mean? Place grief and guilt beside them,
Decked in a sultan's splendor, and compare!
The world's most royal heritage is his
Who most enjoys, most loves, and most forgives.

WALPOLE

OR EVERY MAN HAS HIS PRICE

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

THE RIGHT HON. ROBERT WALPOLE, M.P., *Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord of the Treasury.*
JOHN VEASEY, M.P., *his Confidant.*
SELDEN BLOUNT, M.P.
SIR SIDNEY BELLAIR, BART., M.P.
LORD NITHSDALE.
1ST JACOBITE LORD.
2D JACOBITE LORD.

Frequenters of Tom's Coffee-House, Servants, etc.

WOMEN.

LUCY WILMOT. MRS. VIZARD.

Scene—London, 1716.

Time occupied by the Events of the Play—*One Day.*

WALPOLE

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Tom's Coffee-house. In the background, gentlemen seated in different compartments, or "boxes."

Enter WALPOLE *and* VEASEY *from opposite sides.*

Vea. Ha! good-day, my dear patron.

Wal. Good-day, my dear friend,
You can spare me five minutes?

Vea. Five thousand.

Wal. Attend;
I am just from the king, and I failed not to press him
To secure to his service John Veasey.

Vea. God bless him!

Wal. George's reign, just begun, your tried worth will distinguish.

Vea. Oh, a true English king!

Wal. Tho' he cannot speak English.

Vea. You must find that defect a misfortune, I fear.

Wal. The reverse; for no rivals can get at his ear.
It is something to be the one public man pat in
The new language that now governs England, dog Latin.

Vea. Happy thing for these kingdoms that you have that gift,
Or, alas! thro' what shoals all our counsels would drift.

Wal. Yes, the change from Queen Anne to King George we must own,
Renders me and the Whigs the sole props of the throne.
For the Tories their Jacobite leanings disgrace,
And a Whig is the only safe man for a place.

Vea. And the Walpoles of Houghton, in all their relations,
Have been Whigs to the backbone for three generations.

Wal. Ay, my father and mother contrived to produce
Their eighteen sucking Whigs for the family use,
Of which number one only, without due reflection,
Braved the wrath of her house by a Tory connection.
But, by Jove, if her Jacobite husband be living,
I will make him a Whig.

Vea. How?

Wal. By something worth giving:
For I loved her in boyhood, that pale pretty sister;
And in counting the Walpoles still left, I have missed her.
[*Pauses in emotion but quickly recovers himself.*
What *was* it I said?—Oh,—the State and the Guelph,
For their safety, must henceforth depend on myself.
The revolt, scarcely quenched, has live sparks in its ashes;
Nay, fresh seeds for combustion were sown by its flashes.
Each example we make dangerous pity bequeaths;
For no Briton likes blood in the air that he breathes.

Vea. Yes: at least there's one rebel whose doom to the block
Tho' deserved, gives this soft-hearted people a shock.

Wal. Lord Nithsdale, you mean; handsome, young, and just wedded,—
A poor head, that would do us much harm if beheaded.

Vea. Yet they say you rejected all prayers for his life.

Wal. It is true; but in private I've talked to his wife:
She had orders to see him last night in the Tower.
And——

Vea. Well?

Wal. [*looking at his watch*]. Wait for the news—'tis not yet quite the hour.
Ah! poor England, I fear, at the General Election,
Will vote strong in a mad anti-Whiggish direction.
From a Jacobite Parliament we must defend her,
Or the King will be Stuart, and Guelph the Pretender.
And I know but one measure to rescue our land
From the worst of all ills—Civil War.

Vea. True; we stand
At that dread turning-point in the life of a State
When its free choice would favor what freedom should hate;
When the popular cause, could we poll population——

Wal. Would be found the least popular thing in the nation.

Vea. Scarce a fourth of this people are sound in their reason——

Wal. But we can't hang the other three-fourths for high treason.

Vea. Tell me, what is the measure your wisdom proposes?

Wal. In its third year, by law, this Whig Parliament closes.
But the law! What's the law in a moment so critical?
Church and State must be saved from a House Jacobitical.
Let this Parliament then, under favor of Heaven,
Lengthen out its existence from three years to seven.

Vea. Brilliant thought! could the State keep its present directors

Undisturbed for a time by those rowdy electors,
While this new German tree, just transplanted, takes root,
Dropping down on the lap of each friend golden fruit,
Britain then would be saved from all chance of reaction
To the craft and corruption of Jacobite faction.
But ah! think you the Commons would swallow the question?

Wal. That depends on what pills may assist their digestion.
I could make—see this list—our majority sure,
If by buying two men I could sixty secure;
For as each of these two is the chief of a section
That will vote black or white at its leader's direction,
Let the pipe of the shepherd but lure the bell-wether,
And he folds the whole flock, wool and cry, altogether.
Well, the first of these two worthy members you guess.

Vea. Sure, you cannot mean Blount virtuous Selden Blount?

Wal. Yes.

Vea. What! your sternest opponent, half Cato, half Brutus,
He, whose vote incorruptible——

Wal. Just now would suit us;
For a patriot so stanch could with dauntless effrontery——

Vea. Sell himself?

Wal. Why, of course, for the good of his country.
True, his price will be high—he is worth forty votes,
And his salary must pay for the change in their coats.
Prithee, has not his zeal for his fatherland—rather
Overburthened the lands he received from his father?

Vea. Well, 'tis whispered in the clubs that his debts somewhat tease him.

Wal. I must see him in private, and study to ease him.
Will you kindly arrange that he call upon me
At my home, not my office, to-day—just at three.
Not a word that can hint at the object in view—
Say some bill in the House that concerns him and you;
And on which, as distinct from all party disputes,
Members meet without tearing each other like brutes.

Vea. Lucky thought—Blount and I both agree in Committee
On a bill for amending the dues of the City——

Wal. And the Government wants to enlighten its soul
On the price which the public should pay for its coal.
We shall have him, this Puritan chief of my foes.
Now the next one to catch is the chief of the Beaux;
All our young members mimic his nod or his laugh;
And if Blount be worth forty votes, he is worth half.

Vea. Eh! Bellair, whose defence of the Jacobite peers——

Wal. Thrilled the House; Mister Speaker himself was in tears.
Faith, I thought he'd have beat us. [*Taking snuff.*

Vea. The fierce peroration——

Wal. Which compared me to Nero—superb [*brushing the snuff from his lace lappet*] declamation!

Vea. Yes; a very fine speaker.

Wal. Of that there's no doubt,
For he speaks about things he knows nothing about.
But I still to our party intend to unite him—
Secret Service Department—Bellair—a small item.

Vea. Nay, you jest—for this gay maiden knight in debate,
To a promise so brilliant adds fortune so great——

Wal. That he is not a man to be bought by hard cash;

But he's vain and conceited, light-hearted and rash.
Every favorite of fortune hopes still to be greater,
And a beau must want something to turn a debater.
Hem! I know a Duke's daughter, young, sprightly, and fair;
She will wed as I wish her; hint that to Bellair;
Ay, and if he will put himself under my steerage,
Say that with the Duke's daughter I throw in the peerage.

Vea. Those are baits that a vain man of wit may seduce.

Wal. Or, if not, his political creed must be loose;
To some Jacobite plot he will not be a stranger,
And to win him securely——

Vea. We'll get him in danger.
Hist! [*Enter* BELLAIR *humming a tune.*

SCENE II.

WALPOLE, VEASEY, BELLAIR.

Wal. Good-morning, Sir Sidney; your speech did you credit;
And whatever your party, in time you will head it.
Your attack on myself was exceedingly striking,
Tho' the subject you chose was not quite to my liking.
Tut! I never bear malice. You hunt?

Bel. Yes, of late.

Wal. And you ride as you speak?

Bel. Well, in both a light weight.

Wal. But light weights have the odds in their favor, I fear.

Come and hunt with my harriers at Houghton this year;
I can show you some sport.

Bel. Sir, there's no doubt of that.

Wal. We will turn out a fox.

Bel. [*aside*]. As a bait for a rat!

Wal. I expect you, next autumn! Agreed then: good-day. [*Exit* WALPOLE.

SCENE III.

VEASEY, BELLAIR.

Bel. Well, I don't know a pleasanter man in his way;
'Tis no wonder his friends are so fond of their chief.

Vea. That you are not among them is matter for grief.
Ah, a man of such stake in the land as yourself,
Could command any post in the Court of the Guelph.

Bel. No, no; I'm appalled.

Vea. By the king? Can you doubt him?

Bel. I'm appalled by these Gorgons, the ladies about him.

Vea. Good! ha, ha! yes, in beauty his taste may be wrong,
But he has what we want, sir, a government strong.

Bel. Meaning petticoat government? Mine too is such,
But my rulers don't frighten their subjects so much.

Vea. Nay, your rulers? Why plural! Legitimate sway
Can admit but one ruler to love——

Bel. And obey.
What a wife! Constitutional monarchy? Well,
If I choose my own sovereign I might not rebel.

Vea. You may choose at your will! With your parts,
wealth, condition,
You, in marriage, could link all the ends of ambition.
There *is* a young beauty—the highest in birth,
And her father, the Duke——

Bel. Oh, a Duke!

Vea. Knows your worth.
Listen; Walpole, desiring to strengthen the Lords
With the very best men whom the country affords,
Has implied to his Grace that his choice should be clear.
[*Carelessly.*
If you wed the Duke's daughter, of course you're a peer.

Bel. With the Lords and the lady would Walpole ally me?

Vea. Yes; and if I were *you*——

Bel. He would certainly buy me;
But I,—being a man—— [*Draws himself up haughtily.*

Vea. No offence. Why that frown?

Bel. [*relapsing into his habitual ease*]. Nay, forgive me.
Tho' man, I'm a man about town;
And so graceful a compliment could not offend
Any man about town, from a Minister's friend.
Still, if not from the frailty of mortals exempt,
Can a mortal be tempted where sins do not tempt?
Of my rank and my fortune I *am* so conceited,
That I don't, with a wife, want those blessings repeated.
And tho' flattered to learn I should strengthen the Peers—
Give me still our rough House with its laughter and
cheers.
Let the Lords have their chamber—I grudge not its powers;
But for badgering a Minister nothing like ours!
Whisper that to the Minister;—sir, your obedient.
[*Turns away.*

Vea. [*aside*]. Humph! I see we must hazard the ruder expedient.
If some Jacobite pit for his feet we can dig,
He shall hang as a Tory, or vote as a Whig.

[VEASEY *retires into the background.*

Bel. [*seating himself*]. Oh, how little these formalist middle-aged schemers
Know of *us* the bold youngsters, half sages, half dreamers!
Sages half? Yes, because of the time rushing on,
Part and parcel are *we: they* belong to time gone.
Dreamers half? Yes, because in a woman's fair face
We imagine the heavèn they find in a place.
At this moment I, courted by Whig and by Tory,
For the spangles and tinsel which clothe me with glory,
Am a monster so callous, I should not feel sorrow
If an earthquake engulfed Whig and Tory to-morrow.
"What a heartless assertion!" the aged would say:
True, the young have no heart, for they give it away.
Ah, I love! and here—joy!—comes the man who may aid me. [*Enter* BLOUNT.

SCENE IV.

BELLAIR, BLOUNT, VEASEY, ETC.

Blount [*to Coffee-house loungers, who gather round him as he comes down the stage*]. Yes, sir, just from Guildhall, where the City has paid me
The great honor I never can merit enough,
Of this box, dedicated to Virtue——

[*Coffee-house loungers gather round.*

Vea. And snuff.

Blount. Yes, sir, Higgins the Patriot, who deals in rappee,
Stored that box with pulvillio, superfluous to me:
For a public man gives his whole life to the nation,
And his nose has no time for a vain titillation.

Vea. On the dues upon coal—apropos of the City—
We agreed——

Blount. And were beat; Walpole bribed the Committee.

Vea. You mistake; he leans tow'rds us, and begs you to call
At his house—three o'clock.

Blount [*declaiming as if in Parliament*]. But I say, once for all,
That the dues——

Vea. Put the case as you only can do,
And we carry the question.

Blount. I'll call, sir, at two.

Vea. He said three.

Blount. I say *two*, sir; my honor's at stake,
To amend every motion that Ministers make.

[VEASEY *retires into the background.*

Blount [*advancing to* BELLAIR]. Young debater, your hand. One might tear into shreds
All your plea for not cutting off Jacobite heads;
But that burst against Walpole redeemed your whole speech,
Be but honest, and high is the fame you will reach.

Bel. Blount, your praise would delight, but your caution offends.

Blount. 'Tis my way—I'm plain spoken to foes and to friends.
What are talents but snares to mislead and pervert you,
Unless they converge in one end—Public Virtue!

Fine debaters abound: we applaud and despise them;
For when the House cheers them the Minister buys them.
Come, be honest, I say, sir—away with all doubt;
Public Virtue commands! Vote the Minister out!

Bel. Public Virtue when construed means private ambition.

Blount. This to me—to a Patriot——

Bel. In fierce opposition;

But you ask for my vote.

Blount. England wants every man.

Bel. Well, tho' Walpole can't buy me, I think that you can.

Blount, I saw you last evening cloaked up to your chin;
But I had not a guess who lay, *perdu*, within
All those bales of broadcloth—when a gust of wind rose,
And uplifting your beaver it let out your nose.

Blount [*somewhat confusedly*]. Yes, I always am cloaked—half disguised, when I go

Certain rounds—real charity hides itself so;
For one good deed concealed is worth fifty paraded.

Bel. Finely said. Quitting, doubtless, the poor you had aided,

You shot by me, before I had time to accost you,
Down a court which contains but one house;—there I lost you.

Blount. One house!

Bel. Where a widow named Vizard——

Blount [*aside*]. I tremble.

Yes——

Bel. Resides with an angel——

Blount [*aside*]. 'Twere best to dissemble.

With an angel! bah! say with a girl—what's her name?

Bel. On this earth, Lucy Wilmot.

Blount. Eh!—Wilmot?

Bel. The same.

Blount [*after a short pause*]. And how knew you these ladies?

Bel. Will you be my friend?

Blount. I? of course. Tell me all from beginning to end.

Bel. Oh, my story is short. Just a fortnight ago,
Coming home tow'rds the night from my club——

Blount. Drunk?

Bel. So, so.
"Help me, help!" cries a voice—'tis a woman's—I run—
Which may prove I'd drunk less than I often have done.
And I find—but, dear Blount, you have heard the renown
Of a set called the Mohawks?

Blount. The scourge of the town.
A lewd band of night savages, scouring the street,
Sword in hand,—and the terror of all whom they meet
Not as bad as themselves;—*you* were safe, sir; proceed.

Bel. In the midst of the Mohawks I saw her and freed——

Blount. You saw *her*—Lucy Wilmot—at night, and alone?

Bel. No, she had a protector—the face of that crone.

Blount. Mistress Vizard?

Bel. The same, yet, tho' strange it appear,
When the rogues saw her face they did *not* fly in fear.
Brief—I came, saw, and conquered—but own, on the whole,
That my conquest was helped by the City Patrol.
I escorted them home—at their threshold we part—
And I mourn since that night for the loss of my heart.

Blount. Did you call the next day to demand back that treasure?

Bel. Yes.

Blount. And saw the young lady?

Bel. I had not that pleasure;
I saw the old widow, who told me politely
That her house was too quiet for visits so sprightly;
That young females brought up in the school of propriety
Must regard all young males as the pests of society.
I will spare you her lectures, she showed me the door,
And closed it.

Blount. You've seen Lucy Wilmot no more?

Bel. Pardon, yes—very often; that is, once a day.
Every house has its windows——

Blount. Ah! what did you say?

Bel. Well, by words very little, but much by the eyes.
Now instruct me in turn,—from what part of the skies
Did my angel descend? What her parents and race?
She is well-born, no doubt—one sees *that* in her face.
What to her is Dame Vizard—that awful duenna,
With the look of a griffiness fed upon senna?
Tell me all. Ho there!—drawer, a pottle of clary!

Blount. Leave in peace the poor girl whom you never could marry.

Bel. Why?

Blount. Her station's too mean. In a small country town,
Her poor mother taught music.

Bel. Her father?

[Drawer *places wine and glasses on the table.*

Blount. Unknown.
From the mother's deathbed, from the evil and danger
That might threaten her youth, she was brought by a Stranger
To the house of a lady who——

Bel. Showed me the door?

Blount. Till instructed to live, like her mother before,
As a teacher of music. My noble young friend,
To a match so unmeet you could never descend.
You assure me, I trust, that all thought is dismist
Of a love so misplaced.

Bel. No [*filling* BLOUNT'S *glass*]—her health!

Blount. You persist?
Dare you, sir, to a man of my tenets austere,
Ev'n to hint your designs if your suit persevere?
What!—you still would besiege her?

Bel. Of course, if I love.

Blount. I am Virtue's defender, sir—there is my glove.

[*Flings down his glove, and rises in angry excitement.*

Bel. Noble heart! I esteem you still more for this heat.
In the list of my sins there's no room for deceit;
And to plot against innocence helpless and weak—
I'd as soon pick a pocket!

Blount. What mean you then? Speak.

Bel. Blount, I mean you to grant me the favor I ask.

Blount. What is that?

Bel. To yourself an agreeable task.
Since you know this Dame Vizard, you call there to-day,
And to her and to Lucy say all I would say.
You attest what I am—fortune, quality, birth,
Adding all that your friendship allows me of worth.
Blount, I have not a father; I claim you as one;
You will plead for my bride as you'd speak for a son.
All arranged—to the altar we go in your carriage,
And I'll vote as you wish the month after my marriage.

Blount [*aside*]. Can I stifle my fury?

Enter Newsman *with papers.*

Newsman. Great news!

Bel. Silence, ape!

[*Coffee-house loungers rise and crowd round the* Newsman —VEASEY *snatching the paper.*

Omnes. Read.

Vea. [*reading*]. "Lord Nithsdale, the rebel, has made his escape.

His wife, by permission of Walpole, last night
Saw her Lord in the Tower——" [*Great sensation.*

Bel. [*to* BLOUNT]. You will make it all right.

Vea. [*continuing*]. "And the traitor escaped in her mantle and dress."

Bel. [*to* BLOUNT]. Now my fate's in your hands—I may count on you.

Blount. Yes.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

A room in WALPOLE'S *house. Pictures on the wall. A large table with books, papers, etc.*

WALPOLE *and* VEASEY *seated.*

Wal. And so Nithsdale's escaped! His wife's mantle and gown;
Well—ha, ha! let us hope he's now out of this town,
And in safer disguise than my lady's attire,
Gliding fast down the Thames—which he'll not set on fire.
Vea. All your colleagues are furious.
Wal. Ah, yes; if they catch him,
Not a hand from the crown of the martyr could snatch him!
Of a martyr so pitied the troublesome ghost
Would do more for his cause than the arms of a host.
These reports from our agents, in boro' and shire,
Show how slowly the sparks of red embers expire.
Ah! what thousands will hail in a general election
The wild turbulent signal for——
Vea. Fresh insurrection.
Wal. [*gravely*]. Worse than that;—Civil War!—at all risk, at all cost,
We must carry this bill, or the nation is lost.
Vea. Will not Tory and Roundhead against it unite?
Wal. Every man has his price; I must bribe left and right.

So you've failed with Bellair—a fresh bait we must try.
As for Blount——

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. Blount.

Wal. Pray admit him. Good-by. [*Exit* VEASEY.

SCENE II.

WALPOLE, BLOUNT.

Blount. Mr. Walpole, you ask my advice on the dues
Which the City imposes on coal.

Wal. Sir, excuse
That pretence for some talk on more weighty a theme,
With a man who commands——

Blount [*aside*]. Forty votes.

Wal. My esteem.
You're a patriot, and therefore I courted this visit.
Hark! your country's in danger—great danger, sir.

Blount [*dryly*]. Is it?

Wal. And I ask you to save it from certain perdition.

Blount. Me!—I am——

Wal. Yes, at present in hot opposition.
But what's party? Mere cricket—some out and some in:
I have been out myself. At that time I was thin,
Atrabilious, sir—jaundiced; now, rosy and stout.
Nothing pulls down a statesman like long fagging out.
And to come to the point, now there's nobody by,
Be as stout and as rosy, dear Selden, as I.
What! when bad men conspire, shall not good men combine!
There's a place—the Paymastership—just in your line;

I may say that the fees are ten thousand a year,
Besides extras—not mentioned. [*Aside.*] The rogue will cost dear.

Blount. What has that, sir, to do with the national danger
To which——

Wal. You're too wise to be wholly a stranger.
Need I name to a man of your Protestant true heart
All the risks we yet run from the Pope and the Stuart?
And the indolent public is so unenlightened
That 'tis not to be trusted, and scarce to be frightened.
When the term of this Parliament draws to its close,
Should King George call another, 'tis filled with his foes.

Blount. You pay soldiers eno' if the Jacobites rise——

Wal. But a Jacobite House would soon stop their supplies.

There's a General, on whom you must own, on reflection,
The Pretender relies.

Blount. Who?

Wal. The General election.

Blount. That election must come; you have no other choice.

Would you juggle the People and stifle its voice?

Wal. That is just what young men fresh from college would say.

And the People's a very good thing in its way.
But what is the People?—the mere population?
No, the sound-thinking part of this practical nation,
Who support peace and order, and steadily all poll
For the weal of the land!

Blount [*aside*]. In plain words, for Bob Walpole.

Wal. Of a people like this I've no doubts nor mistrustings,

But I have of the fools who vote wrong at the hustings.
Sir, in short, I am always frank-spoken and hearty,
England needs all the patriots that go with your party.
We must make the three years of this Parliament seven,
And stave off Civil War. You agree?

Blount. Gracious heaven!
Thus to silence the nation, to baffle its laws,
And expect Selden Blount to defend such a cause!
What could ever atone for so foul a disgrace?

Wal. Everlasting renown—[*aside*] and the Paymaster's place.

Blount. Sir, your servant—good-day; I am not what you thought;
I am honest——

Wal. Who doubts it?

Blount. And not to be bought.

Wal. You are not to be bought, sir—astonishing man!
Let us argue that point. If creation you scan,
You will find that the children of Adam prevail
O'er the beasts of the field but by barter and sale.
Talk of coals—if it were not for buying and selling,
Could you coax from Newcastle a coal to your dwelling?
You would be to your own fellowmen good for nought,
Were it true, as you say, that you're not to be bought.
If you find men worth nothing—say, don't you despise them?
And what proves them worth nothing?—why, nobody buys them.
But a man of such worth as yourself! nonsense—come,
Sir, to business; I want you—I buy you; the sum?

Blount. Is corruption so brazen? are manners so base?

Wal. [*aside*]. That means he don't much like the Paymaster's place. [*With earnestness and dignity.*

Pardon, Blount, I spoke lightly; but do not mistake,—
On mine honor, the peace of the land is at stake.
Yes, the peace and the freedom! Were Hampden himself
Living still, would he side with Stuart or Guelph?
When the Cæsars the freedom of Rome overthrew,
All its forms they maintained—'twas its spirit they slew!
Shall the freedom of England go down to the grave?
No! the forms let us scorn, so the spirit we save.

Blount. England's peace and her freedom depend on your bill?

Wal. [*seriously*]. Thou know'st it—and therefore—

Blount. My aid you ask still?

Wal. Nay, no longer *I* ask, 'tis thy country petitions.

Blount. You talked about terms.

Wal. [*pushing pen and paper to him*]. There, then, write your conditions.

[BLOUNT *writes, folds the paper, gives it to* WALPOLE, *bows, and exit.*

Wal. [*reading*]. "'Mongst the men who are bought to save England inscribe me,
And my bribe is the head of the man who would bribe me."
Eh! my head! That ambition is much too high-reaching;
I suspect that the crocodile hints at impeaching.
And he calls himself honest! What highwayman's worse?—
Thus to threaten my life when I offer my purse.
Hem! he can't be in debt, as the common talk runs,
For the man who scorns money has never known duns.
And yet *have* him I must! Shall I force or entice?
Let me think—let me think; every man has his price.

[*Exit* WALPOLE.

SCENE III.

A room in MRS. VIZARD'S *house. At the back a large window opening on a balcony. In one angle of the room a small door, concealed in the wainscoting. In another angle folding-doors, through which the visitors enter. At each of the side scenes in front, another door.*

Enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. V. 'Tis the day when the Jacobite nobles bespeak
This safe room for a chat on affairs once a week.
[*Knock without.*
Ah, they come.

Enter two JACOBITE LORDS, *and* NITHSDALE *disguised as a woman.*

1*st J. L.* Ma'am, well knowing your zeal for our king,
To your house we have ventured this lady to bring.
She will quit you at sunset—nay, haply, much sooner—
For a voyage to France in some trusty Dutch schooner.
Hist!—her husband in exile she goes to rejoin,
And our homes are so watched——
Mrs. V. That she's safer in mine.
Come with me, my dear lady, I have in my care
A young ward——
1*st J. L.* [*hastily*]. Who must see her not! Till we prepare
Her departure, conceal her from all prying eyes;
She is timid, and looks on new faces as spies.

Send your servant on business that keeps her away
Until nightfall;—her trouble permit me to pay. [*Gives purse.*

Mrs. V. Nay, my lord, I don't need——

1*st J. L.* Quick, your servant release.

Mrs. V. I will send her to Kent with a note to my niece.
[*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

1*st J. L.* [*to* NITH.]. Here you're safe; still, I tremble until you are freed;
Keep sharp watch at the window—the signal's agreed.
When a pebble's thrown up at the pane, you will know
'Tis my envoy;—a carriage will wait you below.

Nith. And if, ere you can send him, some peril befall?

1*st J. L.* Risk your flight to the inn near the steps at Blackwall.

Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. V. She is gone.

1*st J. L.* Lead the lady at once to her room.

Mrs. V. [*opening door to right of side scene*]. No man dares enter here.

Nith. [*aside*]. Where she sleeps, I presume.

[*Exeunt* MRS. VIZARD *and* NITHSDALE.

2*d. J. L.* You still firmly believe, tho' revolt is put down,
That King James is as sure to recover his crown?

1*st. J. L.* Yes; but wait till this Parliament's close is decreed,
And then up with our banner from Thames to the Tweed.
[*Knock at the street-door.*
Who knocks? Some new friend?

Enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. V. [*looking out of the window*]. Oh! quick—quick—do not stay!
It is Blount.

Both L. What!—the Roundhead?

Mrs. V. [*opening concealed door in the angle*]. Here—here —the back way. [*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

1*st J. L.* [*as they get to the door*]. Hush! and wait till he's safe within doors.

2*d J. L.* But our foes
She admits?

1*st J. L.* By my sanction,—their plans to disclose.

[*Exeunt* JACOBITE LORDS *just as enter* BLOUNT *and* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE IV.

MRS. VIZARD, BLOUNT.

Mrs. V. I had sent out my servant; this is not your hour.

Blount. Mistress Vizard.

Mrs. V. Sweet sir! [*Aside.*] He looks horridly sour.

Blount. I enjoined you, when trusting my ward to your care——

Mrs. V. To conceal from herself the true name that you bear.

Blount. And she still has no guess——

Mrs. V. That in Jones, christened John,
'Tis the great Selden Blount whom she gazes upon.

Blount. And my second injunction——

Mrs. V. Which was duly to teach her
To respect all you say, as if said by a preacher.

Blount. A preacher!—not so; as a man she should rather
Confide in, look up to, and love as——

Mrs. V. A father.

Blount. Hold! I did not say "Father." You might, for you can
Call me——
Mrs. V. What?
Blount. Hang it, madam, a fine-looking man.
But at once to the truth which your cunning secretes,
How came Lucy and you, ma'am, at night in the streets?
Mrs. V. I remember. Poor Lucy so begged and so cried—
On that day, a year since——
Blount. Well!
Mrs. V. Her poor mother died;
And all her wounds opened, recalling that day:
She insisted—I had not the heart to say nay—
On the solace religion alone can bestow;
So I led her to church,—does that anger you?
Blount. No!
But at nightfall——
Mrs. V. I knew that the church would be dark;
And thus nobody saw us, not even the clerk.
Blount. And returning——
Mrs. V. We fell into terrible danger.
Sir, the Mohawks——
Blount. I know; you were saved by a stranger.
He escorted you home; called the next day, I hear.
Mrs. V. But I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear.
Blount. Since that day the young villain has seen her.
Mrs. V. Oh no!
Blount. Yes.
Mrs. V. And where?
Blount. At the window.
Mrs. V. You do not say so!
What deceivers girls are? how all watch they befool!

One should marry them off, ere one sends them to school!

Blount. Ay, I think you are right. All our plans have miscarried.

Go; send Lucy to me—it is time she were married.

[*Exit* MRS. VIZARD *by door to left of side scene.*

Blount. When I first took this orphan, forlorn and alone,
From the poor village inn where I sojourned unknown,
My compassion no feeling more sensitive masked.
She was grateful—that pleased me; was more than I asked.
'Twas in kindness I screened myself under false names,
For she told me her father had fought for King James;
And, imbued in the Jacobite's pestilent error,
In a Roundhead she sees but a bugbear of terror.
And from me, Selden Blount, who invoked our free laws
To behead or to hang all who side with that cause,
She would start with a shudder! Oh, fool! how above
Human weakness I thought myself! This, then, is love!
Heavens! to lose her—resign to another those charms?
No, no! never! Why yield to such idle alarms?
What's that fop she has seen scarcely once in a way
To a man like myself, whom she sees every day?
Mine she must be! but how!—the world's laughter I dread.
Tut! the world will not know, if in secret we wed.

[*Enter* LUCY *by door to left of side scene.*

SCENE V.

BLOUNT, LUCY.

Lucy. Dear sir, you look pale. Are you ill?

Blount. Ay, what then?

What am I in your thoughts?

Lucy. The most generous of men.
Can you doubt of the orphan's respectful affection,
When she owes ev'n a home to your sainted protection?
Blount. In that home I had hoped for your youth to secure
Safe escape from the perils that threaten the pure:
But, alas! where a daughter of Eve is, I fear
That the serpent will still be found close at her ear.
Lucy. You alarm me!
Blount. I ought. Ah, what danger you ran!
You have seen—have conversed with——
Lucy. Well, well.
Blount. A young man.
Lucy. Nay, he is not so frightful, dear sir, as you deem;
If you only but knew him, I'm sure you'd esteem.
He's so civil—so pleasant—the sole thing, I fear,
Is—heigh-ho! are fine gentlemen always sincere?
Blount. You are lost if you heed not the words that I say.
Ah! young men are not now what they were in my day.
Then their fashion was manhood, their language was truth,
And their love was as fresh as a world in its youth;
Now they fawn like a courtier, and fib like his flunkeys,
And their hearts are as old as the faces of monkeys.
Lucy. Ah! you know not Sir Sidney——
Blount. His nature I do,
For he owned to my friend his designs upon you.
Lucy. What designs?
Blount. Of a nature too dreadful to name.
Lucy. How! His words full of honor——
Blount. Veiled thoughts full of shame.
Heard you never of wolves in sheep's clothing? Why weep?

Lucy. Indeed, sir, he don't look the least like a sheep.

Blount. No, the sheepskin for clothing much finer he trucks;
Wolves are nowaday clad not as sheep—but as bucks.
'Tis a false heart you find where a fine dress you see,
And a lover sincere in a plain man like me.
Dismiss then, dear child, this young beau from your mind—
A young beau should be loathed by good young womankind.
At the best he's a creature accustomed to roam;
'Tis at sixty man learns how to value a home.
Idle fancies throng quick at your credulous age,
And their cure is companionship, cheerful but sage;
So, in future, I'll give you much more of my own.
Weeping still!—I've a heart, and it is not of stone.

Lucy. Pardon, sir, these vain tears; nor believe that I mourn
For a false-hearted——

Blount. Coxcomb, who merits but scorn.
We must give you some change—purer air, livelier scene—
And your mind will soon win back its temper serene.
You must quit this dull court with its shocking lookout.
Yes, a cot is the home of contentment, no doubt.
A sweet cot with a garden—walled round—shall be ours,
Where our hearts shall unite in the passion—for flowers.
Ah! I know a retreat, from all turmoil remote,
In the suburb of Lambeth—soon reached by a boat.
So that every spare moment to business not due
I can give, my sweet Lucy, to rapture and you.

Lucy. What means he? His words and his looks are alarming;
Mr. Jones, you're too good!

Blount. What!—to find you so charming?

Yes; tho' Fortune has placed my condition above you,
Yet Love levels all ranks. Be not startled—I love you.
From all dreams less exalted your fancies arouse;
The poor orphan I raise to the rank of my spouse.

Lucy. What! His spouse! Do I dream?

Blount. Till that moment arrives,
Train your mind to reflect on the duty of wives.
I must see Mistress Vizard, and all things prepare;
To secure our retreat shall this day be my care.
And—despising the wretch who has caused us such sorrow—
Our two lives shall unite in the cottage to-morrow.

Lucy. Pray excuse me—this talk is so strangely——

Blount. Delightful!

Lucy [*aside*]. I am faint; I am all of a tremble: how frightful! [*Exit through side door to left.*

Blount. Good; my mind overawes her! From fear love will grow,
And by this time to-morrow a fig for the beau. [*Calling out.*
Mistress Vizard! [*Enter* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE VI.

BLOUNT, MRS. VIZARD.

Blount. Guard well my dear Lucy to-day,
For to-morrow I free you, and bear her away.
I agree with yourself—it is time she were married,
And I only regret that so long I have tarried.
Eno'!—I've proposed.

Mrs. V. She consented?

Blount. Of course;
Must a man like myself get a wife, ma'am, by force?

Newsman [*without, ringing a bell*]. Great News.

Mrs. V. [*running to the window, listening and repeating*]. What! "Lord Nithsdale escaped from the tower."

[NITHSDALE *peeps through the door of his room.*

"In his wife's clothes disguised!—the gown gray, with red flower,
Mantle black, trimmed with ermine." My hearing is hard.
Mr. Blount, Mr. Blount! Do you hear the reward?

Blount. Yes; a thousand——

Mrs. V. What!—guineas?

Blount. Of course; come away.
I go now for the parson—do heed what I say.

[NITHSDALE *shakes his fist at* MRS. VIZARD, *and retreats.*

We shall marry to-morrow—no witness but you;
For the marriage is private. I'm Jones still. Adieu!

[*Exit* BLOUNT.

[LUCY *peeps out.*

Mrs. V. Ha! a thousand gold guineas!

[*Locks* NITHSDALE'S *door.*

Re-enter BLOUNT.

Blount. Guard closely my treasure.
That's her door; for precaution, just lock it.

Mrs. V. With pleasure.

[*As she shows out* BLOUNT, LUCY *slips forth.*

Lucy. Eh! locked up! No, I yet may escape if I hide.

[*Gets behind the window-curtains.*

Re-enter MRS. VIZARD.

Mrs. V. Shall I act on this news? I must quickly decide.
Surely Nithsdale it is! Gray gown, sprigged with red;

Did not walk like a woman—a stride, not a tread.

[*Locks* LUCY'S *door.*

Both my lambs are in fold; I'll steal out and inquire.
Robert Walpole might make the reward somewhat higher.

[*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

Lucy [*looking out from the window*]. She has locked the street-door. She has gone with the key,
And the servant is out. No escape; woe is me!
How I love him! And yet I must see him with loathing.
Why should wolves be disguised in such beautiful clothing?

Niths. [*knocking violently*]. Let me out. I'll not perish entrapped. From your snare
Thus I break——

[*Bursts the door, and comes out brandishing a poker.*

Treacherous hag!

SCENE VII.

LUCY, NITHSDALE.

Lucy. 'Tis the wolf. Spare me; spare!

[*Kneeling, and hiding her face.*

Niths. She's a witch, and has changed herself!
Lucy. Do not come near me.
Niths. Nay, young lady, look up!
Lucy. 'Tis a woman!
Niths. Why fear me?
Perchance, like myself, you're a prisoner?
Lucy. Ah yes!
Niths. And your kinsfolk are true to the Stuart, I guess.
Lucy. My poor father took arms for King James.
Niths. So did I.

Lucy. You!—a woman! How brave!

Niths. For that crime I must die
If you will not assist me.

Lucy. Assist you—how? Say.

Niths. That she-Judas will sell me, and goes to betray.

Lucy. Fly! Alas! she has locked the street-door!

Niths. Lady fair,
Does not Love laugh at locksmiths? Well, so does Despair!
[*Glancing at the window.*
Flight is here. But this dress my detection insures.
If I could but exchange hood and mantle for yours!
Dare I ask you to save me?

Lucy. Nay, doubt not my will;
But my door is locked.

Niths. [*raising the poker*]. And the key is *here* still.
[*Bursts the door of* LUCY'S *room and enters.*

Lucy. I have read of the Amazons; this must be one.

Niths. [*coming from the door with hood, gown, and mantle on his arm*]. I have found all I need for the risk I must run.

Lucy. Can I help you?

Niths. Heaven bless thee, sweet Innocence, no.
Haste, and look if no back way is open below.
Stay; your father has served the king over the water;
And this locket may please your brave father's true daughter—
The gray hair of poor Charles, intertwined with the pearl.
Go; vouchsafe me this kiss.
[*Kissing her hand, and exit within the door.*

Lucy. What a wonderful girl!

SCENE VIII.

The exterior of MRS. VIZARD'S *house. Large window. Balcony, area rails below. A court. Dead walls for side scenes, with blue posts at each end, through which the actors enter.*

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. For the curse of celebrity nothing atones.
The sharp-parson I call on, as simple John Jones,
Has no sooner set eyes on my popular front,
Than he cries, "Ha! the Patriot, the great Selden Blount!"
Mistress Vizard must hunt up some priest just from Cam,
Who may gaze on these features, nor guess who I am.
[*Knocks.*
Not at home. Servant out too! Ah! gone forth, I guess,
To enchant the young bride with a new wedding-dress.
I must search for a parson myself.
[*Enter* BELLAIR *from the opposite side.*

SCENE IX.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR.

Bel. [*slapping him on the shoulder*]. Blount, your news?
Blount. You! and here, sir! What means——
Bel. My impatience excuse.
You have seen her?
Blount. I have.
Bel. And have pleaded my cause:
And of course she consents, for she loves me? You pause.
Blount. Nay, alas! my dear friend——

Bel. Speak and tell me my fate.

Blount. Quick and rash though your wooing be, it is too late;
She has promised her hand to another. Bear up!

Bel. There is many a slip 'twixt the lip and the cup.
Ah! my rival I'll fight. Say his name if you can.

Blount. Mr. Jones. I am told he's a fine-looking man.

Bel. His address?

Blount. Wherefore ask? You kill *her* in this duel—
Slay the choice of her heart!

Bel. Of her heart; you are cruel.
But if so, why, Heaven bless her!

Blount. My arm—come away!

Bel. No, my carriage waits yonder. I thank you. Good-day. [*Exit.*

Blount. He is gone; I am safe—[*shaking his left hand with his right*] wish you joy, my dear Jones! [*Exit.*

[NITHSDALE, *disguised in* LUCY'S *dress and mantle, opens the window.*

Niths. All is still. How to jump without breaking my bones? [*Trying to flatten his petticoats, and with one leg over the balcony.*
Curse these petticoats! Heaven, out of all my lost riches,
Why couldst thou not save me one thin pair of breeches!
Steps! [*Gets back—shuts the window.*

Re-enter BELLAIR.

Bel. But Blount may be wrong. From her own lips alone
Will I learn. [*Looking up at the window.*
I see some one; I'll venture this stone.
[*Picks up, and throws, a pebble at the window.*

Niths. [*opening the window*]. Joy!—the signal!

SCENE X.

BELLAIR, NITHSDALE.

Bel. 'Tis you; say my friend was deceived.

[NITHSDALE *makes an affirmative sign.*

You were snared into——

Niths. Hush!

Bel. Could you guess how I grieved!
But oh! fly from this jail; I'm still full of alarms.
I've a carriage at hand: trust yourself to these arms.

[NITHSDALE *tucks up his petticoats, gets down the balcony backward, setting his foot on the area rail.*

Bel. Powers above!—what a leg!

[LORD NITHSDALE *turns round on the rail, rejects* BELLAIR'S *hand, and jumps down.*

Bel. Oh, my charmer! one kiss:

Niths. Are you out of your senses?

Bel. [*trying to pull up her hood*]. With rapture!

Niths. [*striking him*]. Take this!

Bel. What a fist! If it hits one so hard before marriage
What *would* it do after?

Niths. Quick—where is the carriage?
Now, sir, give me your hand.

Bel. I'll be hanged if I do
Till I snatch my first kiss!

[*Lifts the hood and recoils astounded.*

Who the devil are you?

[NITHSDALE *tries to get from him. A struggle.* BELLAIR *prevails.*

Bel. I will give you in charge, or this moment confess
How you pass as my Lucy, and wear her own dress?

Niths. [*aside*]. What! His Lucy? I'm saved.
To her pity I owe
This last chance for my life; would you sell it, sir?
Bel. No.
But your life! What's your name? Mine is Sidney Bellair.
Niths. Who in Parliament pleaded so nobly to spare
From the axe——
Bel. The chiefs doomed in the Jacobite rise?
Niths. [*with dignity*]. I am Nithsdale. Quick—sell me or free me—time flies.
Bel. Come this way. There's my coach: I will take you myself
Where you will;—ship you off.
Niths. Do you side with the Guelph?
Bel. Yes. What then?
Niths. You would risk your own life by his laws,
Did you ship me to France. They who fight in a cause
Should alone share its perils. Farewell, generous stranger!
Bel. Pooh! no gentleman leaves a young lady in danger;
You'd be mobbed ere you got half a yard through the town;
Why, that stride and that calf—let me settle your gown.
[*Clinging to him, and half spoken without.*
No, no; I will see you at least to my carriage. [*Behind scene.*
To what place shall it drive?
Niths. To Blackwall.

Enter LUCY *from the window.*

Lucy. Hateful marriage!
But where's that poor lady? What!—gone? She is free!
Could she leap from the window? I wish I were she.
[*Retreats.*

SCENE XI.

BELLAIR, LUCY.

Bel. Now she's safe in my coach, on condition, I own,
Not flattering, sweet creature, to leave her alone.
Lucy [*peeping*]. It is he.
Bel. Ah! if Lucy would only appear!
[*Stoops to pick up a stone, and in the act to fling as* LUCY *comes out.*
Oh, my Lucy!—mine angel!
Lucy. Why is he so dear?
Bel. Is it true? From that face am I evermore banished?
In your love was the dream of my life! Is it vanished?
Have you pledged to another your hand and your heart?
Lucy. Not my heart. Oh, not that.
Bel. But your hand? By what art,
By what force, are you won heart and hand to dissever,
And consent to loathed nuptials that part us forever?
Lucy. Would that pain you so much?
Bel. Can you ask? Oh, believe me,
You're my all in the world!
Lucy. I am told you deceive me;
That you harbor designs which my lips dare not name,
And your words full of honor veil thoughts full of shame.
Ah, sir! I'm so young and so friendless—so weak!
Do not ask for my heart if you take it to break.
Bel. Who can slander me thus? Not my friend, I am sure.

Lucy. His friend!

Bel. Can my love know one feeling impure
When I lay at your feet all I have in this life—
Wealth and rank, name and honor—and woo you as wife?

Lucy. As your wife! All about you seems so much above
My mean lot——

Bel. And so worthless compared to your love.
You reject, then, this suitor?—my hand you accept?

Lucy. Ah! but do you not see in what prison I'm kept?
And this suitor——

Bel. You hate him!

Lucy. Till this day, say rather——

Bel. What?

Lucy. I loved him.

Bel. You loved!

Lucy. As I might a grandfather.
He has shielded the orphan;—I had not a notion
That he claimed from me more than a grandchild's devotion!
And my heart ceased to beat between terror and sorrow
When he said he would make me his wife, and to-morrow.

Bel. Fly with me and at once!

Lucy. She has locked the street door.

Bel. And my angel's not made to jump down from that floor.
Listen—quick; I hear voices:—I save you; this night
I arrange all we need both for wedlock and flight.
At what time after dark does your she-dragon close
Her sweet eyes, and her household consign to repose?

Lucy. About nine in this season of winter. What then?

Bel. By the window keep watch. When the clock has struck ten
A slight stone smites the casement;—below I attend.

You will see a safe ladder; at once you descend.
We then reach your new home, priest and friends shall be there,
Proud to bless the young bride of Sir Sidney Bellair.
Hush! the steps come this way; do not fail! She is won.

[*Exit* BELLAIR.

Lucy. Stay;—I tremble as guilty. Heavens! what have I done?

ACT III.—SCENE I.

St. James's Park. Seats, etc. Time—Sunset.

Enter BLOUNT.

Blount. So the parson is found and the cottage is hired—
Every fear was dispelled when my rival retired.
Ev'n my stern mother country must spare from my life
A brief moon of that honey one tastes with a wife!
And then strong as a giant, recruited by sleep,
On corruption and Walpole my fury shall sweep.
'Mid the cheers of the House I will state in my place
How the bribes that he proffered were flung in his face.
Men shall class me amid those examples of worth
Which, alas! become daily more rare on this earth;
And Posterity, setting its brand on the front
Of a Walpole, select for its homage a Blount.

[*Enter* BELLAIR, *singing gayly.*

SCENE II.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR.

Bel. "The dove builds where the leaves are still green on the tree——"

Blount [*rising*]. Ha!

Bel. "For May and December can never agree."

Blount. I am glad you've so quickly got over that blow.

Bel. Fallala!

Blount [*aside*]. What this levity means I must know.
The friend I best loved was your father, Bellair—
Let me hope your strange mirth is no laugh of despair.

Bel. On the wit of the wisest man it is no stigma
If the heart of a girl is to him an enigma;
That my Lucy was lost to my arms you believed—
Wish me joy, my dear Blount, you were grossly deceived.
She is mine!—What on earth are you thinking about?
Do you hear?

Blount. I am racked!

Bel. What?

Blount. A twinge of the gout.
[*Reseating himself.*

Pray excuse me.

Bel. Nay, rather myself I reproach
For not heeding your pain. Let me call you a coach.

Blount. Nay, nay, it is gone. I am eager to hear
How I've been thus deceived—make my blunder more clear.
You have seen her?

Bel. Of course. From her own lips I gather
That your good Mr. Jones might be Lucy's grandfather.
Childish fear or of Vizard—who seems a virago—
Or the old man himself——

Blount. Oh!

Bel. You groan?

Blount. The lumbago!

Bel. Ah! they say gout is shifty—now here and now there.

Blount. Pooh; continue. The girl then——

Bel. I found in despair.
But no matter—all's happily settled at last.

Blount. Ah! eloped from the house?

Bel. No, the door was made fast.
But to-night I would ask you a favor.
Blount. What? Say.
Bel. If your pain should have left you, to give her away.
For myself it is meet that I take every care
That my kinsfolk shall hail the new Lady Bellair.
I've induced my two aunts (who are prudish) to grace
With their presence my house, where the nuptials take place.
And to act as her father there's no man so fit
As yourself, dear old Blount, if the gout will permit.
Blount. 'Tis an honor——
Bel. Say pleasure.
Blount. Great pleasure! Proceed.
How is *she*, if the door be still fast, to be freed?
Is the house to be stormed?
Bel. Nay; I told you before
That a house has its windows as well as its door.
And a stone at the pane for a signal suffices,
While a ladder——
Blount. I see. [*Aside.*] What infernal devices!
Has she no maiden fear——
Bel. From the ladder to fall?
Ask her that—when we meet at my house in Whitehall.
[*Enter* 1*st* JACOBITE LORD.

SCENE III.

BLOUNT, BELLAIR, 1*st* JACOBITE, *afterward* VEASEY.

J. L. [*giving note to* BELLAIR]. If I err not, I speak to Sir Sidney Bellair?
Pray vouchsafe me one moment in private.
[*Draws him aside.*

Blount. Despair!
How prevent?—how forestall? Could I win but delay,
I might yet brush this stinging fly out of my way.

[*While he speaks, enter* VEASEY *in the background.*

Vea. Bellair whispering close with that Jacobite lord——
Are they hatching some plot?

[*Hides behind the trees—listening.*

Bel. [*reading*]. So he's safely on board——

J. L. And should Fortune shake out other lots from her urn,
We, poor friends of the Stuart, might serve you in turn.
You were talking with Blount—Selden Blount—is he one
Of your friends?

Bel. Ay, the truest.

J. L. Then warn him to shun
That vile Jezebel's man-trap—I know he goes there.
Whom she welcomes she sells.

Bel. I will bid him beware.

[*Shakes hands. Exit* JACOBITE LORD.

Bel. [*to* BLOUNT]. I have just learned a secret, 'tis fit I should tell you.
Go no more to old Vizard's, or know she will sell you.
Nithsdale hid in her house when the scaffold he fled.
She received him, and went for the price on his head;
But—the drollest mistake—of that tale by and by——
He was freed; is safe now!

Blount. Who delivered him?

Bel. I.

Blount. Ha!—you did!

Bel. See, he sends me this letter of thanks.

Blount [*reading*]. Which invites you to join with the Jacobite ranks.

And when James has his kingdom——

Bel. That chance is remote;

Blount. Hints an earldom for you.

Bel. Bah!

Blount. Take care of this note.

[*Appears to thrust it into* BELLAIR'S *coat-pocket—lets it fall, and puts his foot on it.*

Bel. Had I guessed that the hag was so greedy of gold,
Long ago I had bought Lucy out of her hold;
But to-night the dear child will be free from her power.
Adieu! I expect you then.

Blount. Hold! at what hour?

Bel. By the window at ten, self and ladder await her;
The wedding—eleven; you will not be later. [*Exit.*

Blount [*picking up the letter*]. Nithsdale's letter. Bright thought!—and what luck! I see Veasey.

Re-enter BELLAIR.

Bel. Blount, I say, will old Jones be to-morrow uneasy? Can't you fancy his face?

Blount. Yes; ha! ha!

Bel. I am off. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

BLOUNT, VEASEY.

Blount. What? shall I, Selden Blount, be a popinjay's scoff?
Mr. Veasey, your servant.

Vea. I trust, on the whole,
That you've settled with Walpole the prices of coal.

Blount. Coals be—lighted below! Sir, the country's in danger.

Vea. To that fact Walpole says that no patriot's a stranger.

Blount. With the safety of England myself I will task,
If you hold yourself licensed to grant what I ask.

Vea. Whatsoever the terms of a patriot so stanch,
Walpole gives you—I speak as his proxy—*carte blanche.*

Blount. If I break private ties where the Public's at stake,
Still my friend is my friend: the condition I make
Is to keep him shut up from all share in rash strife,
And secure him from danger to fortune and life.

Vea. Blount—agreed. And this friend? Scarce a moment ago
I marked Sidney Bellair in close talk with——

Blount. I know.
There's a plot to be checked ere it start into shape.
Hark! Bellair had a hand in Lord Nithsdale's escape!

Vea. That's abetment of treason.

Blount. Read this, and attend.

[*Gives* NITHSDALE'S *note to* BELLAIR, *which* VEASEY *reads.*

Snares atrocious are set to entrap my poor friend
In an outbreak to follow that Jacobite's flight——

Vea. In an outbreak. Where?—when?

Blount. Hush! in London to-night.
He is thoughtless and young. Act on this information,
Quick—arrest him at once; and watch over the nation.

Vea. No precaution too great against men disaffected.

Blount. And the law gives you leave to confine the suspected.

Vea. Ay, this note will suffice for a warrant. Be sure,
Ere the clock strike the quarter, your friend is secure.

[*Exit* VEASEY.

Blount. Good; my rival to-night will be swept from my way,
And John Jones shall wake easy eno' the next day.
Do I still love this girl? No, my hate is so strong,
That to me, whom she mocks, she alone shall belong.
I need trust to that salable Vizard no more.
Ha! I stand as Bellair the bride's window before.
Oh, when love comes so late how it maddens the brain,
Between shame for our folly, and rage at our pain! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Room in WALPOLE'S *house.* [*Lights.*]

Enter WALPOLE.

Wal. So Lord Nithsdale's shipped off. There's an end of one trouble;
When his head's at Boulogne the reward shall be double.
[*Seating himself, takes up a book—glances at it, and throws it down.*
Stuff! I wonder what lies the Historians will tell
When they babble of one Robert Walpole! Well, well,
Let them sneer at his blunders, declaim on his vices,
Cite the rogues whom he purchased, and rail at the prices,
They shall own that all lust for revenge he withstood;
And, if lavish of gold, he was sparing of blood;
That when England was threatened by France and by Rome,
He forced Peace from abroad and encamped her at home,
And the Freedom he left, rooted firm in mild laws,
May o'ershadow the faults of deeds done in her cause!
[*Enter* VEASEY.

SCENE VI.

WALPOLE, VEASEY.

Vea. [*giving note*]. Famous news! See, Bellair has delivered himself
To your hands. He must go heart and soul with the Guelph,
And vote straight, or he's ruined.

Wal. [*reading*]. This note makes it clear
That he's guilty of Nithsdale's escape.

Vea. And I hear
That to-night he will lead some tumultuous revolt,
Unless chained to his stall like a mischievous colt.

Wal. Your informant?

Vea. Guess! Blount; but on promise to save
His young friend's life and fortune!

Wal. What Blount says is grave.
He would never thus speak if not sure of his fact.
[*Signing warrant.*
Here, then, take my State warrant; but cautiously act.
Bid Bellair keep his house—forbid exits and entries;—
To make sure, at his door place a couple of sentries.
Say I mean him no ill; but these times will excuse
Much less gentle precautions than those which I use.
Stay, Dame Vizard is waiting without: to her den
Nithsdale fled. She came here to betray him.

Vea. What then?

Wal. Why, I kept her, perforce, till I sent, on the sly,
To prevent her from hearing Lord Nithsdale's good-by.

When my agent arrived, I'm delighted to say
That the cage-wires were broken,—the bird flown away;
But he found one poor captive imprisoned, and weeping;
I must learn how that captive came into such keeping.
Now, then, off—nay, a moment; you would not be loth
Just to stay with Bellair?—I may send for you both.

Vea. With a host more delightful no mortal could sup,
But a guest so unlooked for——

Wal. Will cheer the boy up!

[*Exit* VEASEY.

Wal. [*ringing hand-bell*]. [*Enter* Servant.

Usher in Mistress Vizard.

SCENE VII.

WALPOLE, MRS. VIZARD.

Wal. Quite shocked to detain you,
But I knew a mistake, if there were one, would pain you.

Mrs. V. Sir, mistake there is not; that vile creature is no woman.

Wal. But you locked the door?

Mrs. V. Fast.

Wal. Then, no doubt, 'tis a woman,
For she slipped thro' the window.

Mrs. V. No woman durst!

Wal. Nay.
When did woman want courage to go her own way?

Mrs. V. You jest, sir. To me 'tis no subject of laughter.

Wal. Do not weep. The reward?—we'll discuss that hereafter.

Mrs. V. You'd not wrong a poor widow who brought you such news?

Wal. Wrong a widow!—there's oil to put in her cruse.
[*Giving a pocket-book.*
Meanwhile, the tried agent despatched to your house,
In that trap found a poor little terrified mouse,
Which did call itself "Wilmot"—a name known to me.
Pray you, how in your trap did that mouse come to be?
Mrs. V. [*hesitatingly*]. Sir, believe me——
Wal. Speak truth—for your own sake you ought.
Mrs. V. By a gentleman, sir, to my house she was brought.
Wal. Oh! some Jacobite kinsman perhaps?
Mrs. V. Bless you, no;
A respectable Roundhead. You frighten me so!
Wal. A respectable Roundhead intrust to your care
A young girl, whom you guard as in prison!—Beware!
'Gainst decoy for vile purpose the law is severe.
Mrs. V. Fie! you libel a saint, sir, of morals austere.
Wal. Do you mean Judith Vizard?
Mrs. V. I mean Selden Blount.
Wal. I'm bewildered! But why does this saint (no affront)
To your pious retreat a fair damsel confide?
Mrs. V. To protect her as ward till he claims her as bride.
Wal. Faith, his saintship does well until that day arrive
To imprison the maid he proposes to wive.
But these Roundheads are wont but with Roundheads to wed,
And the name of this lady is Wilmot she said.
Every Wilmot I know of is to the backbone
A rank Jacobite; say, can that name be her own?
Mrs. V. Not a doubt; more than once I have heard the girl say
That her father had fought for King James on the day
When the ranks of the Stuart were crushed at the Boyne.

He escaped from the slaughter, and fled to rejoin
At the Court of St. Germain's his new-wedded bride.
Long their hearth without prattlers; a year ere he died,
Lucy came to console her who mourned him bereft
Of all else in this world.

Wal. [*eagerly*]. But the widow he left;
She lives still?

Mrs. V. No; her child is now motherless.

Wal. [*aside*]. Fled!
Fled again from us, sister! How stern are the dead!
Their dumb lips have no pardon! Tut! shall I build grief
On a guess that perchance only fools my belief?
This may *not* be her child. [*Rings.*

Enter Servant.

My coach waits?

Servant. At the door.

Wal. Come; your house teems with secrets I long to explore. [*Exeunt* WALPOLE *and* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE VIII.

MRS. VIZARD'S *house. A lamp on the table.*
Enter LUCY *from her room.*

Lucy. Mistress Vizard still out! [*Looking at the clock.*
What! so late? Oh, my heart!
How it beats! Have I promised in stealth to depart?
Trust him—yes! But will *he*, ah! long after this night,
Trust the wife wooed so briefly, and won but by flight?
My lost mother! [*Takes a miniature from her breast.*
Oh, couldst thou yet counsel thy child!

No, this lip does not smile as it yesterday smiled.
From thine heaven can no warning voice come to mine ear;
Save thy child from herself;—'tis myself that I fear.

Enter WALPOLE *and* MRS. VIZARD *through the concealed door.*

Mrs. V. Lucy, love, in this gentleman (curtsey, my dear)
See a friend.

Wal. Peace, and leave us. [*Exit* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE IX.

WALPOLE, LUCY.

Wal. Fair girl I would hear
From yourself, if your parents——

Lucy. My parents; oh, say
Did you know them?—my mother?

Wal. The years roll away.
I behold a gray hall, backed by woodlands of pine;
I behold a fair face—eyes and tresses like thine—
By her side a rude boy full of turbulent life,
All impatient of rest, and all burning for strife—
They are brother and sister. Unconscious they stand—
On the spot where their paths shall divide—hand in hand.
Hush! a moment, and lo! as if lost amid night,
She is gone from his side, she is snatched from his sight.
Time has flowed on its course—that wild boy lives in me;
But the sister I lost! Does she bloom back in thee?
Speak—the name of thy mother, ere changing her own
For her lord's?—who her parents?

Lucy. I never have known.
When she married my father, they spurned her, she said,

Bade her hold herself henceforth to them as the dead;
Slandered him in whose honor she gloried as wife,
Urged attaint on his name, plotted snares for his life;
And one day when I asked what her lineage, she sighed
"From the heart they so tortured their memory has died."

Wal. Civil war slays all kindred—all mercy, all ruth.

Lucy. Did you know her?—if so, was this like her in youth? [*Giving miniature.*

Wal. It is she; the lips speak! Oh, I knew it!—thou art
My lost sister restored!—to mine arms, to mine heart.
That wild brother the wrongs of his race shall atone;
He has stormed his way up to the foot of the throne.
Yes! thy mate thou shalt choose 'mid the chiefs of the land.
Dost thou shrink?—heard I right?—is it promised this hand,
And to one, too, of years so unsuited to thine?

Lucy. Dare I tell you?

Wal. Speak, sure that thy choice shall be mine.

Lucy. When my mother lay stricken in mind and in frame,
All our scant savings gone, to our succor there came
A rich stranger, who lodged at the inn whence they sought
To expel us as vagrants. Their mercy he bought;
Ever since I was left in the wide world alone,
I have owed to his pity this roof——

Wal. Will you own
What you gave in return?

Lucy. Grateful reverence.

Wal. And so
He asked more!

Lucy. Ah! that more was not mine to bestow.

Wal. What! your heart some one younger already had won.
Is he handsome?
Lucy. Oh yes!
Wal. And a gentleman's son?
Lucy. Sir, he looks it.
Wal. His name is——
Lucy. Sir Sidney Bellair.
Wal. Eh! that brilliant Lothario? Dear Lucy, beware;
Men of temper so light may make love in mere sport.
Where on earth did you meet?—in what terms did he court?
Why so troubled? Why turn on the timepiece your eye?
Orphan, trust me.
Lucy. I will. I half promised to fly——
Wal. With Bellair. [*Aside.*] He shall answer for this with his life.
Fly to-night as his—what!
Lucy. Turn your face—as his wife.
[LUCY *sinks down, burying her face in her hands.*
Wal. [*going to the door*]. Jasper—ho!

Enter Servant *as he writes on his tablets.*

Take my coach to Sir Sidney's, Whitehall.
Mr. Veasey is there; give him this—that is all.
[*Tearing out the leaf from the tablet and folding it up.*
Go out the back way; it is nearest my carriage.[1]
[*Opens the concealed door, through which exit* Servant.
I shall very soon know if the puppy means marriage.
Lucy. Listen; ah! that's his signal!

---

[1] In obeying this instruction, the servant would not see the ladder, which (as the reader will learn by what immediately follows) is placed against the balcony in the *front* of the house.

Wal. A stone at the pane!
But it can't be Bellair—*he* is safe.
Lucy. There, again!
Wal. [*peeps from the window*]. Ho!—a ladder! Niece, do as I bid you; confide
In my word, and I promise Sir Sidney his bride!
Ope the window and whisper, "I'm chained to the floor;
Pray, come up and release me!"
Lucy [*out of the window*]. "I'm chained to the floor;
Pray, come up and release me."
Wal. I watch by this door.

[*Enters* LUCY'S *room and peeping out.*
[BLOUNT *enters through the window.*

SCENE X.

BLOUNT, LUCY, WALPOLE *at watch unobserved.*

Lucy. Saints in heaven, Mr. Jones!
Wal. [*aside*]. Selden Blount, by Old Nick!
Blount. What! you are not then chained! Must each word be a trick?
Ah! you look for a gallant more dainty and trim;
He deputes me to say he abandons his whim;
By his special request I am here in his place—
Saving him from a crime and yourself from disgrace.
Still, ungrateful, excuse for your folly I make—
Still, the prize he disdains to my heart I can take.
Fly with me, as with him you would rashly have fled;—

He but sought to degrade you, I seek but to wed.
Take revenge on the false heart, give bliss to the true!

Lucy. If he's false to myself, I were falser to you,
Could I say I forget him.

Blount. You will, when my wife.

Lucy. That can never be——

Blount. Never!

Lucy. One love lasts thro' life!

Blount. Traitress! think not this insult can tamely be borne—
Hearts like mine are too proud for submission to scorn.
You are here at my mercy—that mercy has died;
You remain as my victim or part as my bride.

[*Locks the door.*

See, escape is in vain, and all others desert you;
Let these arms be your refuge.

Wal. [*tapping him on the shoulder*]. Well said, Public Virtue!

[BLOUNT, *stupefied, drops the key, which* WALPOLE *takes up, stepping out into the balcony, to return as* BLOUNT, *recovering himself, makes a rush at the window.*

Wal. [*stopping him*]. As you justly observed, "See, escape is in vain"—
I have pushed down the ladder.

Blount [*laying his hand on his sword*]. 'Sdeath! draw, sir!—

Wal. Abstain
From that worst of all blunders, a profitless crime.
Cut my innocent throat? Fie! one sin at a time.

Blount. Sir, mock on, I deserve it; expose me to shame,
I've o'erthrown my life's labor,—an honest man's name.

Lucy [*stealing up to* BLOUNT]. No; a moment of madness
cannot sweep away
All I owed, and—forgive me—have failed to repay:
[*To* WALPOLE.
Be that moment a secret.
Wal. If woman can keep one,
Then a secret's a secret. Gad, Blount, you're a deep one!
[*Knock at the door;* WALPOLE *opens it.*
[*Enter* BELLAIR *and* VEASEY, *followed by* MRS. VIZARD.

SCENE XI.

WALPOLE, LUCY, BLOUNT, VEASEY, BELLAIR, MRS. VIZARD *in the background.*

Bel. [*not seeing* WALPOLE, *who is concealed behind the door which he opens, and hurrying to* BLOUNT]. Faithless man,
canst thou look on my face undismayed?
Nithsdale's letter disclosed, and my friendship betrayed!
What! and *here* too! Why *here?*
Blount [*aside*]. I shall be the town's scoff.
Wal. [*to* BELLAIR *and* VEASEY]. Sirs, methinks that you
see not that lady—hats off.
I requested your presence, Sir Sidney Bellair,
To make known what you owe to the friend who stands
there.
For that letter disclosed, your harsh language recant——
It's condition your pardon;—full pardon I grant.
He is here—you ask why; 'tis to save you to-night
From degrading your bride by the scandal of flight.
[*Drawing him aside.*

Or—hist!—*did* you intend (whisper close in my ear)
Honest wedlock with one so beneath you I fear?
You of lineage so ancient——
Bel. Must mean what I say.
Do their ancestors teach the Well-born to betray?
Wal. Wed her friendless and penniless?
Bel. Ay.
Wal. Strange caprice.
Deign to ask, then, from Walpole the hand of his niece.
Should he give his consent, thank the friend you abuse.
Bel. [*embracing* BLOUNT]. Best and noblest of men, my blind fury excuse!
Wal. Hark! her father's lost lands may yet serve for her dower.
Bel. All the earth has no lands worth the bloom of this flower.
Lucy. Ah! too soon fades the flower.
Bel. True, I alter the name.
Be my perfect pure chrysolite—ever the same.
Wal. Hold! I know not a chrysolite from a carbuncle,
[*With insinuating blandishment of voice and look.*
But my nephew-in-law should not vote out his uncle.
Bel. Robert Walpole, at last you have bought me, I fear.
Wal. Every man has his price. My majority's clear.
If,—— [*Crossing quickly to Blount.*
Dear Blount, did your goodness not rank with the best,
What you feel as reproach, you would treat as a jest.
Raise your head—and with me keep a laugh for the ass
Who has never gone out of his wits for a lass:
Live again for your country—reflect on my bill.
Blount [*with emotion, grasping* WALPOLE'S *hand*]. You are generous; I thank you. Vote *with* you?—I will!

Vea. How dispersed are the clouds seeming lately so sinister!

Wal. Yes, I think that the glass stands at Fair—for the Minister.

Vea. Ah! what more could you do for the People and Throne?

Wal. Now I'm safe in my office, I'd leave well alone.

DARNLEY

PREFACE TO "DARNLEY"

My father left to my unfettered discretion the task of dealing with his numerous unpublished manuscripts. Among them was one which, under the title of "Darnley," is here added to the collection of his dramatic works. Its author had given to it no name and no conclusion. It consisted of four acts of a five-act play, finished only in the rough, and some few notes. The four acts had not received those important final touches which, in the case of acting plays, are best reserved for consultation with the principal actors concerned in their performance. Of the fifth act no trace existed; except in the few notes to which reference will be found at the conclusion of the fourth act as printed in this Edition. Such was the condition of the manuscript I had to deal with under a twofold sense of obligation to the living and the dead. The literary remains of celebrated authors constitute a kind of property not easily classified. It is not altogether private: for the public has a legitimate interest in the result of all literary labor undertaken by a great author for its enjoyment or instruction. And of this interest the author's literary executors are to some extent trustees. But, on the other hand, they are also the guardians of a reputation not their own. Death has placed in their hands the key of a workshop, only interesting to the public on account of the worthy and famous works which have issued from it. In its secret chambers

are materials collected, and instruments arranged, which may serve to illustrate the master's method, though they cannot reveal his incommunicable secret; and, with them, fragments of work reserved either for destruction or completion by the hand that has left it incomplete. Shall all these be consigned forever to that "wallet," wherein "Time puts alms for Oblivion?" If not, how many of them will it be right to save for the satisfaction of a not irreverent curiosity?

Such questions present themselves in a form comparatively simple to the literary executors of the philosopher or the man of science, whose roughest notes possess an interest and importance which owe nothing to art. But the literary value of work done by the poet, the novelist, or the dramatist, is largely dependent on the artistic finish of it. And those who display the unpublished work of a great artist must recall in fear and trembling the curse invoked by Shakespeare on the disturber of his bones.

I was not uninfluenced by these reflections when considering what I should do with the present dramatic fragment. I cannot precisely fix the date at which it was written; but the allusions it contains to an attempt on the life of Louis Philippe, and the military action of Sir Harry Pottinger, leave no doubt that it must have lain for many years undisturbed in the portfolio of its author. Why did he leave it so long unfinished? Why, in the course of those many years, had he made no effort to place it on the stage? Was it because he deemed the work undeserving of completion and performance? If so, the posthumous publication of it would have been wholly unwarrantable. But I had many and strong reasons for attributing to other causes my father's apparent neglect of a work which, even in its present rough-

hewn and unfinished condition, is powerfully constructed and full of vigorous handiwork.

In the first place; although, during my father's lifetime, I was not aware of the existence of this unfinished play, yet in conversations with me on the subject of dramatic structure he had frequently illustrated his views of that most difficult art by describing scenes and situations which occur in "Darnley"; and he often expressed to me his conviction that a most powerful domestic drama might be constructed out of the conception he has here embodied. In the next place; this unfinished play belongs to an important series of carefully completed dramas which, though he reckoned them among the best of his dramatic works, my father never published. They were all written for the stage. They were never published because they had never been performed; and they were never performed because no theatre in this country united all the requisite conditions of their efficient performance. With Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage, my father had lost his chief incentive to write for it. Here and there, it still furnished an excellent actor, but nowhere an acting company, or a school of acting, able to give adequate expression to the ideas embodied in a form possessing any pretension to literary value. But the bent of my father's genius was so emphatically dramatic that the form first assumed by many of his most important fictions was that of the drama. Of these dramatic sketches, some were eventually developed into novels and romances; which probably owe much of their structural symmetry and emotional strength to the concise dramatic form wherein the conception of them was first cast. Others he retained in this form; hopeful, no doubt, of an occasion that never came during his lifetime, when they might be placed upon

the stage with a reasonable prospect of that perfect co-operation of intelligence between the author, the actors, and the public, which is indispensable to the satisfactory effect of an acting play.

Notwithstanding the unfinished condition of it, the manuscript of "Darnley" appeared to me too vigorous and valuable a specimen of its author's dramatic workmanship to be permanently withheld from the public. In this impression I was confirmed by the unqualified opinion of the late Mr. John Forster, and the late Mr. George Lewes, to whom I showed it. Those competent judges of dramatic writing also shared my conviction that for the publication of this work the stage was the only adequate vehicle. The late Mr. Rogers, when told by one of his guests that the author of "Philip van Arteveldt" had written a new play, asked "Is it an acting play, or a reading play?" And on hearing that it was a reading play, he dryly replied, "Then I shan't read it." Few people do read with complete satisfaction that hybrid kind of composition which is commonly called a reading play. But poems are poems; and not to be talked of, or thought of, as plays, merely because they happen to be written in dialogue, and divided into acts and scenes. Such dramatic poems as those of Sir Henry Taylor are literary treasures, of which the value has no relation to their acting capabilities. To be rightly appreciated, they must be read. It is just the reverse with a genuine play. To be rightly appreciated, it must be acted. In the case of this play, however, the unfinished condition of it was an insuperable obstacle to placing it upon the stage in a thoroughly satisfactory form. In Germany the play-going public is interested by the performance of such a mere dramatic fragment as the "Demetrius" of Schiller, when it is from

the pen of a famous national author. But from an English audience it would be idle to expect a similar interest in the performance of an unfinished play, however illustrious its authorship. And, even in Germany, an unfinished play by Goethe, Schiller, Lessing or Grillparzer, though sure of a permanent place in the *répertoire* on the national stage, would probably fail to fill the theatre for many consecutive nights. In order to place this play upon the stage, therefore, it was necessary to add to it a fifth act, by a hand not that of its author. For such a task it was not easy to find in any one writer all the requisite qualifications. In some who were not unwilling to undertake it I could reckon upon knowledge of the stage, in others upon literary capacity. In none upon a combination of both, commensurate with the difficulty of the undertaking. Wholly unqualified to undertake it myself, I asked Monsieur Alexandre Dumas whether he would be willing to write the fifth act of this play with a view to its performance, as thus completed, at the Théâtre Français, in Paris. That eminent dramatist declared himself much pleased and flattered by the proposal. After reading the four acts written by my father, however, he found that their adaptation to the taste of a French audience would require alterations of the original text more or less inconsistent with fidelity to the main idea of it; and to Monsieur Dumas no less than to myself this consideration appeared conclusive against the project of bringing out the play in France. Shortly afterward, I received from Mr. Hare proposals for the production of it at the Court Theatre in London. In accepting Mr. Hare's proposals I felt assured, both from the finished excellence of his own acting and the general intelligence with which it was supported by the company then associated with him,

that the play could not be performed in England under conditions more favorable to its success, if only the dramatic interest of it were adequately sustained in the fifth act still to be written for it. The composition of this act was intrusted to Mr. Coghlan; and I hoped to assist him in it by various suggestions which are submitted to the reader in the explanatory remarks I have appended to the fourth act. The fulfilment of that hope however was prevented by circumstances which involved my lengthened absence from England before I had any communication with Mr. Coghlan on the subject of his work. He completed it without reference to me, during my absence; and I was busily occupied in India when the play, as finished by him, was brought out at the Court Theatre in London.

No effort to insure success was neglected. It was placed upon the stage with great intelligence and expense; and I am assured by all who witnessed it that Mr. Hare's impersonation of the character of Mainwaring was one of his most finished and admirable performances. Nevertheless the play was not successful; and after a short run it was withdrawn. Translated into German, it had been simultaneously produced in Vienna, at the Burg Theatre, by some of the best actors in Europe. The announcement of its performance on that celebrated stage had been received with lively interest by a population to whom the name of its author was a household word. The performance was honored by the presence of the Emperor and the whole Imperial Court, as well as by all the representatives of the literary world in Austria. The actors had undertaken their parts with enthusiasm; and the Darnley of Herr Sonenthal was, I am told by those who saw it, most effective and affecting. The audience followed the progress of the play

with animated and increasing interest to the close of the fourth act. But its permanent interest as a drama could not survive the anti-climax of the fifth act. Thus at Vienna, as in London, the play was withdrawn after a short run. I should leave both the author and the actors of "Darnley" under a reproach which they do not deserve if I recorded this failure without stating what I believe to be the cause of it.

I have no doubt whatever that, had my father himself prepared this play for the stage, he would have made in the four acts, here printed just as they were left by him, various alterations suggested by the experience of rehearsal. That was his practice in the composition of those dramas which have taken so permanent a hold upon the English stage.

However strong or accurate may be the dramatic instinct of an author's genius, if he is not professionally connected with the stage, he cannot possibly possess that intimate knowledge of it which best qualifies the experienced actor or manager to suggest, though it does not equally qualify them to carry out, alterations in the acting copy of a play. Molière's plays were probably much improved by attention to the criticism of his housekeeper.[1] But the housekeeper would not have improved them, had she herself undertaken the alterations which her remarks suggested to their author. Mr. Coghlan's alterations of my father's manuscript were sparing and judicious. For acting purposes I believe every one of them to have been necessary in the peculiar circumstances of the case. They were mostly in the way of omission, and rightly so. If it were in his power, it was not in his function, to strengthen and develop any part of the

[1] An erroneous tradition, however. The housekeeper was Montaigne's.

author's original work. Yet there are parts of it which would certainly have been strengthened and developed by its author had they received his final touches. For, like a skilful painter, he never worked up his minor tones till he had put in his strongest light. In completing this play he would certainly have been careful to make the first four acts of it conducive and subservient to the effect of the fifth. But the fifth act added to it by Mr. Coghlan was not only ineffective itself; it was also destructive, I think, to the effect of the four preceding ones. This was perhaps inevitable under the very difficult conditions of a somewhat invidious task. Nor is it in any spirit of reproach that I attribute the failure of "Darnley" as an acting play, mainly, though not entirely, to the incongruity of the fifth act added by Mr. Coghlan to the acting copy of it. But in justice to my father's work, I think it right to place before the readers of it a statement of the principles on which I believe the fifth act of this play would have been constructed had my father written it himself; and to indicate the *dénouement* intended by the author. This I have done in a note appended to the fourth act. LYTTON.

KNEBWORTH, *May* 16, 1882.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Darnley		Mr. Charles Kelly.
Parsons, *his Clerk*		Mr. R. Cathcart.
Mainwaring, *his Friend*		Mr. Hare.
Sir Francis Marsden	*His Acquaintances.*	Mr. Titheradge.
Selfby Fyshe		Mr. A. Bishop.
Lord Fitzhollow, *his Father-in-Law*		Mr. Denison.
Servant		Mr. Carne.

Lady Juliet Darnley	Miss Ellen Terry.
Fanny Darnley	Miss Brown.
Miss Placid	Miss Amy Roselle.
The Lady of the Villa	Miss B. Henri.

First performed on Saturday, the 6th of October, 1877, at the Court Theatre.

DARNLEY

ACT I.—SCENE I.

SIR FRANCIS MARSDEN'S *lodgings.*

[NOTE FOR THE SCENE-PAINTER.—*Pictures of race-horses, and prints of opera-dancers on the wall; Turkish pipes and weapons arranged in a recess; foils and boxing-gloves on one of the tables. A toilet table. And the general character of the apartment that of a young single man of fortune and fashion.*]

Marsden [*seated, and reading the newspaper*]. "Private French Theatricals at the Duchess of Dashmore's. The brilliant Sir Francis Marsden (much obliged for the epithet!) performed the Maréchal de Richelieu, and in the gayety of the part seemed perfectly at home." At home? Ignoramus! as if gayety and "at home" were not a contradiction in terms! [*yawns*]. It takes a vast deal of pains to be a Man of Pleasure! What's this? "The beautiful Lady Juliet Darnley"—a long paragraph on her charms and her diamonds. Yes; she's very attractive, and her conquest would make me the envy of London! [*yawns again*]. One must be always falling in love just to keep one's self awake.

Enter SELFBY FYSHE.

Mars. How d'ye do? You find me getting up the news of the day for the small talk of the evening.

Fyshe. News? I don't care for news. What's news to me? News means other people's concerns; I don't care for other people.

Mars. [*reading*]. What a horrible fire last night in St. Giles's!

Fyshe. Ah! I've no property in that direction.

Mars. So, Louis Philippe has been shot at again! What would become of France if she lost that sagacious king?

Fyshe. It's all one to me. I've nothing in the French funds.

Mars. Heavens! What is this? Your poor friend Dick Squander—blew out his brains at a quarter before six yesterday evening!

Fyshe. Did he? Thank Heaven I never lent him anything—except my umbrella! I must send for it.

Mars. Unparalleled philosopher, unmoved by the conflagration of a parish, the murder of a king, the danger of a realm, and the suicide of a friend!

Fyshe. Why, certainly, we ought all to be thankful when the calamities of others do not injure ourselves [*offers snuff*]. My mixture—the Selfby Fyshe mixture.

Mars. No, man! I abhor your puny excitements of Rappee and Havana. Give me those which stir the blood, and rock the heart—Fighting, Politics, Gaming, Drinking, Wine, Love!

Fyshe. Marsden, don't bore!

Mars. Ha! ha! Why even you are not insensible to love. Own that you are prodigiously stricken with the fair Amelia Placid—

Fyshe. More propriety in your expression—"stricken" is violent, and "prodigiously" hyperbolical. Amelia Placid's uncle was my father's intimate friend. This uncle left

Amelia £30,000 of which she forfeits the half if she does not marry me—unless, indeed, *I* refuse to insure her happiness by making her Mrs. Fyshe. But I'm not marble. I shall marry her. I'm very fastidious. My wife must be subdued and ladylike. Miss Placid seems tolerably quiet; understands draughts and double dummy. I could conceive a sort of a kind of conjugal tranquillity in retiring to Fyshe Hall with a sort of a kind of tranquil companion who would not give me much trouble. [*Thoughtfully.*] She don't look as if she'd have noisy children!

Mars. Well, I wish you tranquillity with your Amelia. Wish me rapture with my Juliet.

Fyshe. Your Juliet's married already, and they put a very high price upon rapture at Doctors' Commons.

Mars. Pshaw! I would give my whole fortune for a smile.

Fyshe [*aside*]. He'd have the smile at a bargain. His fortune's all gone to the Jews. [*Aloud.*] Really, though it's no business of mine, I must say I think it's very immoral to destroy the happiness of an excellent man—who gives excellent dinners.

Mars. Happiness? No, I'm a sad dog where love is concerned, but not so bad as you think me. There can be no happiness in my cousin Juliet's marriage with Darnley.

Fyshe. Why? He's a very gentlemanlike man—for a merchant, or rather a speculator, for he's more the last than the first.

Mars. Oh! his father was a cabinet minister, his boyhood was spent in a court. When he came of age his father offered him a sinecure, and a relation of his mother's offered him a share in a mercantile establishment. He chose the latter; spent his youth at the desk; at the age

of thirty-three saw my cousin Juliet, then only seventeen; fell in love with her, and was accepted. For two or three years I dare say they lived like most married people. But twelve months ago this Darnley, whose genius for speculation is wonderful, by a series of lucky hits became, from a man of easy fortune, one of the richest subjects in Europe. From that time he has only lived for speculation, and Juliet has only lived for the world. They scarcely ever see each other. Juliet is without a guide, and Darnley without a companion.

Fyshe. Darnley must be occupied indeed if he does not observe your more than cousinly attentions. Does he never seem to suspect you.

Mars. You know his singular calm and thorough high breeding. An enthusiast at the counter, but a stoic in the world. If he suspects me, he shows it only by an ironical politeness that looks confoundedly like contempt. [*Looks at his watch.*] I did not know it was so late. I am going to Lady Juliet's, shall I take you in my cab?

Fyshe. No? Cabs are liable to accidents. I have patent safety close little carriage.

Mars. Then you shall take me.

Fyshe. No! the Selfby Fyshe Patent Safety only holds one. Built on purpose not to be crowded by self-invited companions. [*Opens the window and puts out his hand.*] It's going to rain. I left my carriage at the corner; that damned fellow before he blew out his brains should have sent me back my umbrella.

Mars. Pshaw! the country wants rain—the crops are perishing.

Fyshe. Very likely. I don't grow oats and barley on the nap of my new hat. [*Exit.*

Mars. Ha! ha! Go thy way, thou incarnation of the languid egotism of the nineteenth century. Like Major Longbow, if the lightning struck thy bride in the honey-moon, thou would'st ring the bell for thy valet to bring clean glasses, and sweep away Mrs. Fyshe. [*Rings the bell.*] John, is my cab come?

John. Yes, sir.

Mars. [*dressing*]. My coat. Certainly, I adore this Juliet. The eau-de-cologne. Never loved any one so much—except Jane, and Kate, and Caroline; ah! and poor Susan [*in an altered voice*]. Poor Susan, if she had not left me I had been perhaps another man. Into how many wild excesses have I plunged, to silence my remorse! But she deserted me and I am free. Plague on these late hours, how they shake the nerves. John, the laudanum drops. [*Drinks.*] Pshaw! Again I am a true Epicurean. The past is irrevocable, the future not at our command. He who would enjoy life must seize every joy of the moment!

John. Mr. Plunder's bill, sir, and Mr. Rackett's, and Squabb the horsedealer's.

Mar. These are "messengers that feeling persuade us what we are." John—John—John—one word for all. It hurts the feelings of a man of honor not to pay what he fairly owes. Spare my feelings and burn the bill.

[*Singing.*]

"C'est l'armour, l'armour
Qui fait le monde a la ronde,
Et chaque jour, a son tour
L'amour, fait passer le monde."

Exit.

SCENE II.

A library in DARNLEY'S *house.*

DARNLEY *and* PARSONS (DARNLEY'S Head Clerk).

Darn. An imprudent speculation, do you say, sir? A company to light the towns of Germany with gas!—Buy up all the shares you can—*all.* As the loadstone attracts the needle, civilization attracts capital. In the nineteenth century every investment in Human Improvement is a safe speculation. Buy up the shares.

Par. Well, sir—as you please. But these Spanish Funds, they are falling sadly. Better sell out.

Darn. Sell out? pooh! I shall throw in another ten thousand, and redress the market. Ha, ha! the glorious thing called *capital!* I, a plain English Merchant, can have an effect on the very destinies of Spain.

Par. But, sir——

Darn. I tell you I know to-day when these Funds will rise ten per cent. Here [*gives a paper*]—see to these instructions. [*Exit* Clerk *and enter* MAINWARING.

Main. Ah, money-making, money-making—always making!

Darn. Well, and what benefactor to the world like the money-maker? Charity feeds one man, but Capital a million. It reaches Genius, and up springs Art. It converts the desert to a garden, the hamlet to a city. Without competition no excellence, but without capital no competition.

Without energy no virtue, but no energy without gold. Your money-maker is the great civilizer.

Main. Hem! You are fortunate in having a wife who puts so much energy and virtue into constant circulation.

Darn. Always some sneer at my poor Juliet. For shame!

Main. For shame yourself, Harry Darnley! This extravagant wife of yours is——

Darn. Beware!

Main. Beware? Damme, sir, don't take that tone with me! 'Tis not generous. Don't I owe everything to you? and does not that give me the right to say whatsoever I please? When years ago, I, born a gentleman and reared in luxury, was left by my father's improvidence to poverty and despair—when but for my young sister (then an infant looking to me for bread) I might have sunk to the cowardice of the suicide—who alone remembered the old schoolfellow in the ruined pauper? Who, not then rich himself, came to the sordid and wretched garret? Who gave a home to my sister, a future to my hope? Who was that man? you, Harry Darnley, you! Blame yourself if I am a troublesome, honest, disagreeable friend—and zounds! sir, I don't care how uncomfortable I may make you, so long as I save you from a single sorrow.

Darn. My dear Mainwaring!

Main. Don't "dear" me, sir! I won't be wheedled out of my right to reprove you. You procured me an appointment abroad. I, too, became a money-maker. I saw my sister grow up to womanhood—fair and innocent, the joy of my life. Suddenly my affairs summoned me to England. A fortune is left me by a relation whose name I now bear. I was absent but three months. I returned—my sister had left my roof. Gone with some villain—gone, and not a

word! Oh, then I knew the nothingness of the money-making you boast of! Darnley, Darnley, I tell you, gold may civilize a nation; it does not consecrate a home.

Darn. Calm yourself. Your sister may yet return.

Main. Return? I would rather stand by her grave than look upon her face. Fortunately the estate bequeathed me obliged me to change the name she stains and bears. And to you alone I have confided the history of her shame. You said "Live with me, and find the home that you have lost." I came—and you have no home of your own. Man has no home when the wife is absent from the hearth.

Darn. Ah, that you had seen the first happy years of our marriage!

Main. They can return—if you but exercise your rights. Take warning from me. You indulge your wife as I indulged my sister. My reward was desertion and disgrace. All women are alike. Would you be safe? Be stern.

Darn. What would you have me do? Have I not myself encouraged what you ask me now to reprove? In the blaze of my sudden wealth my eyes saw but Juliet shine. Too busy, perhaps too simple in my own person, to enjoy what my millions placed at my command, I enjoyed it, as it were, through her. She was the incarnation of my wealth. The splendor of my fortune became visible in the delight that it gave to her. Recall the difference of our years. Shall I bid her renounce her youth, because the pleasures of youth are but dull to me?

Main. Among the pleasures of youth, do you include a handsome, good-for-nothing cousin?

Darn. Hold, hold! [*checking himself*]. Nay, man, indulge your spleen—I have no cause for fear.

Main. A man who counts on the faith of a woman has everything to fear.

Darn. And the moment a husband shows such fear, dignity and trust are gone forever. His happiness is in his wife's love, his honor in her virtue. I will not forfeit the one by harshness, nor shake the other by distrust. Juliet may have faults, but her heart is generous. For the faults of the generous what cure so effectual as confidence and indulgence? [*Seats himself.*] Enough. What are these? "Designs for Elgrove Lodge, the villa of Henry Darnley, Esq., after the Alhambra."

Main. Oh, yes. Lady Juliet's last proof of generosity. I never knew a woman more generous with her husband's fortune.

[*Folding doors open. Enter* LADY JULIET, FYSHE, MISS PLACID (*tatting*), *and* SIR FRANCIS MARSDEN.

Lady J. Yes, I must show you the drawings for our villa. A thousand pardons, dear Henry, for so abrupt an invasion. Look, Sir Francis, are they not charming?

Mars. Superb! after the Alhambra. Ah, the style's so effective; then, too, the associations. I always found the highest interest in the accounts of the Moors——

Darn. Really! I had fancied you had found a still higher interest in the accounts of the Jews.

Mars. [*aside*]. Hang his impertinence!

Lady J. You *must* like the idea. Next week we'll begin. You can't guess my impatience.

Darn. Still, it takes some time to move an Alhambra all the way from Granada. Give me leave to consider.

Lady J. Consider? I hate consideration. Next month, you know, I may care nothing about it.

Main. Very true. This month 'tis an Alhambra on the

banks of the Thames. Next month it will be a Pagoda at the top of St. Paul's!

Lady J. Ha! ha! I dare say it will. But, meanwhile, why not all go to Elgrove to-day, and examine its Moorish capabilities?

Darn. To-day? ah! to-day I am so busy.

Mars. Fyshe, here's an opportunity for urging your suit to Miss Placid. Press Lady Juliet to go. The loveliest villa!

Fyshe. I hate villas, they're full of earwigs and thorough draughts.

Miss P. Come, Mr. Mainwaring! Since Mr. Fyshe does not go, you must be my cavalier.

Fyshe. She's piqued, poor thing! I suppose I must go. (*To Mainwaring.*) Always tatting—the quietest creature! We can put up all the windows, and sit down to rest, the moment we arrive.

Lady J. [*who has been conversing with* DARNLEY]. Well, then, it's arranged. Adieu, Henry. Mr. Fyshe, will you take the designs? And, oh, this book,—Robert's Views of the Alhambra! I shall be back early.

Darn. Will you? a thousand thanks!

Lady J. Oh, yes. For the opera. Well, Mr. Mainwaring, how do you like me in this bonnet of Herboult's?

Main. Not at all.

Lady J. I admire your sincerity, and compassionate your taste. Mr. Fyshe, will you charge yourself with my parasol?

Miss P. And mine.

Lady J. Oh! and where is poor little Shock? he will break his heart if I leave him!

Mars. Run for Shock, Fyshe, he's in his basket.

Fyshe. Run yourself. Shock bites. Miss Placid, under my right arm a small cavity is still left.

Miss P. Won't you come, Mr. Mainwaring?

Main. No.

Miss P. Heigh ho! Mr. Fyshe, I shall tat all the way.

Fyshe. It's a charming accomplishment, and refreshingly noiseless.

Mars. Good-by, Darnley. We shall miss you dreadfully.

Darn. To be missed by Sir Francis is an honor that can even console for the loss of his company.

Main. Ha! ha!

Mars. [*disconcerted, and offering his arm*]. Come, Lady Juliet—*allons!*

Darn. [*stopping him*]. You forget—this arm is destined to Shock. You must go for him. Take care. He is snappish, but if you handle him properly you will find him as harmless a puppy as—the rest of his species.

Mars. [*enraged*]. Sir, I—— [*Aside.*] Damn it, the master bites worse than the dog. [*Exit.*

Darn. [*as* MARS. *goes out*]. Adieu, Lady Juliet. This poor Marsden! what a good creature it is.

[*Exeunt* LADY JULIET, FYSHE, *and* MISS P.

SCENE III.

MAINWARING *and* DARNLEY.

Darn. My heart stands still. Yes, I fear that man!

Main. Most complaisant of husbands!

Darn. I've a great mind to call her back.

Main. A cousin is so proper a companion!

Darn. She shall not go.

Main. Ha! ha!

Darn. She shall not—[*going to the door*]. [*Enter* LADY J.

Lady J. My heart chides me—dear Henry! Perhaps after all you wish me to stay at home?

Main. To be sure he does.

Darn. No, my dear Juliet, I'm not so selfish. And yet—[*aside*]—out on my jealous heart!

Lady J. Yet what?

Darn. If you had another female companion!

Lady J. True. I will take old Lady Babbleton.

Darn. [*aside*]. I will give her a safer companion for a young wife. [*Aloud.*] Why not take your child?

Lady J. Ah, yes—dear Fanny! that will be charming; now, indeed, I shall scarcely miss you.

Darn. The weight's gone. She does not fear the eyes of her child.

Lady J. Grave still?

Darn. No, happy in your happiness. Go, my Juliet, and be gay. Gayety with you is but the natural language of innocence and youth. [*Opens the door for her.*

Main. What! going after all?

Lady J. With your leave. Ha, ha! see how awful he looks. Poor bachelor! what can he know of us strange married folks? Poor Mainwaring!

Darn. Ha! ha! poor Mainwaring! [*Kissing her hand.*]

[*Exit* LADY J.

Main. I've done with you!

Darn. Nay, forgive me. After all, what a temper she has!

Main. Oh, charming! The true female mixture for curing refractory husbands. Three drachms of the steel of obstinacy to an ounce of the oil of coaxing.

Darn. Obstinacy? Never contradicts!

Main. And always has her own way.

Darn. Ever ready to yield her inclination to mine!

Main. And ever doing every mischief she's inclined to.

Darn. Hum!

Main. Hum!

Darn. This Alhambra will cost thousands—Well, I can the less afford to be idle. Come with me to the City. I want to consult you. Such a vast speculation! If it succeeds, I shall clear half a million.

Main. And would be just as happy without it.

Darn. True! The money is nothing—but, oh, the excitement of the pursuit! For the happy, sweet must be repose. For the disappointed, no solace but in action! In the fever of our schemes we forget the goad of our cares. I seem to rise from the earth when I return to my desk.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, a lady wishes to see you in the library.

Darn. A——what?

Servant. A lady, sir. She will not give her name.

Darn. Pshaw! I'm busy.

Servant. She seems in distress, sir. [*Aside.*] I knew that would touch him.

Darn. In distress? I won't keep her a moment. You see, while there's distress on the earth there's something godlike in making money.

Main. Some pinched old beggar, eh?

[*Taking out his purse.*

Servant. No, so young, and so handsome, sir!

Main. [*putting up his purse*]. Then, I'll keep my mite for the old and the ugly. [*Exit* Servant.] If Darnley were a

man to be seduced, that sort of beggar would find this a lucky time for her purpose. 'Tis an ominous conjunction for a poor dog of a husband, when the wife goes a-gadding, and young girls come a-begging. Oh, these women, these women, what torments they are! There's that malignant Amelia, asking me to go to the villa that I might see her angling for Fyshe. Oh, but he has money! and I verily think that, for the sake of a handsome settlement, a woman would marry a gudgeon, and live in a pond.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. My poor Mainwaring—I mean my dear friend—How can I get him out of the house? Oh, will you kindly take these papers to Parsons, my clerk? I will meet you in an hour—at my office—pray go instantly!

Main. What the deuce is the matter? This young lady's distress seems to move you very much.

Darn. It does, indeed—that is—I—but be off, I beseech you! Parsons must have these papers before the markets are closed.

Main. But——

Darn. [*pushing him out*]. There's your hat—and your stick. Take a cab, or you won't be in time.

Main. Oh, these women, these women! old and young, giddy and sober, sinner and saint, it's all alike to them.

Darn. 'Sdeath, man, if my character—

Main. Character? Lord help you, they've no more respect for a man's character than a wolf has for a lamb's. Well, I go, I go. Take care of yourself. Don't let her cry. Hold your character well over your head. But, when a woman once takes to crying, you'll find it a very sorry umbrella. [*Exit* MAINWARING.

Darn. Thank Heaven, he's gone! [*Rings.*] [*Enter* Servant.] Not at home to a soul—send for the chariot.

[*Exit* Servant.

Where can I find her lodging? Where I may visit her unknown? So young, so charming! In my whole life I've never been more touched and affected. [*Exit.*

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Drawing-room in DARNLEY'S *house.*

Enter Servant *preceding* MARSDEN *and* FYSHE.

Fyshe. It is Miss Placid I wish to see.

Servant. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

Mars. What! are you about to propose?

Fyshe. Not exactly. There are many things to consider before one admits another to the right of sharing one's existence, and crowding one's carriage. The girl's certainly quiet and silent. But has she all the other qualifications for a conjugal partner? There's the question! Take off all trouble, claim no authority, recollect what one likes when she orders the dinner, and never presume to appropriate to herself the liver-wing of the chicken?

Mars. A most original epitome of a bridegroom's expectations and a bride's perfections! I think Miss Placid will suit you exactly. A picture of still life, framed in white muslin.

Fyshe. Yes, but I'm very comfortable as a bachelor; and though, as you say, the picture is one of very still life, I would not hang it up in my drawing-room if it were worth less than £30,000. [*Looking out, aside.*] This fellow's in my way. [*Aloud.*] When Miss Placid comes you'll be good enough to go?

Mars. Oh, certainly. Lady Juliet will receive me in her boudoir.

Fyshe. Ever since that excursion to the villa, you've made way in her ladyship's heart.

Mars. I've not come yet to the heart, but I'm on the highroad,—through the fancy. Still, shall I own it? my conscience is a perpetual check on my hopes. Ah, what would I give to detect some frailty in Darnley, to justify the diversion of Juliet's affections!

Fyshe [*aside*]. What would he give? What has he got that would be useful to me? Hum—ha. Frailty—ha—hum.

Mars. But that is impossible!

Fyshe. Impossible? That's very good—hum—ha.

Mars. What do you know of——

Fyshe. I—it's not my business to know anything. Nothing to be got by meddling with other people's affairs—hum—ha.

Mars. This fellow has certainly wormed out a secret; but he'll never give even a secret for nothing. You affect to be mighty wise, Master Fyshe; but I bet you my brown cob (the one I refused to sell you last week) to the old umbrella you got back from poor Squander's executors, that you can't say a word against Darnley's moral reputation.

Fyshe. Will you? The brown cob? Done.

Mars. Done.

Fyshe. It never stumbles?

Mars. No.

Fyshe. Darnley does. I've a villa in St. John's Wood —my aunt's legacy. I told my agent to let it. He has done so—to a female—young and exceedingly pretty. By the bye, you will throw in the bridle and saddle?

Mars. Yes, yes! For Heaven's sake go on.

Fyshe. Darnley pays the rent—the establishment, the bills—keeps the lady a carriage, and visits her almost daily.

Mars. The formal hypocrite! Are you sure?

Fyshe. Sure? Have not I bet my umbrella? There's the address. Saw the girl with my own eyes, when I called about moving some things of mine. Darnley don't know I'm the owner—settles all with the agent. Don't mention me as your authority.

Mars. My last scruple is vanished!

Enter Servant.

Servant. My lady will see you, Sir Francis.

Mars. I come. Aha, saintly sinner!

Fyshe. You are sure it's quite safe?

Mars. Safe?

Fyshe. The cob.

Mars. Oh, certainly, and if ever it grows restive, you can lend it to the future Mrs. Fyshe. [*Exit.*

Enter MISS PLACID, *tatting.*

Fyshe. Heaven forbid Mrs. Fyshe should do anything so boisterous as ride. Ah, Miss Placid, always occupied? A nice employment! Better than singing—not so noisy.

Miss P. You don't like noisy people?

Fyshe. No, indeed. You agree with me?

[MISS PLACID *nods assent.*

Fyshe. Man's first care should be his health. Noise shatters the nerves, and disturbs the digestion.

[MISS PLACID *nods.*

Fyshe. What a dumb little thing she is! She was born

to be a Fyshe! A-hem! You know, my dear young lady, the wishes of my poor friend, your late uncle?

Miss P. Yes—he wished me to marry you. I cannot guess why.

Fyshe. Charming simplicity! Your uncle consulted your happiness in choosing a man of good fortune and moral character. I never gamble—it's expensive. I never drink—it's unhealthy. I never flirt—for it's troublesome. In short, I may say without vanity that, thinking that vice always injures one's self—I have not a vice in the world. That's why your uncle chose me.

Miss P. But my uncle said you were very sensible, and you know I'm rather silly than not.

Fyshe. So much the better. What they call a superior woman is always fidgety, and generally cracked.

Miss P. But they say, Mr. Fyshe, married people ought to love each other. I am afraid I sha'n't love you.

Fyshe. Love? Human Nature was not made for such violent emotions. Love—the Enemy of Repose and the Prompter of Dyspepsia!

Miss P. Heigho! I don't think I can marry you—I don't indeed. And as for the forfeit of £15,000 if I refuse you—you are too generous to take it.

Fyshe. You render justice to my disposition. But I must do my duty, however painful—and in money matters a conscientious man owes a duty to himself.

Miss P. [*aside*]. Odious creature! [*Aloud.*] But is my uncle's will so decisive?

Fyshe. It is indeed. Shall I bring you my copy?

Miss P. Yes—to-morrow at twelve.—One can't give up so much money.

Fyshe. A very sensible remark. Ah, Miss Amelia, be-

lieve me, we shall be exceedingly happy. Fyshe Hall is the quietest place—game in abundance and the poultry superb. By the way, what part of the chicken do you prefer?

Miss P. I've no preference.

Fyshe. Thank Heaven! the liver-wing is safe! No preference? Excellent creature—a perfect treasure! [*Passionately.*] Oh, my Amelia, my Amelia!

Miss P. La! you frighten me. Go away, now, and at twelve to-morrow.

Fyshe. I will call with the will. [*Admiringly.*] How serenely she tats! Nothing disturbs her. Made on purpose for me—quite an automaton! Might as well not be married at all. Ah, I'm a lucky dog! Adieu, my Amelia. [*Exit.*

Miss P. The monster! I could hardly help boxing his ears. They said he was so sensible. I thought to revolt him by playing the fool. O woman's wit, quicken my invention! Ah, he hates noisy people, does he? If I could but save the forfeit, and bring my whole fortune to that dear rude disagreeable Mainwaring—that is, provided that dear rude disagreeable Mainwaring will condescend to accept me.

Enter MAINWARING.

Main. I wish I was a book—or a chair—or a table—or a pair of tongs—or a hearthrug—or a philosopher—anything that don't feel.

Miss P. Always in a passion! Why don't you take to tatting? Come, I'll teach you.

Main. Don't be pert, child!

Miss P. Don't be saucy, man! Sit down. Just wind this on the shuttle.

Main. Pshaw!

Miss P. What, unkind? When I wish to consult you! I'm very unhappy!

Main. Unhappy! You—how—what!

Miss P. Sit down.

Main. [*sitting*]. Yes; but unhappy——

Miss P. Wind this carefully.

Main. [*winding the skein rapidly, and into most horrible confusion*]. Certainly: but unhappy?

Miss P. [*aside but affected*]. Dear Mainwaring! [*Aloud.*] You know that I forfeit half my fortune if I refuse to marry Mr. Fyshe.

Main. Oh, you'll marry him. Anything rather than lose money!

Miss P. Very true!

Main. Very true? There's a mercenary baggage!

Miss P. But if I've no affection for him?

Main. So much the better. What's affection, but the power we give another to torment us?

Miss P. Well, I suppose you're right; and if you advise me to marry, I've that confidence in your judgment—that desire for your approbation— [*Offering to take his hand.*

Main. Don't touch me!

Miss P. [*aside*]. He loves me! [*Aloud.*] Well, but if Mr. Fyshe does as you do—refuse my hand—I preserve my fortune.

Main. Ah, that's the great consideration!

Miss P. Why, one's never thought half so good-looking when one has lost half one's fortune. Who'd marry poor me except for my money?

Main. Who? I know a fool who, if it were *not* for your money, would—but, no—you're too pretty for him.

Miss P. What, would he marry me if I lost——

Main. Every farthing! I dare say he would—but, then, he is a fool.

Miss P. Tell me more of him! Is he very agreeable, and good-tempered, and handsome?

Main. No, a quarrelsome, violent, testy, ill-looking brute. Pshaw! take your skein!

Miss P. Well, I know one thing. I never will marry Mr. Fyshe, or any one else, till I see Mr. Darnley and Lady Juliet as happy as they deserve.

Main. Ah, that reminds me—Poor Darnley! poor fellow!

Miss P. What has happened?

Main. What, have you not heard? This last speculation of Darnley's—a very vast one—has failed. His credit is shaken. There is a run on his house. And, foremost among those who press on the husband are the creditors whose claims have been created by his wife.

Miss P. Is it possible? The rich Mr. Darnley! the millionnaire!

Main. Yes, the man never satisfied with one million, if he could grasp at two! But, why do I blame him? It contents a man to count the smiles upon the faces of wife and children; but it never contents him to count his gold. If Darnley, driven by regret and disappointment to seek the excitement of the speculator, is a bankrupt—to-morrow let his fine-lady wife blame herself, and be hanged to her!

Miss P. Hush!

Darn. [*without*]. Very well. Let him wait in my study. He shall be paid. [*Enter* DARNLEY *followed by* Servant.

Servant. And, please, sir—Madame Cramousin has been very troublesome—called twice this morning——

Darn. Madame Cramousin? Who's she?

Servant. My lady's dressmaker.

Darn. True. Let her send her receipt to my office to-morrow. Well, Amelia, where is Lady Juliet?

Miss P. In her boudoir.

Darn. Alone?

Miss P. Little Fanny is with her.

Darn. Any one else?

Miss P. I—I'm not sure.

Darn. She falters! Torture, she too suspects—[*Calmly.*] Well, and—and her cousin—my—my friend, Marsden——

Main. Oh, that's of course!

Darn. [*after a pause*]. But, you say that—*her child is with her?*

Miss P. Yes, and Sir Francis only called to bring Fanny a puzzle of the History of England, which he's helping her to put together. [*To* MAINWARING.] Mischief-maker! My shuttle, sir. A pretty confusion you make of things when you take them in hand. *You* tat, indeed! [*Exit.*

Main. That girl bewitches me. I wish I was gay, and handsome, and rich. No! I wish I was a poker, a hearth-rug, a philosopher. What a beast I am! thinking of myself, and Darnley sad! [*Goes up to* DARNLEY, *puts his hand on his shoulder, and with feeling.*] My friend!

Darn. Those bills of Marsden's that you bought up at my request, some time since — they are due this week?

Main. Yes, the improvident rascal. Bills for £10,000, and the brokers sold them for two—the worst speculation you ever made!

Darn. [*to himself*]. The time is past when Knowledge was Power! Money is power, and I will wield it!

Main. [*overhearing*]. Money, power? No! can money

insure you a wife's love? Can money buy me back a sister's virtue?

Darn. A sister! Ah, Mainwaring, be not so hard. If your sister were less guilty than you deem her, if——

Main. Cease!

Darn. Can no suffering atone? no penitence win your pardon?

Main. [*fiercely*]. Yes! when she has told me the name of her betrayer. Yes! when his heart's blood has washed away my shame. Not till then!

Darn. [*aside*]. I must wait some happier moment.

Main. Let's talk the news—the weather—the markets. How go affairs to-day!

Darn. New losses. The next few days my house will be sorely tried. Let the waves beat—we are on a rock.

Main. Lady Juliet's extravagance could give a shock to Gibraltar.

Darn. Well, it must be checked when this crisis is once past.

Main. What time so fit as the present? Why not take this very hour to rouse her conscience by the sight of her folly?

Darn. Why? Simply because I love her! Because this extravagance it pleased me to indulge. Because this wealth, which has been to me but a burden, a drudgery and a toil, became bright and glorious when it invested her with the splendor of a queen. And now, even now, grasper and speculator as men deem me,—it is not the fear of poverty that makes my heart sick, and my brain dizzy. Fortune once lost can be repaired. But, Home—Honor—Happiness—these lost, what philosophy can console, what energy restore? Mainwaring, you are right. Money is *not* Power!

Main. Pardon me that I have so pained you! But, now that you are roused from your seeming indifference, all will be well. Assert your authority. Reprove Lady Juliet for her levity. Thrust this gay Lothario from your house.

Darn. And so, perhaps, root him in her heart. Shall I, who have sworn to honor and cherish the young creature that came to my hearth without one stain upon her soul—shall I, perhaps for a groundless fear, a visionary doubt, proclaim the jealousy that brings disgrace? When did the world ever acquit the wife whom the husband sullies by suspicion? Shall I suffer this man, whose vanity would exult even in the obstacle to his crime, to tell to every gossip how he made the proud Darnley tremble for his honor? And what should I gain? If as yet she is indifferent to him, my harshness, that would insult her, might invest him with attractions not his own. If she loves him —if—if—O Heaven! her *virtue*—I fear not *that!* But, her *heart? There* I am a coward! [*Pauses, in great disorder.*] No, no! As I have begun so will I proceed. I will not combat mine enemy with his own weapons, but I will debase him with my contempt, and, if need be, I will crush him with my gold! And for Juliet—for her whose affection I have cherished with a miser's care—for her, there shall be no meaner guardians than the wife's purity, and the husband's trust.

Enter FANNY.

Fan. Papa, dear papa!

Darn. My pretty one!

Fan. Mamma has just heard you are come in. Pray go to her!

Darn. Does she wish it?

Fan. To be sure. You'll see how nicely I've done the puzzle Sir Francis brought me.

Darn. [*putting her aside*]. Ah, Sir Francis. You love him?

Fan. No, I don't.

Darn. [*smiling*]. Why, my Fanny?

Fan. Because he's a naughty man, and tells stories.

Darn. Eh?

Fan. Yes, only think! He tells mamma he's so fond of [*mimicking*] "sweet little Fanny,"—and I heard him tell Mr. Fyshe, I was a troublesome little thing, always in the way. Not like dear good scolding Mr. Mainwaring, who don't say one thing and mean another. Where's my doll, sir?

Main. My darling, I've got it for you. Such a beauty! Come into the nursery, come!

Darn. And I shall see Marsden with her. Courage!

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II.

LADY JULIET'S *Boudoir.*

LADY JULIET *and* MARSDEN *seated.*

Mars. Nay, I cannot agree with you, my fair cousin. I cannot believe that persons can be permanently happy with dissimilar dispositions; that the grave can harmonize with the gay, or methodical reason with joyous fancy.

Lady J. Have you never seen the grandsire playing with the grandchild? What so dissimilar? The old man to whom the world itself is worn and hackneyed; the infant

who finds a plaything even in the gray locks of age! Yet the old man's brow smooths from its furrows at the merry laugh of the infant; and the infant will steal from his noisy playmates to clamber up the old man's knee. Can you not conceive that light lends a joy to shadow, and shadow gives repose to light?

Mars. Grandsire and grandchild! an innocent illustration. I spoke of two persons linked in nearer union. Lovers, or —married.

Lady J. Well, take even the married. Henry and myself. I so frivolous, he so wise. I the creature of every impulse, he so serene and calm. Were he like me, I fear I should despise him. Were I like him, I should tease him less—but should I please him more!

Mars. Ah, my fair cousin, you take ground I may not venture to dispute. Still, do you not deny the charm that you have not known?—the perfect harmony of character, the interchange of two hearts that beat with a common pulse; thoughts, feelings the echo of each other—if you are sad, all cloud for the one that loves you; if gay, all sunshine.

Lady J. [*half touched*]. Ah, that is poetry. Is it life?

Mars. Life, real life—if we but dare to seize it. [*Enter* DARNLEY.] If, when we find the one congenial spirit, never found but once, we can free one's self from the cold thraldom of the world—if we can see, through all things, but the one dear, ever-gracious, ever-welcome image of—Damn it! the husband!

Darn. Go on, pray! Charming! "Congenial spirit"—"cold thraldom"—"ever welcome image."—Some scene out of the Sorrows of Werter, eh?

Mars. I—I was saying—that is, I was remarking to Lady

Juliet that, as a general proposition—that in short merely as a philosophical observation—you understand—

Darn. Perfectly. As a philosophical observation—a congenial disposition———

Mars. Exactly so—is a very agreeable sort of thing.

Darn. The peroration is less brilliant than the exordium, —eh, Juliet? This poor Marsden! As they say in the House of Commons, his delivery is not equal to his matter.

Mars. [*aside*]. Confusion!

Lady J. My cousin is abashed by your irony. We were discussing a foolish question and disagreed. How did it begin? Oh, apropos of Mr. Fyshe and Amelia. My dear Henry, you will never consent to such a sacrifice?

Darn. Amelia is now of age, and can decide for herself. Mr. Fyshe has one recommendation. He is Sir Francis Marsden's friend.

Lady J. Friend? He cares for nobody but himself.

Darn. He has the character of being exceedingly sensible.

Lady J. Because he never neglects his own interest.

Darn. And of being scrupulously moral, and prudently economical.

Lady J. Because he is too covetous to spend, and too passionless to feel.

Darn. You show great discernment in character. You are right. There is one class of men too egotistical for error. There is another class whose egotism is less amusing, and yet more contemptible. What say you, Sir Francis?

Mars. I have not studied the species.

Lady J. Perhaps you'll define it.

Darn. I will—by a specimen. Conceive a man who de-

nies himself no pleasure, and is restrained by no duty. Without honesty, frank; without generosity, profuse; a lover of beauty; but as the worm loves the rose, not to delight in the fragrance, but to prey upon the flower. Viewing his fortune as the food of his vices; cultivating his talents as the servants of deceit; careless what misery he occasions so that his vanity is pleased; and undoing the happiness of a life, for the diversion of an hour. Such a man, though the world may call him warm-hearted and lavish, though he seem to the shallow too wild and extravagant to be selfish—such a man is the deadliest and most loathsome egotist; and amid the ties, the charities, the affections of this breathing world, his only god is himself. Is not that true, Sir Francis?

Lady J. Hush, Cynic! there is no such monster.

Darn. Pardon me, I know an illustration in point. Once on a time, Sir Francis, I had a friend—who did not repent to have married a wife younger than himself. In that wife was centred the charm of his austere existence, the honor of his spotless name. That wife had a cousin—a fair-faced and brilliant gentleman, who pressed the husband's hand, feasted at his board, was familiar at his house, and under the guise of the relative aimed at the distinction of the betrayer. You see there is such a monster. Sir Francis recognizes the description!

Lady J. What can this mean?

Darn. I call this man an egotist. For, had he loved, he had respected the honor and the happiness of the woman in whose ruin he sought but the gratification of his own vanity. One day my friend entered the room where the wife and the cousin were alone. He overheard the tawdry sentiment in which the egotist wrapped the insidious poison——

Lady J. Henry!—Henry!——

Mars. [*haughtily*]. Fear not, madam. The egotist perhaps could reply to a calumny, unmask a hypocrite, and avenge an insult. Well, sir, what did your friend do?

Darn. My friend, sir, made himself merry with the confusion he excited. But then, seeing that the hour was come at last to open the eyes of Innocence to the designs of Guilt, he told some such story as I tell now. And having told it, such was his unconquerable trust in his wife's purity and love, such his belief that, the treason once revealed, the traitor was forever baffled, that he bowed triumphantly to the one whom he did not fear, smiled confidingly on the one whom he could not doubt, took up his hat, and left them. [*Exit.*] [LADY JULIET *sinks down, and covers her face with her hands.*

Mars. [*aside*]. What! He exasperates the foe and then abandons the field? Fool as well as hypocrite! [*Aloud.*] Lady Juliet, forgive me if action or word of mine has exposed you to suspicions so insulting and unjust..

Lady J. Suspicion! of me?

Mars. To accuse *me* is to suspect *you.*

Lady J. And has my thoughtless levity stung that generous heart?

Mars. Generous? True! indifference is always generous.

Lady J. Indifference!

Mars. It is easy for a man to be generous to the faults—if such there be—of his wife, when his own affections are given to another.

Lady J. Calumniator!

Mars. Pardon me—I have said too much. Yet pity, even more than indignation. . . . But no! Till you learn

the truth—not from me. . . . Ah, Juliet, think what you will of the accuser and the unaccusing! Farewell!

Lady J. Yes, go! I never knew your true character till now. Shame on one who can insinuate the slander which——

Mars. Hold! Taunt me not to your own misery.

Lady J. Speak! that Darnley's life may belie you!

Mars. Alas!

Lady J. Ah, you falter! it is false.

Mars. By Heaven, I have not uttered a syllable which I do not believe to be true; and true the more, because experience bids me doubt of the mortal who affects to be the saint. What in the frank is but error, in the hypocrite is sin. If another man, gay and young, hires a house in the suburb, and makes a fair lady its inhabitant; if he maintains the establishment, defrays the expenses, and visits the lady daily—why, it is but a venial gallantry as the world goes. But if this be done by a formal moralist who preaches to others, and gives his life, as you say, for an example, why, —let us hope that it is only charity!

Lady J. And you dare to charge Mr. Darnley with——

Mars. With what I have said and no more. You have wrung it from me.

Lady J. Prove your accusation.

Mars. I have not the right. But this address may enable those who have it, to convict the egotist or unmask the dissembler. [*Exit.*

Lady J. [*after a pause*]. Where am I? Alone?—alone! O Heaven, I never knew till now how I loved him![1]

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[1] The conclusion of this scene is altered in the acting version.

ACT III.—SCENE I.[1]

A room in a Villa in St. John's Wood.

The Lady of the Villa. How wearily creep the hours! How desolate seems the present, and yet, what happier moments can I hope for in the future? [*Sees a guitar lying on the table.*] And in these strings sleeps the voice of the past! The past, when all nature seemed to have no sound but music, and I heard his whisper in every murmur of the air [*strikes a few chords*]. My only solace. For, when I sing the words he loved, I feel as though my voice could reach him from afar.

SONG.

O, wouldst thou from the blighting wind
  Protect life's early flowers,
And, like the dial, only count
  The time by sunny hours?
    Love not! love not!

And wouldst thou keep from youth to age
  Some trace of childhood's bloom,
Thro' cheerful days and careless nights,
  That sigh not for the tomb?
    Love not! love not!

When this sad heart shall rest at last
  Beneath the funeral shade,
Upon the nameless headstone write,
  To warn some happier maid,
    "Love not! love not!"

[1] Omitted in the acting version.

Enter Maid Servant.

Servant. These books, and this letter, from Mr. Darnley. [*Exit.*

The Lady [*in a tone of disappointment*]. He will not come to-day! [*reads the letter*]—"I regret extremely that urgent business may prevent my seeing you for a few days. Meanwhile, take comfort and hope for the best. As soon as the affairs that now engross me will permit, be assured that I will devote every energy to secure your happiness, and repair your wrongs."—Generous Darnley! In you rests, indeed, all that can take the name of hope! Books—they have lost their charm! My own sad thoughts start up from every page. [*Knock at the door.*] A visitor to me!—is it possible? Who can have discovered——

Enter LADY JULIET, *veiled.*

Lady J. [*aside*]. So young! and with that look of innocence! [*Aloud.*] Madam, forgive this intrusion.

The Lady. I fear there is some mistake.

Lady J. And I hope it. [*Aside.*] What can I say? I have come here by an irresistible impulse, and now I am more confused than herself. [*Aloud.*] Madam, a friend of mine—a—I cannot proceed!

The Lady. Her voice falters. Tears! What new misery does she come to announce to me?

Lady J. Away with weakness! At once, madam—are you acquainted with Mr. Darnley?

The Lady [*starting*]. Mr. Darnley? You terrify me! What has happened to Mr. Darnley? Speak!

Lady J. [*ironically*]. Compose yourself. He is well.

The Lady. Strange! This tone—these looks—this disorder— Whom have I the honor to receive?

Lady J. One who has forgotten herself to come hither. One who knows the secret of your shame.

The Lady. Oh, spare me! spare me!

Lady J. Poor child! not yet reconciled to dishonor.

The Lady. If you know my secret, you know also how I was misled—how deceived. But no! I will not accuse him. I deserved it all. What right had I to confide? I who betrayed the confidence of another, I who may yet have on my soul the weight of a brother's curse, the stain of a brother's blood? Oh, madam, I know not who you are, nor what brings you hither. But by your womanhood itself I adjure you to remember that this secret is not mine alone. If my brother learn my wrongs and discover the betrayer, he will avenge them with his life—or the life of one still too dear.

Lady J. Life? Oh, fear not. Your secret is my own, and it shall not even rise up in reproach to him who has wronged me, not less than you.

The Lady. Wronged you? You know him? You——

Lady J. [*haughtily*]. Enough, madam. My wrongs are not as yours, for mine have no remorse.

The Lady [*covering her face with her hands*]. Ah!

Lady J. [*walking to and fro*]. No, I will not parade my injuries. I will not bring the world's obloquy on my child's father. And his life? O Heaven! should I risk his life because, like Man, he has looked on Woman as his toy? Ah! she hides her face—the face that has allured from me a heart—oh, torture! torture! [*Coming to the table and seeing the letter.*] His hand! [*reads*]—"Be assured that I will devote every energy to secure your happiness, and

repair your wrongs." Woman, whom on earth hast thou left to me? The sinner has her comforter, the abandoned one has none!

The Lady. You? How have I injured you? How provoked the reproaches of a stranger?

Lady J. How? Know that I am—No, I may not lower my name by breathing it in these walls.

The Lady. Speak to me! speak! I am more sinned against than sinning. Go not till you have lifted from my heart the terror that your words have left there. Oh, turn not from me in such disdain!

Lady J. I turn that I may not see your face: I turn that I may not insult the fallen: I turn that I may leave to one who has robbed me of my all—compassion and forgiveness! [*Exit.*

The Lady. Forgiveness? A light breaks on me. How my shame blinded me before! Another of his victims—another whom perhaps he owns as wife. Stay! stay!

As she goes to the door, enter Servant.

Servant. What has happened, ma'am? This strange lady——

The Lady. Stay me not! I must see her again——

Servant. Alas, ma'am, she is gone; you are ill—you faint!

The Lady. Give me your arm. Jane, you remember me in my merry childhood?

Servant. I placed you in your cradle.

The Lady. And saw my mother watch beside me?

Servant. Dear heart, yes——

The Lady. I have no mother now—and yet I am more defenceless. Well, well, Innocence sleeps not so soundly in the cradle, as Sorrow in the Grave! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The Library in DARNLEY'S *House.*

Enter MAINWARING *fanning himself with his hat.*

Main. Phew! phew! The run on Darnley's house is at fever heat. Well, I've secretly taken all I have in the world to the head clerk. If Darnley's ruined, I'm ruined, and that's a great comfort. So I ought to be! I owe all to him—all that I scraped and saved for my little sister—who I hope is now starving! If she were, I would not give her a farthing, not a loaf, not a crumb. [*Pauses and seats himself.*] Poor thing! I'd give this right hand to hear her gay voice singing on the stairs. She never sang when she'd done anything to vex me. Confound these fine chairs! There's no sitting in comfort in this house. And that villanous Lady Juliet, out gadding as usual, while her husband struggles against ruin and despair. [*Takes out a cigar case and lights a cigar.*] Oho! by the way, this would horrify her dainty ladyship. She swallows the incense of a lover, and swoons at the perfume of a cigar.

Enter MISS PLACID, *speaking to a* Servant.

Miss P. If Mr. Fyshe calls, show him in here. That is, don't announce him—say I expect him in the library. Aha! I will see now in good earnest if I cannot shock him into resigning my alliance, and so sparing me the forfeit.

I failed as a fool, perhaps I may succeed as a vixen. Somebody smoking! Oh, dear me, Mr. Mainwaring!

Main. Beg pardon. Darnley allows it in the library. A good cigar is as great a comfort to a man as a good cry to a woman.

Miss P. To be sure. Never mind me. I like it. [*Aside.*] How astonished he looks! I'll just practice on Mainwaring the part intended for Fyshe. [*Aloud.*] Bless you, when I lived with my poor uncle in Leicestershire, I've smoked a cigar myself, while riding to cover.

Main. Riding to cover!

Miss P. Don't you know my celebrity at Melton? Did you never hear of my great day at Langley Broom?

Main. My poor dear young friend, let me feel your pulse, will you?

Miss P. No, it always gallops a little when I think of that great day at Langley Broom. [*Knock at the door. Aside.*] There he is! Now for it. [*Aloud.*] That *was* a day!

"A southerly wind and a cloudy sky
Proclaim it a hunting morning!"—

Fifteen miles to cover. Uncle rather gouty, so we went in a chaise and four, and sent on the horses. Mounted at Crutch Hollow. The field quite on fire with expectation and scarlet. Here the Duke—his brows knit—hounds don't find. There—just where you stand—Count Scamper [*enter* FYSHE]—and there Handsome Tom [*pointing toward* FYSHE *without seeming to see him*]—Suddenly, yap, yap, yap! Hounds find. Horses snort. Freshmen look nervous. Out slips the fox—there, just by the fireplace—Yeo, yeo, yoicks! Tallyho! over the stone wall, up the hill, on through the wood, Handsome Tom leads the way—stops at the fence and goes plump into the ditch on the other

side. "Lie still for your life!" and over I go upon Brown Bess—fence, ditch, Tom, and all! Fox takes to the mill—Hounds at fault—all at a standstill. "Stole away!" cries the Duke. "Yoicks! yoicks!" cries the Huntsman, "there he sneaks the other side of the mill-stream. Harkaway! Harkaway!"—Into the stream—dash, dash, splash, splash! Safe on the bank—halt a moment to breathe—drip, drip, pant, pant! To it again! Count Scamper and I, neck and neck. Yap, yap, helter-skelter—hurry-scurry! Here we are, in at the death! "Mettlesome girl!" cries the Duke. Oh, what a day! Let me light a cigar.

[*Lights a cigar, and throws herself on the sofa upon which* MR. FYSHE *has sunk in speechless consternation.*

Fyshe. Mad as Bedlam! Lady Juliet's nasty little dog has certainly bit her.

Miss P. Oh, Mr. Fyshe, Mr. Fyshe, I'm perfectly shocked.

Fyshe. So am I. [*To* MAINWARING.] What's all this?

Main. How should I know? Do you take me for a key to the Family Riddle Book?

Miss P. Ah, Mr. Fyshe, I hope I've not lost your good opinion.

Main. Oh, she wants his good opinion, does she?—Hark ye, sir. Marry her and be miserable. You were born to be henpecked. [*Exit.*

Fyshe. Really, Miss Placid, I never knew that your spirits were so remarkably the reverse of low.

Miss P. Why, it's useless to continue the disguise. You see, my guardian has so often lectured me for being a little too vehement, and said, "Mr. Fyshe is a very polite, sensible man, and likes young ladies to behave pretty and proper," that—ha! ha! so I took you in, did I?

Fyshe. Took me in!

Miss P. Oh, come now, I dare say you've more fun in you than one would suppose by your looks? Own that you are a little wild now and then. I sha'n't like you the less. And since we must pull together, we'll see which can go fastest.

Fyshe. Pull together? go fastest?

Miss P. By the bye, there's no fun like a tandem. Do you handle the ribbons?

Fyshe. Great heavens! all the slang of a groom!

Miss P. Oh, you've got the will [*snatching it*]. Ah, I see. Here is the clause. Quite true. I forfeit half unless you refuse me. When shall it be? Next week? The sooner the better. I want to be my own mistress, and have it all my own way.

Fyshe. Really, Miss Placid, you must permit me to observe that hunting and driving and smoking cigars—[*aside*] I dare say she drinks too—[*aloud*] are qualifications I was scarcely prepared to expect in the female companion of an elegant retirement.

Miss P. Oh, I dare say I shall surprise you a great deal more when we're married.

Fyshe [*aside*]. I feel uncommonly nervous. I wish she'd refuse me.—As to that, ma'am, the authority of a husband——

Miss P. Is what I never shall suffer.

Fyshe [*aside*]. What a virago! Let me look at the will. Ah! £30,000 in the three per cents—I shall be wretched for life!—but, £30,000! I shall hang myself at my bed-post—but £30,000!—If it were a farthing less—Well, Miss Placid, I suppose we must name the day.

Miss P. [*aside*]. I have failed, then! Poor Mainwaring!

To lose half the fortune I would bring him! It must be —[*Aloud.*] No, Mr. Fyshe, I fear I must be content to sacrifice——

Fyshe. Go on! go on!—[*Aside*]. She refuses me, and pays the forfeit! £15,000 and no wife! Go on, sweet Amelia!

Enter LADY JULIET *in great agitation.*

Lady J. [*falls on Amelia's neck*]. Oh! my friend—I—I— [*Weeps.*

Miss P. Heavens! what has happened? Compose yourself! Sir, you see Lady Juliet is ill. I wish you good-morning.

Fyshe. Yes, she seems very ill. Still, as you were saying—— [LADY JULIET *goes to the table and writes.*

Miss P. [*calling to the servant*]. Mr. Fyshe's carriage. Sir, if you don't go this moment, I'll——

Fyshe. Yes, you'll——

Miss P. Accept you!

Fyshe. Miss Amelia, your most obedient. [*Exit.*

[LADY JULIET *seals her letter and wrings the bell.*

Enter Servant.

Lady J. Mr. Darnley is not returned?

Servant. No, my lady. He is still in the City, and——

Lady J. Let him have this when he returns. No! send it instantly. Instantly!

Servant. Yes, my lady, I will take it myself.

Lady J. Do so. [*Exit* Servant.

Miss P. You alarm me. What letter is this? What have you written?

Lady J. What have I written? My intention to part from Mr. Darnley at once and forever!

[*Exit through the folding doors.*

Miss P. Part! Do I hear aright? Alas! that this brilliant creature should be the slave of every impulse. Hark! Sobs? I must go—and——

Servant *announces* MARSDEN, *who enters.*

Mars. Pardon me, Miss Placid. Where is Lady Juliet? I must see her—I—Surely that is her voice!

[*Goes to the door.*

Miss P. [*arresting him*]. No! no! you cannot see Lady Juliet now!

Mars. And why?

Miss P. Some vile treachery has been at work to distract her mind and destroy her happiness! In such an hour——

Mars. In such an hour, friendship claims the privilege to console. [*Bows and exit.*

Miss P. Console! Ah, with him to console is to betray! I will not leave her disordered reason to his arts. The grief of woman, woman alone should soothe.

[*Exit after* SIR FRANCIS.[1]

SCENE III.

DARNLEY'S *Counting House.*

Enter DARNLEY *followed by* PARSONS.

Darn. And the run strengthens, eh?

Par. Sir, the panic swells every moment; the vast sum in our hands last Monday is nearly drained.

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[1] The conclusion of this scene is altered in the Acting Version.

Darn. [*holding up his watch*]. Is my watch right?

Par. Sir, yes—certainly.

Darn. Then all is safe. In less than an hour the day's demand will be over—[*Enter* MAINWARING]—And to-morrow arrive my supplies from Hamburg.

Par. And the day after——

Darn. And the day after—those shares on which we perilled so much shall take such a rise in the market that we could pave Lombard Street with gold; and the next day, if the wind hold, "The Adventurer" will be at the mouth of the Thames; and the next day, return my agents from Rotterdam and Frankfort; and the next day, the crowd around my column at the Exchange shall know that the House of Darnley, recovered from every shock, complete the mightiest loan merchant ever lent to monarch. Go back. We are safe! [*Exit* PARSONS.

Main. But if these resources fail you? If the Hamburg supplies are delayed? If the shares continue to fall instead of rising? If——

Darn. Well the Science of Life is the calculation of Ifs. While you speak, I am counting what else to depend on. Humph! my shares in the Australian Bank can be sold—next week come my remittances from Guiana and Barbadoes—[*looking over his books*].

Main. Your coolness fevers me. Your gigantic speculations have scattered all your resources; and, should the succor that depends upon a thousand accidents not come to the very hour, you are undone!

Darn. Undone? we are never undone while the mind is firm and the name is spotless. The spider reweaves her web: the brave man rebuilds his fortunes.

Main. Stoic, be human!

Darn. I *am* human. Where Humanity is weakest—in the affections! If I am calm in the midst of the storm, it is because I see at last the sunshine breaking upon my home. Yesterday I found the courage to warn Juliet, and in Marsden's presence. I watched her while I warned, and there was innocence on her cheeks. Henceforth the danger is banished from my house, the jealous agony from my heart. I have saved the wealth that brings the sweetest return, and all meaner treasure seems to have lost the value it had before. Stoic? It is only fortune that menaces me, and I am a Stoic now.

Enter Servant.

Servant [*giving letter*]. From my lady, sir.

Darn. From Juliet! Ah, I was detained so late last night, and have not seen her since I left her with the man I no longer fear. Uneasy at my absence or alarmed at these reports—Wait without. [*Exit* Servant.] [*Reads*]—"Sir"—Sir!—"I have long been convinced of the utter dissimilarity in our habits and our tastes. The affront you passed on me yesterday, in implying a doubt which, however disguised, could only reflect upon myself"—upon her!—"has decided me to adopt a resolution"—I will read no more. I am not in my senses! I have not slept for many nights, my eyes deceive me. Did the man say this was from Lady Juliet Darnley?

Main. From Lady Juliet—Yes.

Darn. I will read on—"a resolution which"—The air is close—heavy—[MAINWARING *opens the window*]—Thank you! It revives me—"to ask your consent to an immediate separation. The details I will leave to you and to my father."—It is not her writing. Ha, ha! a forgery! Read—read!

Main. [*reads*]. Oh, Darnley, be a Stoic now!

Darn. I tell you it is a forgery. Three months since, a poor wretch forged my signature for a handful of dross—and I would not prosecute. But oh, what punishment stern enough for one who has thus lyingly—lyingly, look you!—counterfeited the hand of her, who—A forgery! a vile forgery!

Main. Not a forgery; but still, perhaps, a delusion. Some one has maddened her to this—Ha! [*Calls the* Servant.] Did your lady go out this morning?

Servant. Yes, sir.

Main. Where?

Servant. I don't know, sir.

Main. Was no one with her when you left?

Servant. Sir Francis Marsden just called as I came away. Any answer, sir?

Darn. [*calmly*]. Say I shall be detained from home till to-morrow afternoon, when I will see Lady Juliet. [*Exit* Servant.] Marsden—Marsden—with her! An immediate separation!—it is well—well——

Enter PARSONS.

Par. Oh, sir! Such tidings! The house at Hamburg, Meyer and Vandervelt, on which you relied for to-morrow, has failed.

Darn. Failed? No matter. It will not affect me.

Par. [*aside*]. What a man! Nothing daunts him. [*Exit.*

Main. For your child's sake, take courage! Tear this woman from your heart!

Darn. I do—I do. I am not base enough to mourn a wanton——

Main. Those bills of Marsden's, that you bade me buy

up long since,—shall I not sell them? They may bring something: you will want all.

Darn. Sell them? not for millions! I will smite him with my wand—my sceptre—my gold—ere it leaves my grasp. Hush! Meyer and Vandervelt fail me. How much did I count on? Reach me that book. I see. And in her love I was so rich! Yes, as you say, heavy bills will be due to-morrow. Where is the list? Pshaw! we can meet these. I must raise money on Elgrove. You know the old willows by the riverside—our favorite walk in the first happy summers. She loved me then, and yet I was not then so rich. Foolish thoughts these, and at such a time. True, true!

Main. Rouse yourself. But just now you defied fortune.

Darn. And do still—[*rings. Enter* PARSONS]. Send for Mr. Simmonds the Bill-broker, privately.

Par. Yes, sir. I beg pardon, but here is a draft for £3,000 signed by Lady Juliet—to Mr. Fringe for decorations for Elgrove. Really, we need not pay this. It is not your signature. We cannot spare this sum.

Darn. [*taking the check*]. *This* is her hand [*comparing it with the letter*]. Here, Mainwaring, here. These characters differ, eh?

Main. For Heaven's sake——

Darn. No! no! no! it is not a forgery. You know Lady Juliet had my leave to draw upon the house. Pay the check.

Par. But, indeed, sir——

Darn. Begone! [*Exit* PARSONS.] You see I denied her nothing.

Main. Hark you, Darnley. To-day you owe a duty to your clients, your name, your child, and your country's

commerce. Think of these alone. Any day will suffice to expel the faithless wife from the home to which she brings but ruin and disgrace. Go over these accounts. Prepare for the morrow. If you lose your self-possession you will be a bankrupt, your child a beggar.

Darn. [*writing*]. You are right. You shall not blush for your friend. I have all the evening left—I will gather up all my resources. [*Rings. Enter* PARSONS.] This letter to Messrs. Richmore. This to Sir John Gould. The messenger will wait for answers. Fetch me the iron box with the title deeds of Elgrove. [*Exit* PARSONS.] That paper yonder—[MAINWARING *gives it to him*]. These sums are complicated. There, see my head is clear—I can still compute in a glance what would be a puzzle for Algebra. Why, to-morrow shall find me ready for all. Next week wealth shall roll back like an ocean. Next week—and home — Juliet — that smile — that voice! Oh, God!—my heart is broken!

ACT IV.—SCENE I.[1]

A Drawing-room in DARNLEY'S *House.*

Lady J. No, I will not deign to proclaim the cause of my resolution. I will not be that pitiable object, a jealous and abandoned wife. I will part as becomes my dignity, my innocence, and my wrongs, without the weakness of reproach. His footstep! I will be firm.

Enter DARNLEY.

Darn. She cannot conceal her emotion. Even yet it may not be too late. Juliet!

Lady J. Mr. Darnley.

Darn. "Mr. Darnley?"—It *is* too late. Lady Juliet Darnley, is this your writing?

Lady J. Certainly.

Darn. And you persist in the same desire? You would forsake your husband's roof?

Lady J. Phrase it as you will. I desire your consent to part.

Darn. Madam, you have it.

Lady J. How calmly he consents!—I am glad my reasons have convinced you.

Darn. Reasons? They are not found in this letter. They

[1] In the acting version this scene is, with obvious propriety, transferred to the house of Lord Fitzhollow.

are written, where I have no longer power to search, in the heart which has abjured its vows. "Uncongenial habits"—Ah, that was not the phrase upon your lips when,—but no matter! "The affront of a doubt," when another man might have. . . But let it pass! I seek no explanation; and I suffer without a murmur—the penalty of a blind trust and a weak indulgence.

Lady J. [*ironically*]. May the consciousness of your defects console you for mine. Indulgence, ha! ha!

Darn. By Heaven, this levity! But no, you shall not make me forget—all that is left me in misfortune—my indignation and my pride. Indulgence—what! was the word misapplied? I might have expected to find, even in so high-born and fair a partner, a companion, a friend, the helpmate and guardian of a home. Can you deny that I have found them not? But, when did I repine while you were happy? If, wearied and exhausted, I returned from the cares and anxieties of the day to a solitary hearth, still it soothed me to think that these, my "uncongenial habits," had saddened not your joyous youth. You were shining elsewhere—delighting others. In your gayety I was gay; in your youth I was young again.

Lady J. Darnley! Henry! [*Aside.*] Ah, shall I tell him all!

Darn. Oh! let man beware of marriage until he thoroughly know the mind of her on whom his future must depend. Woe to him, agony and woe, when the wife feels no sympathy with the toil, when she soothes not in the struggle, when her heart is far from that world within, to which her breath gives the life, and her presence is the sun! How many men in humbler life have fled, from a cheerless hearth, to the haunts of guilt! How many in

the convict's exile, in the felon's cell, might have shunned the fall—if woman (whom Heaven meant for our better angel) had allured their step from the first paths to hell by making a paradise of home! But by the poor the holy household ties are at least not scorned and trifled with, as by those among whom you were reared. *They* at least do not deem it a mean ambition that contents itself with the duties of wife and mother. Look round the gay world you live in, and when you see the faithless husband wasting health, fortune, honor, in unseemly vices—behold too often the cause of all in the cold eyes and barren heart of the fashionable wife.

Lady J. [*aside*]. He seeks to excuse himself! [*Aloud*]. And the fashionable wife is alone to blame if the husband transfer his affections to some tenderer object?

Darn. At least she must share the blame.

Lady J. Enough, Mr. Darnley. You will now be released from one whom you judge so severely—who—who—[*bursts into tears*].

Darn. Her heart softens—she weeps! Juliet, Juliet, retract those fatal words.

Lady J. Retract? Never! It was a moment's weakness, and is past. [*Rings the bell. Enter* Servant.] Go to my lord and beg him to come here instantly. Now, sir, we shall both be happy.

Darn. Happy! May you be so, not in revel and in pomp, in stately equipage, in applauded beauty—least of all in hollow flattery from the lips of guilt. But happy in a good name, in a calm conscience, in prayers that leave no repentance. Oh! ere warning be all in vain, beware, Juliet, beware! You forsake me, but I leave your daughter in my place: and if ever your heart trembles before tempta-

tion, go to your child—look into its pure eyes—listen to its innocent voice—and let the mother save the wife!

[*Exit.*

Lady J. Beware! save! Vain dissimulation! He knows himself faithless, and counterfeits distrust of me. Oh, Heaven pity me! I am desolate and wretched!

Enter MARSDEN [*putting aside a* Servant *who announces him*].

Mars. At last I see you, and alone. I had no opportunity yesterday, while your friend was by, to tell you how truly I share your sorrows, how deeply I feel your wrongs. My cousin, my dear cousin [*attempts to take her hand*].

Lady J. Leave me! leave me!

Mars. Leave you?—no! Ah, that I had the privilege which Darnley has despised, in joy or in grief to be forever by your side!

Lady J. Forever! There is no forever in man's thoughts when he speaks to woman! Betrayed—forsaken—even reproach denied me—oh! why are women so powerless to avenge?

Mars. Powerless? no! what vengeance like the transfer of your love? Ah, need you learn now that I but live for you? How truly, how patiently, how hopelessly, till this hour—I have sighed for the affection which the ingrate has cast away!

[*As he kneels, and* JULIET *weeps on, unheeding him,* DARNLEY, *with* FANNY *in his arms, opens the door—darts forward, then halts, and retires.*

Lady J. Rise! rise! This is but cruelty, insult——

Mars. Nay, in my love behold, at least, the means of your revenge. Listen to me!

Lady J. Speak not to me now! These walls reel before my eyes. I know not what I say, or think, or feel. Am I listening to guilt or shame? [*Enter* MAINWARING. LADY JULIET *hastening to him.*] Sit down—here—here—sit down! Remain! Thank Heaven there is something present, now, to interpose between crime and madness!

Mars. [*aside*]. Mainwaring! 'Sdeath, in the very moment of success!

Main. [*looking at them steadily*]. Thank you. Yes, I am very glad to sit down—and feel as if I should not get up for a twelvemonth.

Mars. Indeed, Mr. Mainwaring, I appeal to your delicacy. I have something very important to say to my relation, Lady Juliet. Leave us but for a few minutes, I entreat you.

Main. Lady Juliet, is it your wish that I should leave you with Sir Francis Marsden?

Lady J. No, stay, stay!

Main. Then, with your permission, Sir Francis, I'll read the newspaper. Hum! What do you think of affairs in China?

Mars. Sir, this trifling——

Main. Trifling! Nay, really, Sir Henry Pottinger seems pretty well in earnest.

Mars. [*to* LADY JULIET]. Grant me one moment? Can I not speak to you elsewhere?

Main. Ah, if I disturb you, you'll find Darnley in the next room. Pray, Sir Francis, do you know the precise latitude of the Island of Hong Kong?

Mars. Zounds! is it always to be my fate to be made ridiculous? [*Whispering.*] Juliet, remember! When we meet again, I will take your answer.

[LADY JULIET *remains as if insensible, her eyes fixed on space.*

Main. [*watching them and then turning to the paper*]. Bless me! a Divorce case. God help the false wife's abandoned children!

Lady J. [*starting*]. Ah!

Mars. [*muttering*]. Confound him! [*Exit.*

Main. From this daily oracle comes a voice for every conscience. [*Dropping the paper and seizing* LADY JULIET'S *hand.*] Your hand is cold. So be it ever to the clasp of every man, save your noble husband's. Wake yourself, Juliet Darnley! Why are you here? Why listening to that soft-tongued knave, when your post should be by Darnley's side in his hour of reverse and woe. Do you not know that he is on the verge of ruin?

Lady J. Ruin!

Main. Ruin—and you the cause. Had you been contented to bless the wealth he had acquired, Darnley had not been driven to seek the distraction of absorbing schemes and feverish speculations. To supply your extravagance no enterprise seemed too rash. Sudden reverse—endangered credit—the very splendor that surrounds you but feeding the fears of every claimant—this is the state in which you would desert your husband! And in the hour when he most needs support and solace, his wife forsakes her husband, and listens to her lover!

Lady J. Hold, sir! you presume. But no! your warmth shall not offend me. I knew not, so help me Heaven, I knew not Henry's misfortunes. I thought—I think still, that I have wrongs, deep wrongs. Let them pass. We were to part—I will not leave my husband now—no, not in his care and sorrow—no—not unless he drive me from his hearth.

Main. He drive you! he who so loves——

Lady J. Loves? We will not speak of love. Tell me more of his affairs.

Main. The supplies counted on for to-day have failed; the run continues. Could we but get through the next twelve hours we may be safe. To-morrow new resources will pour in. But to-day! And Darnley, whose energy alone could sustain and avert the danger, for the first time flies from the storm—sinks beneath his fate, crushed by the grief that you have heaped upon his heart. But I waste time. This is the hour to seek friends. As if friends were not like mammoths and iguanodons—a species of monsters that never survive a deluge. A month ago a quarter of a million would so have served the great House of Darnley as twenty, nay ten, thousand pounds would to-day.

Lady J. How! Are you serious? Twenty thousand pounds——

Main. Ay, or ten.

Lady J. Joy, joy, oh, joy! Wait here, one instant! Wait—— [*Exit.*

Main. Certainly, the more I consider, the more I'm convinced that a woman is a kind of quicksilver. She is here and there, come and gone, lost and found, vaporizes at a common temperature, and only becomes solid when she's below zero. But, properly confined, and nailed up in the parlor, she's a capital weather-glass; for she falls with every cloud, and rises with every sunbeam.

Re-enter LADY JULIET.

Lady J. Here, Mr. Mainwaring. These diamonds were my mother's. They are mine to give, for they made my only dowry. These, too, were Henry's wedding gift. Ah,

happy days! These too—these—these, take them all. They will raise more than you say he requires. Haste! quick! quick! But mind, one condition—one promise—not a word to Henry! Pledge me your honor.

Main. Pshaw? Why?

Lady J. Why? Because you know his pride. Because, in our present relation toward each other, he would refuse them, and it would be mean in me to seem as if I would buy back his love.

Main. Well, for the present you may be right. I don't scruple to accept the relief. It may save him yet.

Lady J. Save him? Fly!

Main. But are you sure you will not repent? Jewels that belonged to your ancestors; can even money replace them?

Lady J. Money, no! If you would replace them, bring me back my husband's heart. [*Exit.*

Main. This would be a very happy marriage if Darnley could be ruined every day of his life. I'm half afraid I'm beginning to fall in love with her myself. Hang her!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The Library.

DARNLEY *and* FANNY.

DARNLEY *seated; his hands before his eyes.* FANNY *attempts to withdraw them.*

Fan. Papa! speak to me, papa!

Darn. Child! child!

Fan. Don't call me child. Nurse calls me "child" when

she's angry. Call me Fanny, your own Fanny. You are sad. Stay, I will bring mamma.

Darn. [*starting up and putting aside the child*]. Oh, the happy hour when I first taught these lips to lisp the mother's name! [*Pauses, and opens his arms.*] Do you love me? Do you love me? Say you love me, oh, my child!

Fan. Fanny loves you with her whole heart, papa.

Enter Servant *announcing* Lord Fitzhollow.

Lord F. My dear Darnley; do you know you alarm me terribly? Juliet sends for me; I come: and now she is in her room, too ill to see even me. You are disturbed. Can these dreadful reports be true?

Darn. I have much to say to you. [*Puts down the child, who goes into a corner of the room and amuses herself with building a house of cards.*]

Lord F. I listen.

Darn. Why did you choose me for your daughter's husband?

Lord F. Why? My dear Darnley, that's a strange question! Though a merchant, you were of noble family: you were rising, already rich, and an irreproachable public character—of my own politics. I knew you would do credit to me as a connection.

Darn. But did you consider whether I should make your daughter happy as a husband?

Lord F. Why not? Your house is admirably appointed. She has the best box at the opera; no one is more thoroughly the mode. I don't think there's a woman in London more to be envied than Lady Juliet Darnley.

Darn. It was to my wealth, then, that you looked, when you thought of your daughter's happiness?

Lord F. My dear Darnley, we don't live in Arcadia; and of course, as a man of some birth and station, I could not have consented to Juliet's marriage with any man who could not give her an establishment suitable to the daughter of Lord Fitzhollow.

Darn. I understand you. My wealth is gone. With it, my power of conferring happiness. Take back your daughter.

Lord F. Sir!

Darn. By her settlements an ample income is secured to Lady Juliet. Whatever may chance to me, that income I surrender. I took her poor. I return her rich. Are you contented?

Lord F. Mr. Darnley, you speak bluntly. But still, if your affairs are as you seem to fear, it would be unpleasant for me to think my daughter involved in misfortunes that might lower her dignity—and my own. In short, till your affairs are retrieved, a separation would be a very proper proceeding—if Juliet can be induced to consent.

Darn. It is her own wish.

Lord F. Indeed? Ah, she was brought up with a proper sense of her station.

Darn. To-morrow (if you will do me the honor to attend), my lawyer shall be prepared with the deed of separation.

Lord F. It is a very sad business, and we must make the best of it to the world. You have no fault to find with Lady Juliet?

Darn. No one is more thoroughly the mode.

Lord F. Um! Sarcastic! Of course you leave her daughter to her care?

Darn. No. An hour ago I had intended that cruel sacrifice. I have changed my mind. One victim is enough.

Lord F. But——

Darn. On this head, I am immovable.

Lord F. Well, I cannot dictate to you; the law is on your side. But for my grandchild's future prospects, her entrance into society, her insurance of a suitable alliance in point of fortune,—my house, and the experience of Lady Fitzhollow, present unequalled advantages.

Darn. What education did you give your daughters?

Lord F. The very best. Bochsa for the harp, and Hertz for the piano. My daughters speak seven languages; and are universally admitted to be most highly accomplished.

Darn. And these are the walls of tinsel which are to fortify the human conscience in the hour of trial! Unguided the temper that should bless a home, unstrengthened the principles that should subdue the world. Oh, yes, you taught your daughters all that could feed the vanity, and starve the heart; all that could make them turn from the holy tranquillity of the household altar, to crave the applause that contaminates, and the excitement that consumes!

Lord F. Opinions on education differ. Still, I have the consolation of thinking that every one says my daughters reflect great credit on myself.

Darn. "Credit on yourself!" How this egotism pervades the world, and poisons the fountains of the holiest affections! Our children are educated, that their accomplishments may pander to our vanity; and married, that their alliance may gratify our pride. And we only regard their destiny as an investment that is to yield an usurer's interest to our prudent selves.

Lord F. [*aside*]. I have always observed that when a man becomes poor he loses a great deal of his good breed-

ing. [*Aloud.*] Well, Mr. Darnley, you'll excuse me if I don't reply to your homilies. Nothing, in my opinion, is more *mauvais ton* than family recriminations. At two to-morrow, eh? *Au plaisir!* Oh, by the way, there should be another trustee to this deed of separation. Whom would you suggest? Some quiet, moral, sensible, worthy man—not over-curious about the affairs of other people.

Darn. Why not Mr. Fyshe? He is, openly, what you all are in disguise.

Lord F. How d'ye mean?

Darn. A quiet, sensible, moral, worthy man—not over-curious about other people's affairs.

Lord F. Mr. Fyshe? I never heard anything against Mr. Fyshe. Mr. Fyshe let it be. [*Exit.*

Fan. Papa, come and see what a nice house I have built [*claps her hands*]. Ah, it is down now!

Darn. Grieve not. Thy father's house is as frail as thine.

Enter MAINWARING.

Main. Give me your hand, Darnley! Huzza! a timely aid has enabled us to pay off the last demands of the day. The panic is subsiding. The shares in the great Gas Company (on which you so wisely counted to repair all losses) are rising. What! dumb? I say you are saved.

Darn. [*helping the child with the card-house*]. It is too late. Pretty one, see! we cannot build up the house again.

Main. [*whispering*]. Juliet retracts—repents. She loves you!

Darn. Hush! hush!—[*Opens the door and puts out the child.*] Play there, my Fanny! [*Coming back.*] Breathe not the mother's name before the sinless child.

Main. Pshaw! Lady Juliet has her faults—her errors.

But, remember her youth, her training, the corruption of this damnable great world. She shall ask your pardon.

Darn. Heaven can pardon all sins. There are wrongs which man cannot forgive.

Main. Darnley, I have never pleaded for your wife before. I plead for her now. She loves you. Be patient! This Marsden——

Darn. [*fiercely*]. I saw him at her feet! saw it, and *was* patient—[*After a pause.*] Yes, but a few minutes before, we parted, my heart relented; I said to myself, "*My* words failed to move her, she shall hear her better angel speak from her child's lips." I came to place her child in her arms and say, "Blind one, behold thy guide, and let it lead thee from the abyss!" I came, and saw—her lover at her feet. I sprang forward in man's natural instinct of just revenge—and my eyes fell upon my child. The mother vanished from my soul: the child alone remained upon the earth. Should the world hiss in my daughter's ear, "Thy mother was an adulteress, and the blood of her paramour is on thy father's hands!" And so,—darkness fell on me, and I knew no more, till small rosy fingers plucked my hands from my face, and before me smiled innocent, unconscious eyes, and—I thanked Heaven that I *had* been patient!

Main. Darnley, take comfort! What you have seen is no proof of guilt. Nay, rather can I prove to you that at this very hour your wife's heart is with you; your wife's——

Darn. Cease. All confidence is gone—all excuse too late. Wedded faith is too solemn to be blown to and fro by every wind.

Enter JULIET, *who stands by the door timidly.*

Lady J. Henry! He hears me not. My voice fails me!

Main. Listen to me—one word——

Darn. Not one! I am weary of this woman! My sole happiness is in the thought that seas and lands shall divide us evermore. Let her face, as she will, the storms of the noisy world. I fly for refuge from mankind to the shelter of the only heart that is left me to cherish. [*Going toward the room where he has left* FANNY.]

Lady J. What do I hear? Henry!—Mercy, mercy!

Main. Now look at her——

[DARNLEY *turns round as* LADY JULIET *clasps her hands, and looks for a moment.*

Main. And relent! [DARNLEY *turns, and Exit.*

Lady J. "Weary of this woman?"—"the only heart left to him to cherish?" Tell him I obey. Tell him I am content to part—tell him—oh, lost! lost to me for evermore!

[*Falls as* MAINWARING *supports her.*

NOTE TO "DARNLEY"

NOTE TO "DARNLEY"

THE text of the four preceding acts is printed from the second of two rough drafts of them found among my father's manuscripts. The drafts do not materially differ from each other. In both, the *dramatis personæ* have the same names and characters, with the exception of Selfby Fyshe; who, in the first draft, is sometimes named Fyshe but more frequently Languid. The author, when writing the first draft, was apparently undecided which of the two names he should finally adopt for this character. Of the fifth act I have been able to find among my father's papers no trace beyond some fragments of scenes apparently belonging to it, and such slight indication of its main incidents as may be gathered from the following synopsis of the whole play.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Stand as now,—with alteration of MARSDEN'S character.
" II.—MAINWARING and DARNLEY.
" III.—LADY JULIET and SIR FRANCIS. Sentimental.
" IV.—MAINWARING and DARNLEY. To aid DARNLEY in his plot.

ACT II.

LADY JULIET and MARSDEN. Sentimental and dangerous. Enter DARNLEY. Strong situation. Enter MAINWARING. Excites her jealousy. She goes out. DARNLEY re-enters. To him LANGUID; who has taken a villa from MARSDEN, and let it again to DARNLEY. Act to end with comedy between MAINWARING and MISS PLACID.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—MISS PLACID and LANGUID. Asks him to let her off. He won't.

" II.—LADY JULIET and MISS PLACID. LADY JULIET's jealousy. Writes to her husband that she will separate.

" III.—DARNLEY. First his equanimity, then his despair.

ACT IV.

LANGUID and MISS PLACID. He is led to suppose her fortune gone. Not as now. Altered.

ACT V.

MARSDEN and LANGUID. The joy of the former at separation. Has been invited as a relative to sign final arrangements. Room in D.'s house. DARNLEY and MARSDEN. Final scene. Discovery and reconciliation.

It will be seen at once that the second draft, which has been selected for the text of this Edition, differs in some important particulars from the above synopsis as regards the sequence and arrangement of incidents. Both the draft and synopsis also contain internal evidence of the author's intention to make further alterations in the structure of the plot, and especially in the situations which serve to explain and develop the character of Marsden. This character, as at present sketched, is the most artificial and least intelligible feature of the play. Yet of all its *dramatis personæ* Marsden is dramatically the most important, since the main plot of the play grows directly out of his action. It is essential to the effect of the whole play that the action of this character should be dramatically justified. And the method of its dramatic justification (which Mr. Coghlan seems to have thought unnecessary or impossible) appears to me sufficiently indicated by the author of the play even in his unaltered

sketch of Marsden's character. Neither dramatically nor morally is Marsden a villain. His character should be so presented as to enable us to perceive that, although without principle, he is not altogether without heart. From the moment he appears upon the stage, the audience is meant, and should be made, to understand that, in the life of frivolity and excitement he is leading, he has no other interest or object than distraction from some painful memory. "Poor Susan!" he says, "if she had not left me I had been perhaps another man." He adds, "But she deserted me, and I am free"; and then, with a curse on late hours and shaken nerves, he calls for the laudanum drops. He is selfish, not like Fyshe, upon principle, but from recklessness. And he is reckless, because the wreck of something serious in his life has left him without any serious interest or purpose.

There is nothing serious in his pursuit of Lady Juliet. The *denouement* contemplated by the author of the play would be impossible if Marsden were seriously in love with Juliet; and, were the audience led to suppose him seriously in love with her, the artificiality of his sentiments and language would have been a grave defect in the treatment of those scenes wherein he makes love to her. As it is, the artistic truth of the whole play would be grievously injured by any attempt to render the part of Marsden, in these scenes, more natural. The author has taken care to let us know that Marsden is not in love with Juliet. Rightly, therefore, he has made him woo her as an actor, not as a lover. In retouching this character, the author, I doubt not, would have slightly strengthened the sympathetic side of it, and softened some of its more repulsive features. But, of course, he would have reserved for the fifth act the solution of the problem which requires that, till then, the

dramatic motive of the character should remain somewhat enigmatical.

I shall here venture to suggest what I believe to be the explanation of Marsden's character, and the right *denouement* of the plot so far as it depends upon this character.

Marsden may be supposed to have begun life with expensive tastes, small means, and good expectations dependent on the will of some relation (father or uncle), who would be deeply offended by a *mesalliance*, or even an imprudent marriage, on his part. Abroad, he has become acquainted with Susan, the sister of Mainwaring. She is younger than he; of humble station, though gently born; penniless and entirely dependent on the exertions of her only brother, whose name is not then Mainwaring. That brother has been summoned to England by the illness of the kinsman whose name and fortune he afterward inherits. The girl is alone, and motherless. Marsden's acquaintance with her may have been brought about by some act of generosity or compassion on his part; an act which has protected her from insult, or extricated her from some distressing difficulty; and which, from the nature and conditions of it, draws them closely together. On his part compassion, warmed by admiration of her beauty, on hers gratitude idealized, in a girl's imagination, by the fascinations of an apparition from some world more brilliant than her own, ripen into a passionate attachment. That attachment is on both sides innocent and pure. In Marsden's love for Susan there is no thought of seduction or betrayal; but his union with her, if known, would be fatal to his prospects. He persuades her to a secret marriage; and, in order to insure its secrecy, he contracts it under an assumed name. I apprehend that the assumed name would not *per se* invalidate the contract, if it were valid in

all other respects, and its validity undisputed by either party to it. But at any rate it is to be assumed that Marsden had strong and reasonable ground for believing that the circumstances which induced him to conceal his marriage would be of the briefest possible duration, and that he would be in a position to repair an irregularity not committed with any fraudulent intention before it could jeopardize the legitimacy of his offspring. But the occasion he had reckoned on calls him suddenly away from Susan; and in his absence some accident reveals to her the unexplained deception, from which she draws the worst conclusions. Reared in veneration of the proud and stern honesty embodied in the character of her brother, and overwhelmed by the horror and humiliation of this discovery, she flies from the house of her supposed seducer.

Thenceforth her predominant instinct is to hide herself from all who have known her. Marsden, now free to declare his marriage, returns from England. The life before him is a vision of virtuous joys and beneficent activities. He is elated by the prospect of sharing wealth, station, and, perhaps, future eminence, with a woman in whose affection he has concentrated all the romance of a boy's first love, all the incentives to youth's vague ambition, and all the felicities of an honest home. That home he finds deserted. The wife he was impatient to rejoin has left there only a farewell letter filled with reproaches. His search for her proves fruitless. And then, what his position in life? what his relations to the world around him? Those of a man in the freshest prime of youth and health, with passions unappeased, warm affections unsatisfied, hope blighted, memory imbittered. Married, yet wifeless, childless, homeless. Single, yet not free. Bound by a broken

tie; and forbidden to replace it by any new one that is not illicit. Equally out of unison with himself and the world around him, he cannot rest in the unrevealed affliction which is all that remains to him of the past; yet in the present he has no peace, and in the future no escape from it. The apparent artificiality of his character springs from the profound unreality of his position. This position is made up of false appearances from which it is not in his power to escape. It imposes on him a character which, though fictitious, is fixed to him by circumstance as firmly as was the iron mask to its unwilling wearer. The fathers and mothers of society see in him a man who, from every point of view independent of his character or conduct, is an eligible husband for their marriageable daughters. Yet his relations with women must necessarily be confined to the already married. With an ardent temperament capable of keen enjoyment and vigorous activity, he stands upon the threshold of life prematurely purposeless; or, at least, with no other purpose than to escape from recollections in the pursuit of excitement. To such temperaments life offers only two strong excitements: pleasure and politics. The acquisition of influence either over women or over men. But a political career is exciting only to ambition or enthusiasm; and the majority of men are neither ambitious nor enthusiastic. Possessing, at the outset of life, a fortune which tempts to pleasure and exempts from toil, Marsden is under no compulsion to work for bread. Wifeless and childless, in the future as well as the present, he has no motive to work for fame. It is not power, or public influence, that he misses and craves to recover: for these he has never known. It is affection: and what the loss of this leaves vacant in his life he seeks to fill by those emotions

which are, at least, the imitations of it. It is the heart, not the head, that, in his case, craves occupation. Thus, his need of excitement has made him a man of pleasure; and his disdain of excitements that fail to fill the void in his affections has made him a heartless man of pleasure. In this secret of his life lies the explanation of his character and conduct. And it is an explanation which, if given, with passion and dignity, by himself, at the close of the drama, to the woman he has never ceased to love, and never voluntarily injured, would assuredly contain all the conditions of a powerful and affecting situation.

But, by the dramatic Calvinism of Mr. Coghlan's merciless fifth Act, Marsden is made to seduce Susan Mainwaring in a manner peculiarly infamous. Accused by her, in the presence of Lady Juliet, not only of having betrayed and abandoned his victim, but also of having deliberately left her to starve, or do worse, he carelessly, almost cheerfully, admits the truth of this accusation; making his final exit with the inane remark that it is hard upon a man to be scolded by two women at once. Could anything be more revolting? And, notwithstanding Susan's plain avowal that she is "an abandoned woman" in every sense of the word, Mainwaring, inconsistently with his whole character throughout the four previous acts, is, in this act, persuaded by Miss Placid to "go and embrace his sister."

In one of the wittiest scenes ever written by Congreve, when Sir Harry Wildare places his guineas on the mantelpiece of the young lady whose character and situation are misconceived by him, she exclaims in astonishment, "What, Sir Harry, is that all your wit and manners?" To which he replies, "'Pon my soul, my dear, 'tis all the wit and manners I have about me at present." I am persuaded

that this barbarous *dénouement* can be no fair specimen of Mr. Coghlan's dramatic wit and manners. But all the wit and manners he had about him when he wrote it imply a strange misconception of the situation and characters with which he was dealing.

Indications of the right *denouement* are not wanting in the four acts to which this note is appended. But they are conclusive in what remains to be added here from the author's rough drafts and notes. Thus in a fragment of my father's manuscript which would seem to be part of some cancelled sketch of the first act, Mainwaring says of his sister, "I loved her more than a father loves his first-born. She fell ill. I give up all other undertakings, broke off the engagements on which my chance of easier fortune was then depending, to accompany and attend her abroad. Was suddenly summoned home. Left her at Tours for a few weeks. And in the meanwhile she was gone. Eloped with some villain. Gone! and from that day not one word. Ah, she did well to be silent." So again, in the same draft of the first scene of the play, Marsden, shaking off the recollection of Susan, exclaims, "What is life? a barren future, an irrevocable past. Let us clutch the present moment ere it fleets, and enjoy it,—if we can!" But the strongest confirmation of the view here taken of the character assigned by the author to the relations between Marsden and Susan, is to be found in some cancelled passages of the original manuscript of the scene at the villa with which my father has opened his third act. From his acting version of the play, Mr. Coghlan has omitted this scene altogether. And not injudiciously. For acting purposes, it obviously requires considerable development and alteration.

Such a task could scarcely be accomplished with success by any writer not in the secret of the author's intentions: and there is evidence that by the author himself it was felt to be a task of considerable delicacy, which he reserved for careful consideration after the completion of the fifth act, or in connection with it. In real life it would be almost impossible, and certainly incredible, that this scene should take place between Lady Juliet and her supposed rival without putting an end to the misunderstanding, which, in the play, it is designed to augment. This, I think, would be strongly felt by the spectators of the scene, if it were acted just as it now stands: and such a feeling would be seriously prejudicial to the dramatic effect of the whole play. To the prolongation of misunderstanding between Lady Juliet and her husband, the audience, after witnessing an uninterrupted interview between the wife and the supposed mistress on the subject of these misunderstandings, would scarcely be reconciled by the incidents of the scene as it is sketched in the unfinished manuscript. And, indeed, this scene is more blotted, crossed, and underlined than any other part of the manuscript: a fact which suggests and justifies the conclusion that the author was not satisfied with it in its present form. The passages cancelled by his own pen are omitted from the text of this edition. But in one of them the Lady of the Villa exclaims—"If you know my secret, you know also how I was deceived; how I listened only to vows which had all the eloquence of sincerity; how I was misled, not to the conscious commission of a false act, but into innocent reliance on the truth of a false name; how I yielded only to a union invested with every evidence of virtue, and sealed by every sanction of honor; how I believed myself a wife, till I found myself

an outcast." And when Lady Juliet observes that, whatever his errors, "he" (meaning Darnley) is incapable of the villany implied by this story of the false name and the sham marriage, the Lady of the Villa (in this cancelled passage) replies, "I meant not to accuse him. Alas, what right have I to accuse my betrayer, when I myself have betrayed an affection truer than his? I who, beguiled by a blind passion, have irreparably wronged the tenderest, the noblest of human hearts! I who, if my secret were revealed, might have upon my soul the burden of a brother's curse, the stain perhaps of a brother's blood!"

It is evident from all this that Susan Mainwaring has consented to a secret, but not to a false, marriage. It is evident that she did not leave her brother to become the mistress of Marsden, that she never was the mistress of Marsden, and that the wrong done by her to Mainwaring was limited to her unexplained flight, and the temporary concealment of a marriage which she believed to be valid and honorable. It is equally evident that Marsden has not seduced Susan Mainwaring, and that he never desired, intended, or attempted to seduce her. He has deceived her by marrying her under a false name, but in the full, and not erroneous, belief that their marriage is still a valid one, and with every intention of "setting matters right" as soon as he can do so without forfeiting the fortune he expects. He is not a good character, and still less is he a fine one. Unscrupulous he certainly is, inconsiderate, self-indulgent, somewhat selfish, lax in his morals, but neither a villain nor a blackguard. In another cancelled passage of this scene the Lady of the Villa explains to her servant that Darnley has advised her to frequent the park and all places of public amusement, with a view to the recognition of her

supposed betrayer. And, since Darnley is known to pay for her carriage and establishment, her fulfilment of this injunction would, of course, tend to strengthen the impression made on Fyshe and others that she is Darnley's mistress—a mistress moreover of the most ordinary type. Evidently Darnley is not cognizant of the real facts of the case, and supposes it to be worse than it is. In yet another part of the scene as originally sketched, which has also been struck out by the author, the following incident occurs. Immediately after the departure of Lady Juliet, the servant hurriedly enters, conjuring the Lady of the Villa to hasten with her to the window of the next room, and look through it, at the gentleman who is talking to her late visitor in the street. "What do you mean?" exclaims the Lady of the Villa: and the scene ends thus:—

[*Servant.* I think it is Mr. Swynford. I'm sure it is he. On horseback. By the carriage of the lady who has just gone.

Lady. Swynford? Ah, Heaven! one look, one glance, and then— (*Exit with Servant.*)]

From this it is obvious that Swynford is the name under which Marsden has married Susan. I do not pretend even to suggest how my father, had he completed this play, or prepared it for the stage, would have worked out the *denouement* of it on the lines thus indicated. I know not how Susan Mainwaring's discovery that she had been married under a false name would have been reconciled by him with her obvious ignorance of Marsden's real name. And there are many other details in which the construction of the plot must forever remain incomplete. The wand of Prospero is buried in the deep; and with it all the secrets of his art. But, in order to justify both her brother's

forgiveness, and the sympathy her situation is intended to elicit, it is essential that Mainwaring's sister should not have deliberately left her brother's house for the purpose of living with Marsden as his mistress; and to her ultimate reconciliation with Marsden himself, the validity of the marriage she contracted without any doubt of its honesty is no less indispensable. Of the dramatic importance of this condition in its relation to the character of Mainwaring, further illustration will be found in the following fragment of a scene found among the author's notes for his fifth act.

[ACT V.—SCENE I.

DARNLEY'S Library. DARNLEY and MAINWARING seated.

Darn. I tell you, Mainwaring, I have not been to the firm to-day. I care not what befall. Henceforth, wealth and poverty are the same to me. Enough of this, and of myself. Before I leave England, there is one matter in which I still feel an interest. I must turn from my sorrows to your own. What if I had tidings of your sister?

Main. (*at first eagerly*). My sister! Is she safe? is she well? (*In altered voice.*) Has she still the right to call me brother?

Darn. Can that right ever be forfeited? My friend, give your kind heart its natural vent.

Main. Only say that she bears a husband's name! Only say that she is—she is—the word strangles me—Darnley, is she honest?

Darn. Recall her youth, her innocence, her beauty. What if she had been deceived, betrayed? her virtue ensnared, her——

Main. Hold! Enough! I renounce her. Let her reap in sorrow what she has sowed in shame.

Darn. But——

Main. Name her not! name her not!

Darn. Well, then, when I quit these shores, let your sister . . . who shall protect her if . . . Ah, Mainwaring, see her. Listen to her once. Hear her own tale.

Main. I will not see her, for I will not spurn my——]

Here the scene breaks off unfinished.

And now, as to the *dénouement* of the whole play. Two plots are involved in it—a sentimental and a comic plot. It appears to me suggested by sound principles of dramatic construction, *first*, that the action of the lighter plot should be directly conducive to the development and *dénouement* of the more serious plot; *secondly*, that the House of Darnley should be saved in that *dénouement*—not (as in Mr. Coghlan's acting version) by Darnley's ward, Miss Placid, who has no direct connection with the cause of its impending ruin—but by his wife Lady Juliet, whose relation to the plot is the meeting point of those forces and influences which affect her husband's fortunes through his feelings; connecting the house with the home, and giving to the whole drama its moral significance. That all this was intended by the author of the drama may be confidently assumed, both from the structure of its first four acts, and from the two remaining fragments of scenes written by him for the fifth act of it, which I now subjoin.

[ACT V.—SCENE V.

MISS PLACID and FYSHE.

Fyshe. What do I hear? you deceive me!

Miss P. Upon my honor it is true. But with £15,000 and your own patrimony, we can still drive a tandem, and hunt twice a week.

Fyshe. 'Sdeath! This is a blow. Deranges all my calculations. Hunting, driving, smoking, on *one* side, and £30,000 on the *other*, was a very near balance of items. Substract £15,000 from the one account, and add Kissing Dick Mainwaring to the other, and, faith! it's a devilish bad book. I should like to hedge.

Miss P. You are silent? I can't bear silent people. Talk! laugh! rattle! Hang money, and drown care! (*She sings.*)

Fyshe (*aside*). The creature exhausts me. Takes away all my oxygen. I feel like a mouse in an air-pump!

Enter Servant.

Servant. Lady Juliet wishes to see you, ma'am.

Miss P. Mr. Fyshe, excuse me. If you wait for Lord Fitzhollow in the little parlor next to the library, you will see a portfolio. My last caricatures.

Fyshe. So she draws caricatures, too!

Miss P. A little likeness of yourself. Will divert you. You've no idea how all your friends have enjoyed it. Ah, you don't know half my accomplishments.

Fyshe. Not yet, thank Heaven! (*Aside.*) I see the accomplishments increase in an inverse ratio to the money. Not a farthing less than £30,000 could compensate for the misery of a life, and only half her accomplishments. Shooting, hunting, driving, smoking, kissing, caricaturing. . . . It is too much! That is, the *quid pro quo* is too little. (*Aloud.*) I release you. I see that we shall not be happy. I will write——

Miss P. Release me! What, you won't marry me?

Fyshe. I'd sooner marry the chimpanzee. I'll write the release—while I look at my caricature. (*Aside.*) Good heavens, what frisky obstreperous children she would have had! (*Exit.*)

Miss P. Ha! ha! I have won the victory for myself. Now, then, I must bring up my forces to aid my friend.]

It was probably intended that the half of Miss Placid's fortune should appear to have been lost in the bankruptcy which is averted by the sale of Lady Juliet's jewels. On the eve of Darnley's departure from England, Mainwaring, who, not being in Miss Placid's plot, believes in the reality of her alleged loss, urges her to accept from him the home which Darnley can no longer give her. And hence a scene between them, concluded by an embrace in which Fyshe has surprised them. The manuscript of Darnley includes another version of this scene, through which the author has drawn his pen. But the cancelled scene contains a situa-

tion which throws some light on the *denouement* of the play. It is thus sketched.

[*Enter* Servant (*followed by a lady, veiled*).

Servant. A lady wishes to see you, ma'am.

Miss P. Me? Be seated, madam. Mr. Fyshe, excuse me.

Fyshe. Good heavens! what is this? Darnley's mistress. Miss Placid's friend? In her own house? Lord, have mercy on us! "Birds of a feather" indeed! What an escape I have had! What an escape! What frisky obstreperous children she would have had! (*Exit.*)]

This last fragment completes the number of indications left in my father's handwriting of his general intentions respecting the act he had left unwritten. I have thought it expedient to collect them all, with some explanatory observations, in this edition of "Darnley"; and although they are few in number, and faint in outline, they will, I think, suffice to enable the readers of the play, as here printed, to form a fairly correct notion of its intended *dénouement*.

LYTTON.

KNEBWORTH, *May* 16, 1882.

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